THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 23, 1905

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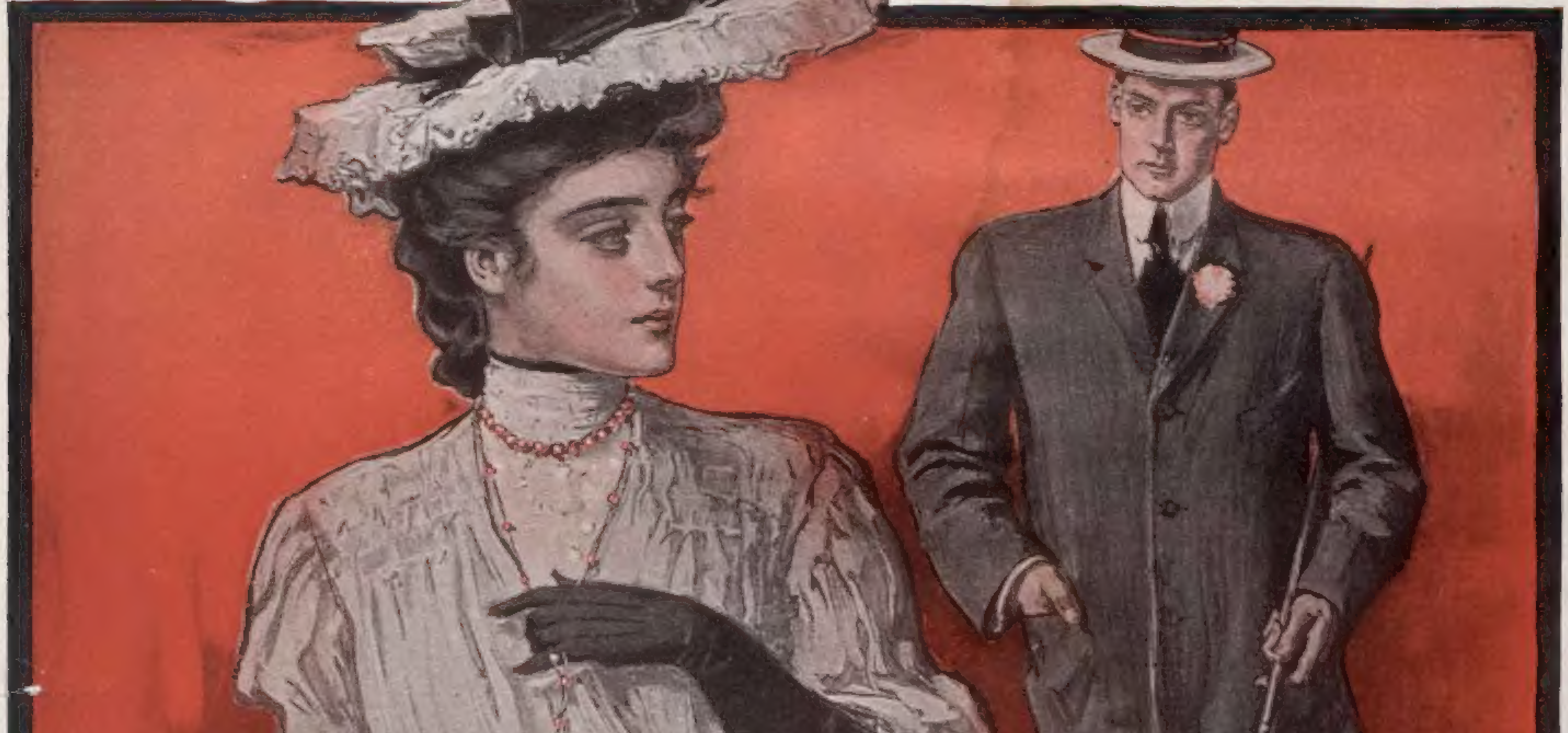

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BY ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

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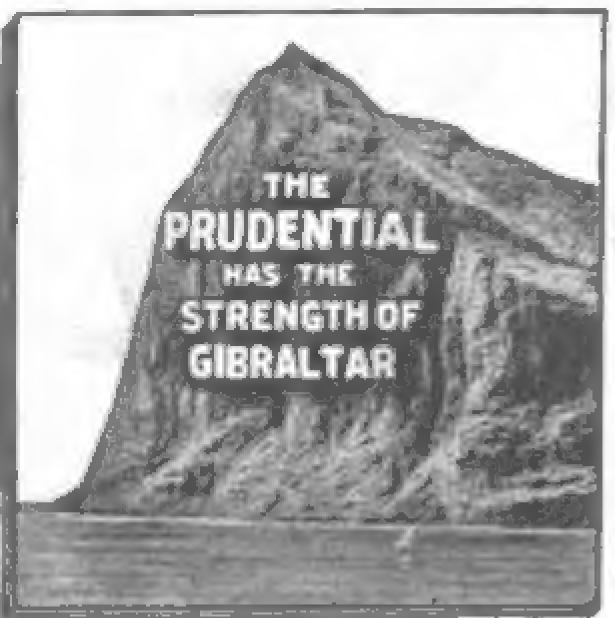

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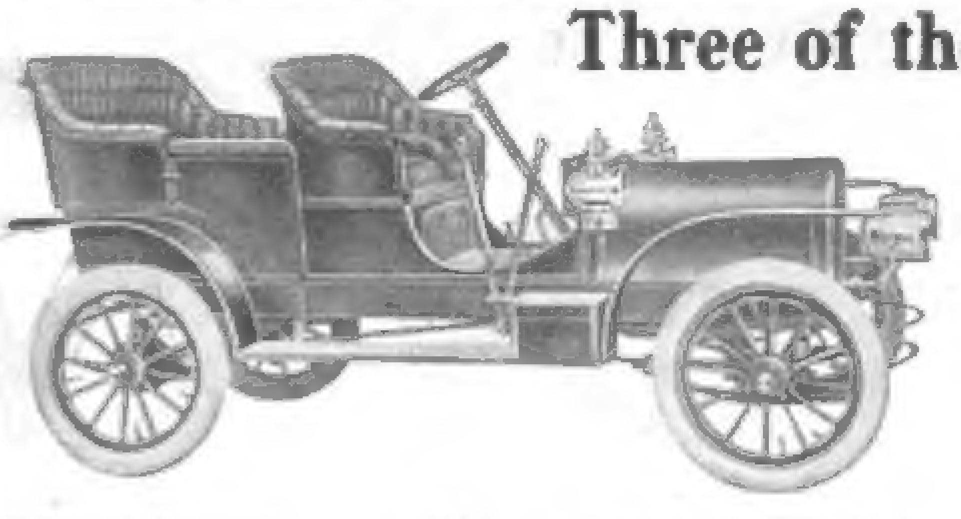

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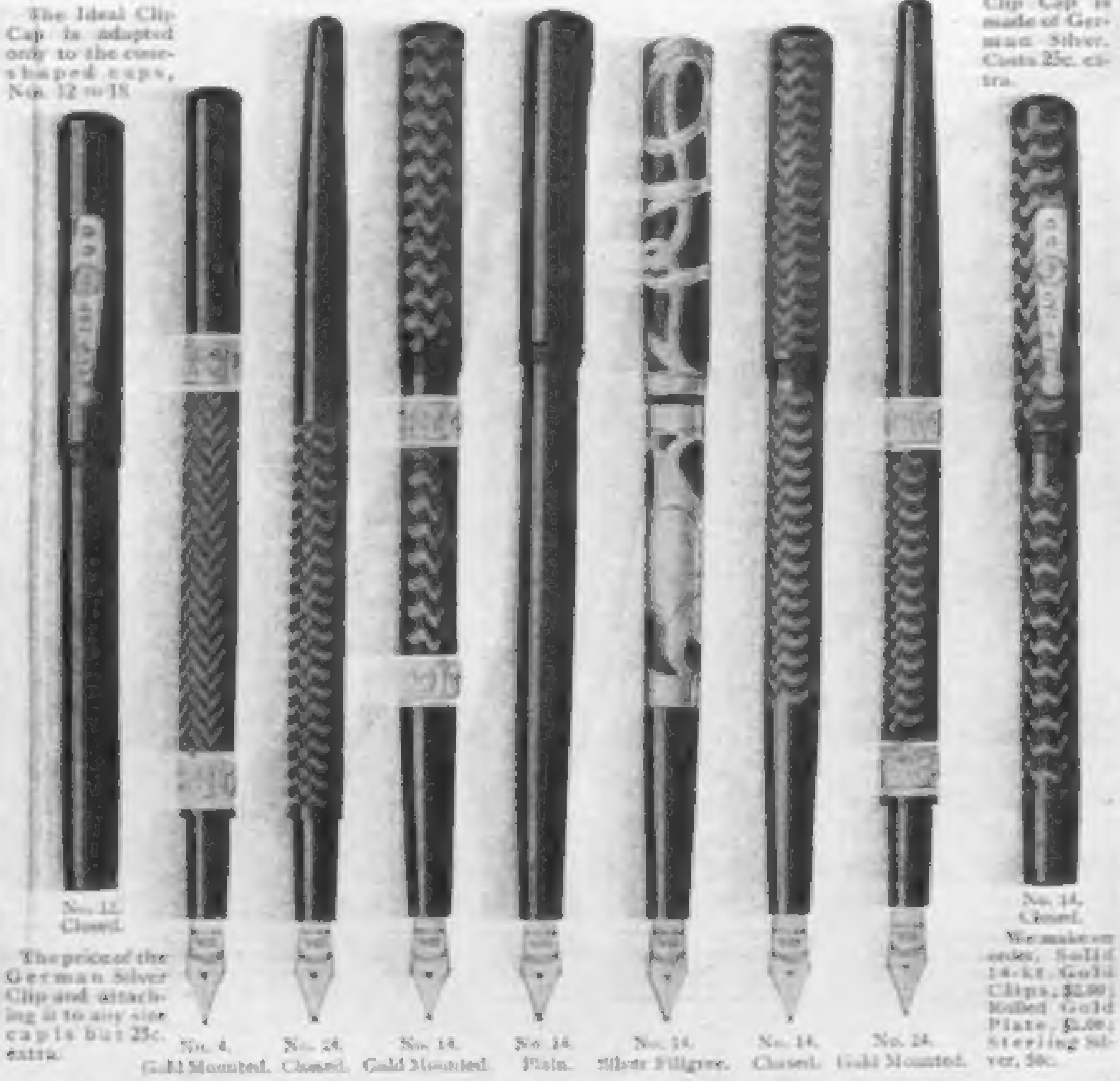

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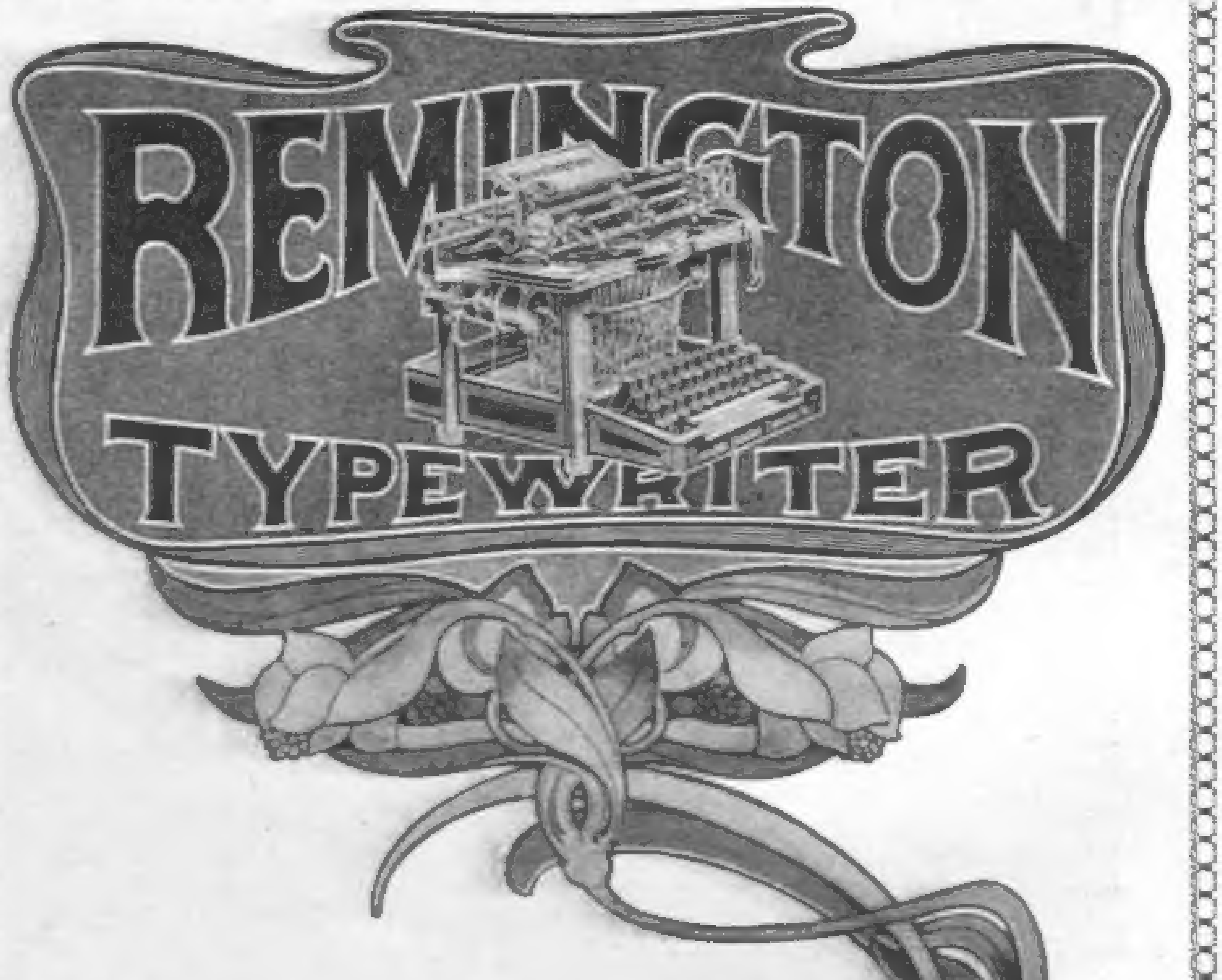
L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York.



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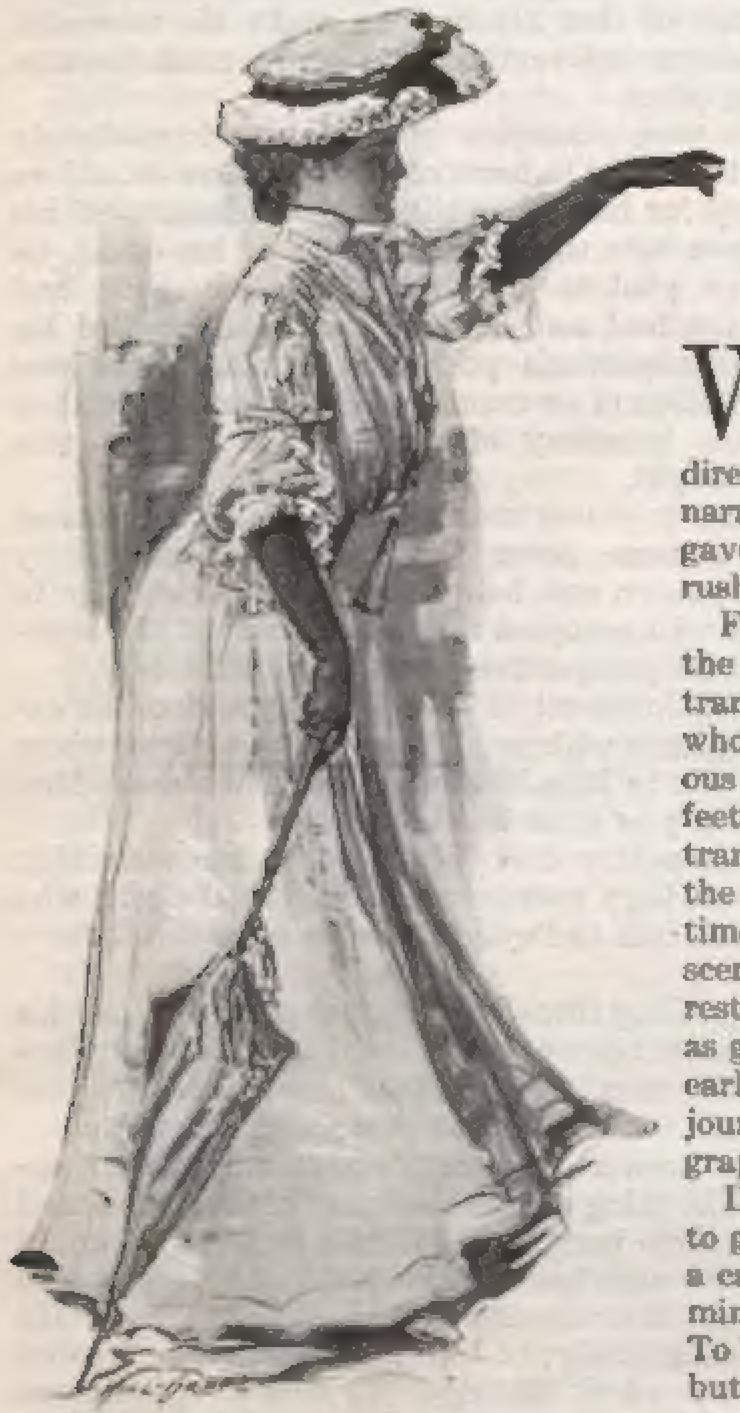
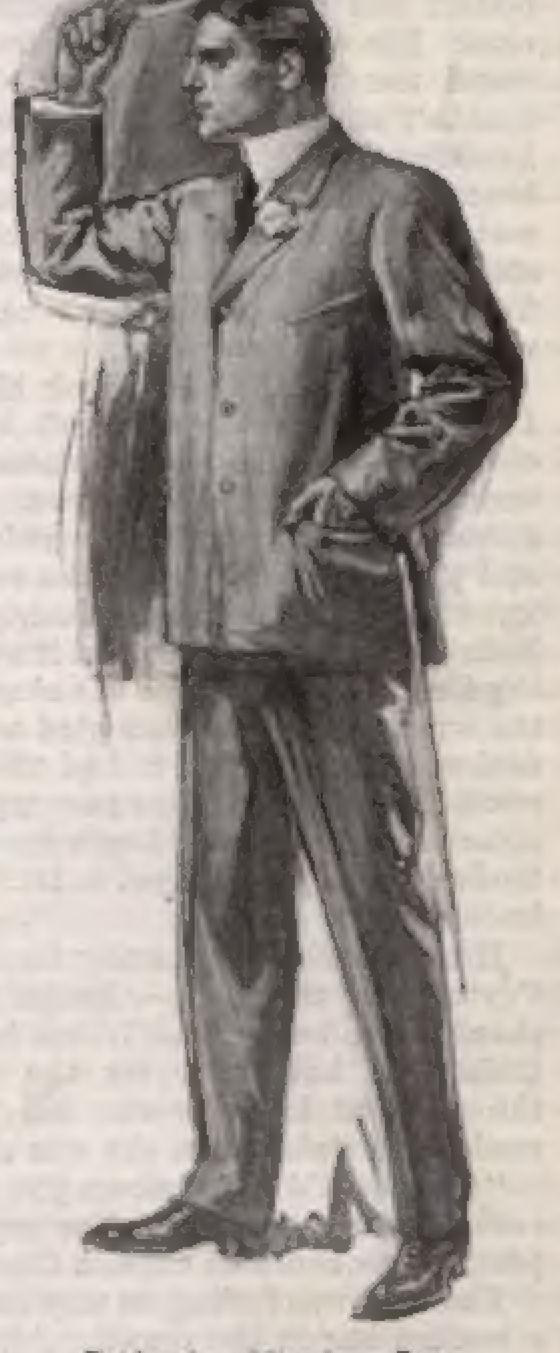
Kidnaped by Bettina

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of The Misdemeanors of Nancy



The Pretty Head Gave Him a Nod of Gay Understanding



Evidently a Mistake – But a Delectable Sort of Mistake

I

WILLOUGHBY PEYTON stood outside the ferry-house watching the Saturday afternoon crowd pouring from all directions, seething around the mouth of the narrow channel to which the swinging doors gave entrance, and disappearing in the rapids rushing madly toward the boats.

For ten years he had lived in a land where the streams of human activity were sluggish, tranquil, given to broadening into quiet pools whose outlets were hidden, and this tempestuous current fascinated him, though he set his feet widely apart and stood with a stubborn tranquillity that was a mute protest against the prevailing strenuousness. In course of time, Dick Martin would appear upon the scene. Probably he would be late, like all the rest of these frenzied atomies, and in quite as great a hurry. Why couldn't they all start earlier or let things at the other end of the journey wait instead of engaging in a death-grapple with time?

Dick had said it would take twenty minutes to go from the Holland House to the ferry in a cab. Willoughby Peyton had allowed forty minutes and had told the cabman not to hurry. To be sure, he had some idle time on his hands, but he rather fancied idle time and he hated scramblings. If his old friend intended taking him out to his country place for the week-end, why couldn't he come along and do it in decent, leisurely fashion? Of course if a fellow had to hustle, why he just settled down and hustled like the devil; but how many of these people were absolutely in the grip of circumstance? How much of the hurly-burly was habit—a broad national habit?

The critic settled himself more solidly, more imperturbably upon his sturdy legs and smelled the carnation in his buttonhole appreciatively. As a usual thing, he didn't wear boutonnières with his tweeds, but the little girl in the florist's shop was uncommonly jolly, and, after all, it was good to stand in the sunshine and smell a spicy carnation, while all the rest of the world was tumbling over itself before him. He lifted his handsome pharisaical head from the carnation to take another look at the commuters, and, as he did so, a girl in a blue frock stepped hurriedly from the platform of a trolley-car and cast a swift, anxious glance around her. Willoughby drew a breath of satisfaction even deeper than that he had accorded to the scent of the carnation. She was lovely—undeniably lovely—and a sigh followed on the heels of the realization that she, too, was of the strenuous ones. A fine leisure should go with such a girl, though even a snapshot impression of her had its charm. After all, there were no women like the American women. When it came to marrying, a fellow ——

Just here he received a shock that disturbed his smug placidity.

The roving brown eyes met his and the anxious wrinkle between the girl's brows disappeared in a swift smile of relief and recognition. A daintily gloved hand was waved at the amazed young man and the pretty head gave him a nod of gay understanding. Peyton involuntarily raised his hat. Then he looked over his shoulder to see for whom the greeting was actually intended. There was no one behind him, no one near him.

Evidently a mistake—but a delectable sort of mistake. He wondered who she was, where she was going, for whom she had taken him. Well, there was no harm done. Yet, even as he consoled himself with that thought, a whimsical uncertainty regarding its accuracy made a smile tug at the corners of his mouth. An unfulfilled desire was harm enough, and he wanted to know this girl in blue. She was so extraordinarily good to look at and the greeting had been so frank, the brown eyes so full of possibilities. It was a pity their acquaintance must begin and end with a wave of the hand and a smile. Dick might have known her if he had been on hand. There ought to be some way of finding out who she was.

Peyton's eyes, searching her in the crowd, found her again at the ticket-office window; and, without definite purpose, but impelled by a mighty longing to see her smile at him once more, he moved through the door, to a vantage point where she would be obliged to pass him on her way to the boat. There was a flush on his face, and an odd tension of his nerves which would have surprised him if he had had time for self-analysis; but the slender figure in blue paused only for an instant at the ticket-window. Then it turned, and once more Peyton saw the swift, searching glance. It passed over the hurrying folk, rested for a fraction of a second upon the few waiting figures, then found Peyton's face. There was a repetition of the earlier phenomena that had fascinated him, only this time there was no uncertainty in the girl's face. She was quite sure of finding him and serene in an already established recognition. She smiled confidently, and, as the bewildered young man stood hypnotized by the smile, she came directly toward him, with a haste that was in tune with the scene about her.

Peyton watched her coming. There were only a few rods between them, and, before he had really grasped the situation, she was at his side, still smiling frankly at him. The flush on his face deepened, his hand wandered mechanically to his hat brim. Dense confusion and helpless rapture warred in his face, but the girl was too preoccupied to notice his embarrassment.

"So glad not to miss you," she said breathlessly. "Come on. We'll have to hurry if we catch our boat. I have the tickets."

She laid her hand lightly on his arm and moved toward the wicket. Peyton went as if in a trance. He knew it was all wrong. He must assert himself, must explain, must set things right—but the touch on his arm was a compelling one, and the wave of commuters bore him onward. Once past the ticket-chopper he would call a halt and do the decent thing; but as the uniformed official returned the fifty-trip ticket, and Peyton attempted to draw his companion aside from the crowd, there was a sound of a sliding door, and the mob of commuters stampeded.

"Run!" exclaimed the girl. "He's closing the door! We've got to make that boat! There isn't another train in time for dinner. Do run!"

She set him an example, and even in his stupefaction he noticed with keen satisfaction that she ran like a young Diana instead of adopting the side-wheeler motion of the other running women—and he followed her, sprinting as nobly as in the old Yale days when the ball was in his arms, the goal before him and the field behind.

Together they squeezed through a narrow opening. The door clanged behind them, they raced down the dock and stood breathless but triumphant upon the deck of the ferry-boat as it moved out into the river.

"We caught it!" announced Peyton, a foolish exultation in his voice that had nothing whatever to do with the boat. His arm tingled where her hand had lain and there was a reckless exhilaration in his face. He had been abducted—forcibly abducted, and he was glad of it. Things had been taken out of his hands. He had tried to explain, but rush hour at a North River ferry is a masterful thing. So is a little gloved hand when that hand is associated with a face like the face of the girl in blue. Any fellow would have run at her invitation, provided always that he weren't asked to run away from her. Peyton was a gentleman as gentlemen go, but at the moment he was shameless. Of course he was behaving badly, but she had said "come." It was all quite simple. With a queer little thrill he realized that it would be the same whenever she might say "come." He smiled whimsically in self wonder, and the girl, who had been fanning herself with an absurdly small square of kerchief, met his smile and answered it.

"Ridiculous introduction, wasn't it?" she said, straightening her hat and brushing back an unruly lock of red-brown hair. "The ways of the commuters are fearsome; but you obeyed orders like a soldier. Now, some men would have asked questions and insisted upon conventionality, and then we'd have missed the boat and dinner would have been spoiled."

Peyton had no desire to ask questions. Questions would mean answers, and answers would mean—he hugged the good moment fast and postponed the inevitable crash that would knock his new-found world into bits. "Too bad Tom had to stay late to-night, of all nights," the clear, low voice went on blithely. "Molly and I have always had our suspicions about these engagements with business men from the West. There are so many of them, and we can't see why men from the West have such a deep-rooted aversion to doing business during regular office hours. It always takes Tom until the midnight train at least to do justice to a business man from the West. But this thing is downright reassuring. He wouldn't have missed coming out with you if he could possibly have escaped, I know."

Peyton was mute, but flatteringly attentive, and conversation lapsed for a moment while the girl looked down the river toward the sunset.

"I love it," she said softly, with a little inclusive gesture that embraced river and sky and receding shore and far-off harbor. "I wonder whether any other folk love their town as New Yorkers do theirs."

Peyton smiled grimly. He had crossed from Southampton with a man from Chicago.

The girl resented the smile.

"Oh, yes, I suppose we are conceited about it! You probably think Boston's much better; but other men only brag about their towns and admire their towns. The

New York man loves New York. The face of the city isn't so beautiful, but the big, beating heart of it is so wonderful, and then there are the rivers and the harbor. You don't look like a Boston man!"

Beneath its European lacquer, Peyton's New York soul gave a throb of gratitude, but a chill ran down his spinal column. The abstract conversation about cities had seemed so safe and pleasant, but this rapid veering to personalities was dangerous. He must speak now while he could do it voluntarily—not allow confession to be dragged out of him. She'd be tremendously angry. Of course, she would. It was quite right that she should be angry, for he had behaved like a cad and she'd never understand the provocation. Some girls would forgive such a thing. There were even girls who would be flattered by it, but she—no, her eyes were too uncompromisingly honest and there was stubbornness in that dainty chin. She wouldn't be egotistical enough to understand nor tolerant enough to forgive what she couldn't understand. She'd snub him royally, and he deserved it. He might as well get it over. He braced himself, opened his mouth to speak—and was reprieved. For the girl, who had been calmly studying him since her remark exonerating him from Bostonian traits, took up the conversation where she had dropped it.

"No, you really don't look like the Boston men I've known, and you aren't exactly New York either. I wouldn't know where to place you if I hadn't heard all about you. I knew you the minute I saw you. It was awfully clever of Tom and you to arrange about the carnation. I'd have known you from Tom's description even if you hadn't worn the flower; but it would be embarrassing for a woman to take the chances of picking out the wrong man, so I was glad when I saw the carnation. I suppose Tom had told you a good deal about me. Perhaps you saw my picture. He had some at college, but they were taken when I was twelve, and I've changed a lot. Would you have known me?"

Here was an opportunity for truth-telling—and Peyton told the truth—though not the truth that should have been told. Would he have known her? Didn't he know her for the lady of his heart the moment his eyes met hers! Could he have made a mistake when she was she and he was he!

"Oh, yes, I'd have known you anywhere," he said with enthusiastic conviction. The psychological moment was past. How could he explain things now?

The boat was feeling its way into the slip and there was a restless stir in the crowd. After all, it would be awkward to make a scene on this crowded deck. Somebody would be sure to overhear, and, if she showed her surprise and resentment, as she probably would, it would excite curiosity. The waiting-room of the station would be a much better place for the awful confession. So many folk would be saying good-by there that an abrupt and stormy parting would have a fair chance of passing unnoticed. So Peyton temporized and put off the evil moment, while the girl chatted cheerfully about Tom and Tom's wife and Tom's small boy.

There had been a ghastly moment when it had occurred to Peyton that the absent Tom might be the husband of his envoy extraordinary, but the fear had passed. Tom belonged to Molly, and the girl in blue was Tom's sister. So much was clear, but beyond all was fog.

On the way to the waiting-room Peyton's heart sank steadily lower and lower. His face took on a hang-dog expression. When they should reach the waiting-room he would tell her, and then—well, at any rate, he would have had his fifteen minutes with her. That would be something to remember, even though the fifteen minutes wound up in self-abasement and righteous, unsparing punishment.

They entered the waiting-room and Peyton cleared his throat vehemently. The reprieve was over. He must hang. Hard on a fellow to tie the noose himself.

The girl looked at him questioningly. He had halted at some distance from the crowd collected before the closed doors leading to the platform, and he was evidently swelling with some important announcement.

"Well?" she said with a little laugh. He was phenomenally serious, this quiet friend of Tom's, but she liked big, quiet men with strong chins and grave, gray eyes. Just at present the eyes were more than grave. They were positively tragic. Probably the poor fellow had forgotten his razors. Tom always forgot to pack his razors.

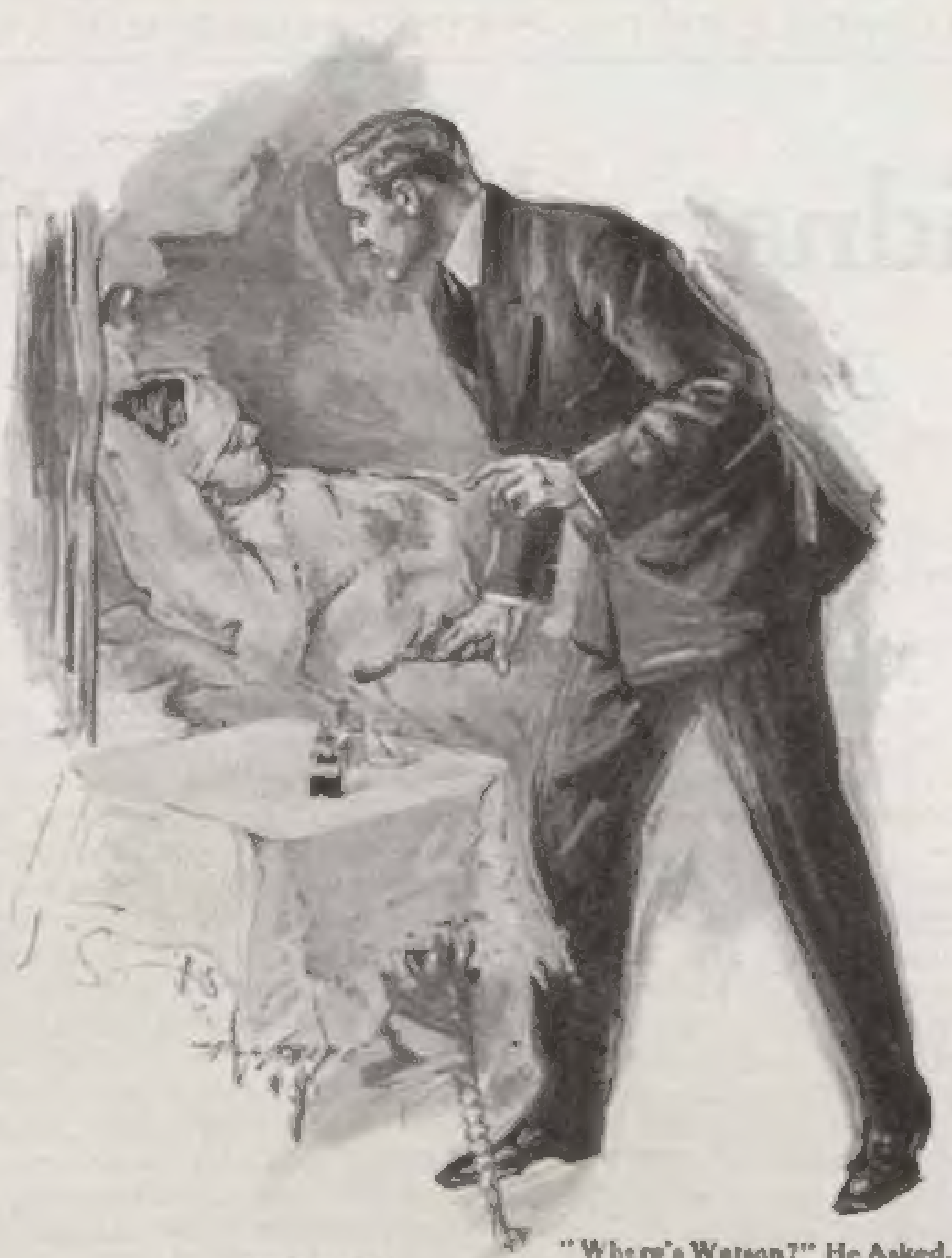
"Well?" she repeated mockingly.

Peyton cleared his throat again and found his voice—or, at least, a queer, choken remnant of his voice.

"I should have——" he began; but, before he could get further, three women kissed the girl in blue, four men shook hands with her, and a chorus of voices chanted: "Why, Bettina!" Peyton pulled himself up with a jerk. The attacking party had fallen upon them from the rear, and the suddenness with which he was snatched from the verge of self-destruction left him gasping. The girl was introducing him.

"Edith, this is Tom's college friend, Mr. Watson—Mrs. Carpenter, Mrs. Pembroke, Mr. Watson. Miss Benton, Mr. Watson. Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Pembroke, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Alling—Mr. Watson."

Willoughby groaned inwardly. The plot was thickening in appalling fashion. So he was Watson, of Boston, Tom's college friend! And who was she? Bettina! He might have known her name was Bettina. It suited her down to the ground, with its frank melody, its every-day sweetness and its touch of womanly dignity. But Bettina what?


"Where's Watson?" He Asked. "That's Not Watson!"

Verily he was paying dearly for his moment of weakness. If he had but told her at the start that he was not the man she took him for!—and yet, even now, he had hardly the grace to regret his surrender.

He couldn't own up now, before all these friends of hers. It would put her in a wretchedly embarrassing position. There was nothing for it but to invoke the protection of his patron saint and bluff the thing through until they were all on the train. Then he would tell her, and he'd get off at the first station. Heaven grant that he could trump up some excuse for the abrupt departure that would seem plausible to these folks.

"Mr. Watson is going out for the week-end." Bettina's voice penetrated to his bewildered brain. "Tom was detained, but will be out after dinner."

How in thunder could he cut loose on the road when they all knew he was going home with her? Forgotten business—important telegram unanswered—luggage unchecked—would be out on the next train. All these excuses sounded flimsy, but one of them would have to do.

Meanwhile Mrs. Carpenter was asking him if he knew the Jersey country, and he heard himself answering in his normal voice and with his normal manner, but his heart sent up a prayer that the vivacious little woman might not prove one of the interrogatory sort, and he vowed an offering to Mercury, god of lies, by way of provision for probable emergencies.

A train was called and the group started toward the platform, bearing Peyton with them. He was talking cheerfully about country life—a safe, impersonal topic—but in his head the list of towns called off by the official with the stentorian voice sang itself over and over, and he wondered vaguely for which one of the towns he was supposed to be bound, and at which one of the towns he would make his exit. The girl was walking down the platform before him, with a man on each side of her, and as she swung herself lightly to the car steps, Peyton had a glimpse of a foot and ankle that made him wander into heresy on the subject of formal gardens—a theme which appeared to be of absorbing interest to Mrs. Carpenter.

"We hired landscape gardeners of the very best reputation and they've made the place exactly like a toy Noah's Ark. Even the animals are beginning to look positively wooden just from natural adaptation to their environment, and I'm watching Mr. Carpenter anxiously. When he begins to develop angles and stiffen, we'll fly. Bettina must bring you over to sit under our prim little trees and look at our prim hedges and flower-beds and walk on our prim terraces. Formal? Why it's so formal it doesn't even speak to us. That's what comes of going to Europe and leaving your new country place to artists."

At least, she didn't ask questions. Peyton looked down at the plump, jolly woman so gratefully that a glow of self-satisfaction warmed her. Devotion to Howard Carpenter had never interfered with her enjoyment of admiration from other men, and this friend of Bettina's seemed appreciative.

On the train, Peyton's hostess graciously waved him to the seat beside her, but his joy at her nearness was chilled by the thought that he must take advantage of that nearness to make his miserable explanations before the train could reach its first stopping-place.

There were strangers in the seats immediately behind them and in front of them. There would be no excuse for his not getting the confession off his conscience this time, and in spite of his dread, he would be glad to have the thing done. He had played the fool, and circumstances had swelled his folly to proportions positively criminal. He was in the position of an unmitigated cad, and he writhed under the ignominy of appearing in such a rôle before the girl.

The horsy young man who had been introduced as Alling came down the aisle, accompanied by Mrs. Carpenter, and held out his hand cordially to the man who occupied the seat in front of the criminal and his prospective judge and executioner.

"Hello, Johnson! I wonder if you'd mind exchanging seats with us. We want to sit here where we can talk to Miss Morton and Mr. Watson. Mrs. Carpenter, you know Johnson."

Mrs. Carpenter did. Mr. Johnson arose amiably and turned for a moment to speak to the girl, who introduced him to Peyton, then he meandered down the aisle.

Young Alling turned the seat over and he and his companion sat down facing a smiling girl and a sulky-eyed young man. All chance of private conversation was gone. Confession was postponed indefinitely.

Peyton drew a long breath and then laughed helplessly. The thing was on the knees of the gods—and the gods were humorists. While he lived he would live. During the next half-hour he justified his reputation in certain European circles as an excellent dinner-man. He talked gayly, delightfully, he told good stories, he treated Mrs. Carpenter to adroit flattery. To Miss Morton he was deferential, but only his eyes spoke compliment to her. She was rather quiet, listening with a smile to the conversation, but turning a look of surprised query upon Peyton now and then. Why had the silent man suddenly wakened to hilarity? She could not read his recklessness, so she credited the transformation to Mrs. Carpenter. Men always liked Edith. Evidently she had bored Tom's friend while he was alone with her. He had hardly spoken to her. A throb of resentment stirred her and there was a flash of anger in the eyes she turned to him, but he was looking at her, and she surprised in his face a something which made her turn to the window. She was still resentful, but the resentment had changed its character.

On the whole she didn't believe she had bored him—but she had a distinct suspicion that Tom's friend was a flirt, and she detested a man who attempted to flirt with every woman he met. Edith was quite welcome to Mr. Watson. The landscape outside the window absorbed her. Peyton shot furtive glances at her, while he talked nonsense with her friend. A waving mass of red-brown hair with golden lights in it; a dainty little ear, set close to the well-shaped head; a soft line of cheek and chin. So much he could watch and be thankful for, but he wished hungrily that she would turn her face toward him again and let him see the frank brown eyes and the lips with sweetness lurking in their clear-cut lines.

Her name was Morton—Bettina Morton. He said it over and over to himself while he listened with apparent rapt attention to Mrs. Carpenter's opinion on cross-country riding. Knowing her name he could surely find out something about her—but what good would that do, since she would be mortally prejudiced against him and would undoubtedly refuse to have anything to do with him even if he should obtain a well-authenticated introduction?

"Yes. I've ridden to most of the English packs," he said in answer to Mrs. Carpenter's question. "Everybody rides over there. They'd think a fellow an awful duffer if he didn't, so, of course, I had to go in for it."

Miss Morton turned abruptly from the window.

"Why, Mr. Watson, I didn't know you had ever spent any time in England!"

A flood of scarlet rolled over Peyton's face. He had blundered, and his expression was one of conscious guilt.

"Oh—oh—yes! That is, I've been there, you know," he stammered, inwardly cursing himself, and Watson of Boston, and the humorous gods, the while.

She looked at him intently, and a touch of scorn curled the corners of her lips. Peyton read it clearly. She thought he was lying, boasting of English experiences he had never had, in order to impress strangers. Probably Watson had never strayed out of sight of Bunker Hill Monument, and she knew it. He stared savagely at the car-door, but Mrs. Carpenter, who had missed the by-play, laughed as she rose to her feet.

"Well, our paper-chases at Larchdale, then, would seem rather infantile to you. I must get my packages. They are in the other seat and the next station is ours."

She went, followed by the devoted Alling, and Peyton realized that his moment had come. He turned abruptly to Miss Morton, who was still smiling that scornful little smile, and gripping his courage he made the plunge.

"Miss Morton," he said, "I've a wretched confession to make to you. You'll never forgive me. I wish you'd understand how I was tempted, but you won't. I meant to tell you on the ferry, but I waited, and then there wasn't any chance. I suppose you don't believe in falling in love at first sight?"

She had been listening with a puzzled look in her eyes. Now the look deepened to a frown, but Peyton rushed on.

"Nobody need know, but it can't go any further. You'll think I'm a bounder, but I've got to tell you. I'm not——"

There was a deafening crash, a splintering of glass, a sudden blow and darkness.

The gods were still in merry mood, and consideration for Billy Peyton did not enter into their jesting.

II

NEWSPAPER men who reported the head-on collision between the local express and a way freight, near Larchdale, considered the accident a dull and uninteresting affair. Not even an engineer was killed, and the serious injuries were few. If a large number of socially prominent suburbanites had not been more or less shaken up and received a miscellaneous assortment of cuts and scratches, the story would hardly have been worth a place on the first page.

To be sure, one man — a Mr. Everett Watson, of Boston — was badly hurt and was removed, in a critical condition, to the home of his friend and host, Mr. Thomas C. Morton, of Larchdale; but, though the newspaper accounts did not say this, Mr. Everett Watson, of Boston, was not of sufficient importance to justify scareheads or much space in a New York paper.

At Larchdale, however, Mr. Watson's condition had caused tremendous excitement. When Bettina Morton, dazed and frightened, regained consciousness after the accident, she found herself wedged securely under a car-seat, with her heels at an undignified attitude above her head. Slowly, cautiously she extricated her head and shoulders and sat upon a window-shutter of the car, which was, as she gradually perceived, on its side in a ditch. There was considerable hysteria in the air, and, as she rubbed the rapidly swelling lump on her forehead, which seemed to be her only injury, she wondered dully whether any one was seriously hurt.

Around her all was confusion—wrenched and broken seats, shattered glass, strewn hand-luggage and packages, scrambling men and women. Near her, a man down whose face the blood was running was trying to lift a fainting woman through the window above him. There was shouting, screaming, hopeless disorder. No one paid the slightest attention to the quiet girl sitting motionless in the shadow between two seats, and she made no effort to move. She was not hurt, and, after a while, the excitement would be over and help would come. As her brain cleared, she remembered Tom's friend. He was trying to tell her something when the collision came. She had been provoked with him, but she couldn't remember why.

Where in the world was the man? Surely he hadn't escaped without a thought of her!

She tried to turn so that she might look about her, and, as she did so, she was conscious of a heavy weight lying across her feet. She looked down and in the semi-darkness saw the body of a man, face downward among the débris. Across the back of his head was a great gash from which the blood was streaming, and one leg was queerly doubled under him.

The girl bent forward over the limp figure, controlling with an effort her sickening horror at sight of the blood. She recognized the gray tweed suit and the broad shoulders, though the face was hidden, and a quick fear clutched at her heart. If he were dead——!

No; that would be too horrible. He couldn't be dead, this friend of Tom's with the boyish voice and the insistent gray eyes. Slowly, carefully, she drew her numbed feet from under the heavy body, rose to her knees, and tried to staunch the blood flowing from the wound in the back of the blond head. Her ridiculous wisp of kerchief was of no use, and she pulled the linen scarf from about her neck and folded it over the wound. Then she looked about her helplessly, in search of aid for the man who lay so still, so horribly, terrifyingly still.

"Miss Morton! Oh, Miss Morton!"

Her heart gave a throb of relief as she heard her name called, and, looking up, saw Charlie Alling's head peering anxiously through a broken window.

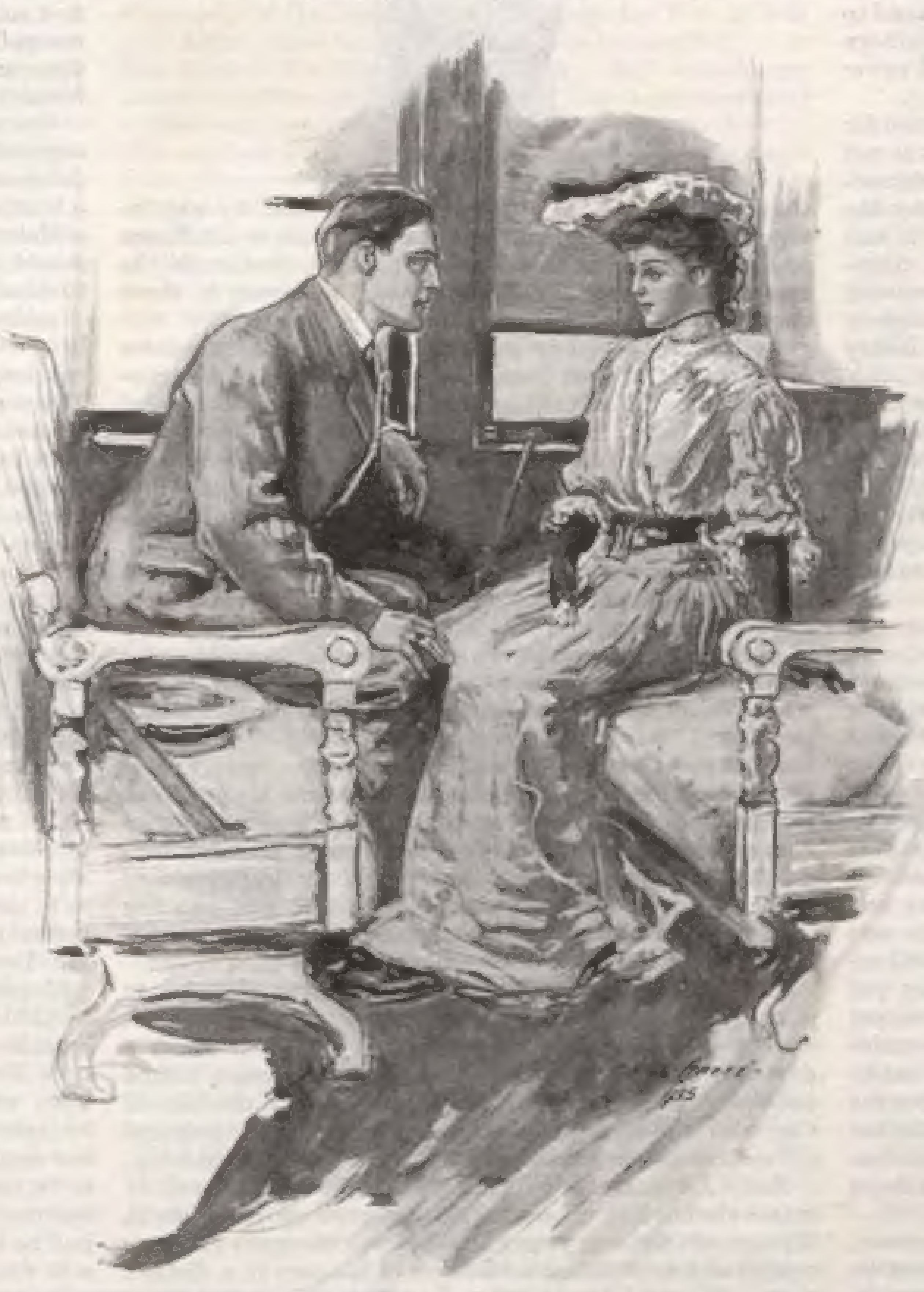
"I'm here, Charlie! No, I'm not hurt, but Mr. Watson is. Some one must see to him quickly."

The boy lowered himself through the window and a brakeman followed him. Both looked white and shaken.

"Nobody really hurt so far. Thank God, you're all right, Bettina! We thought you two would get out with the rest, and then, when things quieted a bit, I missed you — and — Good heavens! He does look well done up, doesn't he?"

The brakeman had pried the broken seat away from Peyton's leg, and together the two men lifted the limp figure through the window to the trainmen waiting above.

"No, he isn't dead," young Alling said encouragingly in answer to the question in the girl's eyes. "He's sure to pull out all right when we get a doctor. Come on, we'll have to take you out the same way. Edith and the rest will be wild until they see you. The women were having hysterics when I left them."



"Miss Morton," he Said, "I've a Wretched Confession to Make to You"

Once out of the wreck and its bewildering chaos, Bettina Morton's nerves steadied and her cool common-sense came back to her with a rush.

"Our carriage must be at the station. Charlie, bring it down here. Tell everybody I'm all right, but too busy to be wept over."

With the carriage came a doctor — the first upon the scene. He looked Peyton over and shook his head with professional solemnity as he bandaged the unconscious man's hurts. "Compound fracture in the right leg and a nasty head. Can't tell just how bad the trouble with the head is until we have a thorough examination."

Miss Morton listened with grave solemnity, though her lips were still white and the haunting fear lingered in her eyes.

"Thank you, Doctor — we'll be glad to have you consult with our family physician, if a consultation proves necessary. Will some of you men lift him into the carriage? Charlie, you'll come, won't you? Hold him so — there; I'll drive. Simpson, find Doctor Dawson and tell him we need him at once without a moment's delay."

She touched the restless horses with the whip and they dashed down the village street and out along the country road until they turned in at a vine-covered gateway and were drawn up before a rambling white house. A pretty, baby-faced woman rose from a lounging chair on the veranda and came forward lazily to greet the arrivals, but screamed as she saw the helpless figure in Alling's arms.

"Now, Molly, there's no time for fainting! Ring for some one to take the horses. I left Simpson at the station. The south room's ready, isn't it?"

Mrs. Morton stood mute, her big, childish, blue eyes wide with wonder and horror, fixed upon the blood-stained bandages about the stranger's head.

Her sister-in-law turned from her with an impatient gesture.

"Wake up, Molly! It was a railway accident. He isn't dead. Run up and—— Oh, no, here's Hannah! Hannah, run up and open the bed in the south room, and do what you can to help Mr. Alling, will you? John, you can help to carry Mr. Watson up to his room. I'll hold the horses until you come down. Molly, come out of your trance and telephone Tom at the club. He was to meet a man there at five-thirty and dine with him. Tell him there has been a wreck, and Mr. Watson is badly hurt, and that he must come at once and bring a nurse with him."

She sat holding the horses in the most approved fashion, shoulders square, whip at the proper angle, reins held according to the immutable laws of horsemanship. Her hat had been left behind in the wreck, her hair, loosened from its coil, had fallen in a thick, gleaming rope that shone red gold in the sunset light. Her throat was bare; there was a ragged rent in the shoulder of her shirtwaist; but in spite of the dishevelment, a certain unconscious dignity clung to the girl, and she held her nerves as firmly as she held the fretting team.

When Wilson, the stable-man, came down and stepped to the horses' heads, she climbed down from her high seat, walked steadily into the house and up to her room, closed the door behind her, and fainted quietly on her own bed. She was very feminine, this sister of Tom's, but there was a time and a place for all things.

Even now the collapse lasted but a moment, and before the doctor arrived she was up, dressed in crisp, fresh linen, cool and calm as the May evening, and waiting in the big, cheerful room where Charlie Alling, with the assistance of Hannah, the small Tom's elderly nurse, had put the sick man to bed.

Peyton's eyes were open, but they stared without seeing and his lips muttered incoherently.

"Clean dotty," explained Alling with a sympathy of voice that gave the lie to the slangy flippancy of the words.

She nodded. Delirium was bad, but not so bad as that hideous stillness. At least, while one muttered one must be alive.

There was a brisk step on the stairs and a round, rosy little man, with keen eyes that gleamed oddly in his cherubic face, came into the room, patted Bettina on the shoulder with friendly informality, and went straight to the bedside.

"Um-m-m."

The eyes were keener than ever as the doctor turned from his first swift survey and reached for the surgical case he had dropped upon a chair near the bed.

"Bettina, we don't need you. Send Hannah with some warm water and ice, and tell somebody to boil these instruments a few minutes and bring them up in the pan they are boiled in. Then you take half a glass of whisky and walk up and down the terrace hard for twenty minutes. You look knocked out, but there's no use telling you to go to bed — you wouldn't do it. I'll fix this young man up temporarily, but we'll get Remington out from the city to patch up the head. Alling, go telephone for him. Tell him I want him by the first train, and if he balks tell him from me to go to h—l. He'll come, but he always kicks. Going to die? Bless you, no! What are we doctors for?"

The girl obeyed orders. Doctor Dawson was generally obeyed in spite of his jolly face and genial voice. As she passed through the hall Mrs. Morton came toward her on tiptoe.

"Does the doctor think he'll die?" she asked, big-eyed, frightened as a child.

Margaret shook her head. "He says no — but he has sent for Doctor Remington."

"The big surgeon? Then he must be dreadfully hurt! Oh, dear, I wish Tom would come!"

(Continued on Page 30)

Echoes of Greatness

By John S. Wise

Author of The End of an Era

Andrew Johnson

IF ANYBODY had told me during the gloomy, embittered, humiliating time of Andrew Johnson's Presidency that he would "dance at my wedding" I am sure I should have repelled the suggestion as altogether improbable and revolting. Yet, though Andrew Johnson did not dance, nor did anybody else dance at that good Presbyterian function, he was there and probably the most conspicuous individual present.

The older people, by whom I was surrounded and from whose opinions mine were formed, were shocked at the death of Mr. Lincoln and regarded it as a dire disaster from several points of view. It not only deprived the Southern people, in our hour of need, of that charity and desire for restored fraternity which they were already beginning to recognize as prominent characteristics of Mr. Lincoln, but it embittered the Northern people against us to a degree that they never felt before. It elevated to his place, amidst this excitement and vindictiveness, a man who was believed by everybody in the South to be vengeful by nature and to cherish a lifelong grudge against that class of Southern people which, in all his political campaigns, he had never failed to denounce as the "aristocracy."

The Whig Party of Tennessee, as parties were aligned for many years before the outbreak of the Civil War, was not only strong but, as far as such a thing may be in a democracy, the patrician organization of the State. Under the leadership of John Bell it was a Union party, but it was exceedingly conservative on the slavery question, and embraced in its ranks the bulk of the property owners and educated classes of the State. It was, indeed, the highest type of that conservative Federal loyalty of which Henry Clay in his day was the idol in the West.

Its opponent was the party of Andrew Jackson, or "Old Hickory," as he was universally called in Tennessee: a party strong and oftentimes victorious, but in personnel nothing like so distinguished as that of the Whigs of Tennessee. The old Whig organization, under the leadership of Clay and Bell, had a contempt for the Democracy and looked upon it as the struggle of the rabble clamoring against the better elements of society.

Andrew Jackson was in his day unquestionably one of the greatest politicians this country ever produced, and he possessed a hold upon the imagination and the affections of the masses of the people, not only in his own State, but throughout the whole country, which no other man has ever had unless it be the present incumbent of the White House.

His following came from the common people, who believed that in him they saw the embodiment of their ideas of real democracy. They believed that he had a true conception of the proper relations between the States and Federal Government. They were captivated by his personal courage, his military prowess and his political resourcefulness. They ridiculed the idea so strongly put forth by his opponents that he was a tyrant and a despot for asserting the power of the Federal Government to maintain its own authority, and they had an abiding faith that he loved the rights of the common people and the masses too sincerely to permit those rights to be infringed upon either by unwarranted Federal usurpation or by class legislation in the States. They pinned their faith to Andrew Jackson as the true embodiment of a Federal Democrat.

As long as he lived he was almost invincible in Tennessee, but his death left a gap that for some time could not be blocked against the stubborn efforts for control never relinquished by the wealthy and powerful Whig organization of the State. Indeed, nobody has appeared in Tennessee to take the place of Andrew Jackson, but Andrew Johnson certainly possessed some very virile characteristics and made a deep impression on his time. He grew up an obscure and ignorant boy of the very humblest and possibly even of doubtful antecedents, one of that class known in the South as poor whites. He drifted from North Carolina into Tennessee, where his youth was spent in the little village of Greenville. To people of his station the wealthy homes of the Whigs were virtually closed. How they lived, what their homes contained, their social point of view, their political ideals, were matters about which people of his class were even more ignorant than were the negroes themselves. The latter, in the capacity of household servants, saw and heard something of these things, while to the poor whites they were almost, if not absolutely, unknown. Johnson's affiliation with the party of the people, as Democracy was called, was natural, for there was an impassable social gulf between him and the aristocracy, as the old Whig nabobs were denominated. He doubtless regarded them as a proud, disdainful race, who looked down upon him, and thought their views of political administration were all tinged by motives of selfishness, rather than by any interest in the elevation of the common people or kindliness to his class. It was this feeling, no doubt, that made the masses of the poor Southern whites Democrats in those days.

Andrew Johnson began life as a tailor, in the little town of Greenville, in East Tennessee, and the story of his ignorance and lack of advantages has been too often told to need repetition here. His wife actually taught him to read, it is said. It must have been a cheerless and unhappy existence, if he was ambitious, for the task of surmounting the difficulties that confronted him doubtless seemed almost hopeless. In time, however, he became Town Councilman, Mayor, Member of the Legislature, Governor, Vice-President and President. During the time of his boyhood there lived in the same town with him an orphaned Virginia boy of about his own age, who was his very opposite in social antecedents. His name was Hugh Douglas, and he was what Walter Scott describes as "a penniless laird wi' a lang pedigree." His grandfather, William Douglas, a cadet of the house of Douglas of Garallan in Ayrshire, went to Virginia one hundred years before and became a prominent man in Loudoun County, and his mother was a Beverley connected with all the old Virginia Byrds, Blands, Randolphs, Corbins and what not. Left an impoverished orphan while he was yet a small boy, he had been sent to a paternal aunt in Greenville, and was a clerk in the store of his uncle, who was one of the village nabobs.

Although their antecedents were so different, their lonely situation was much the same, and a warm friendship grew up between Andy Johnson and Hugh Douglas. Many a day they met and for lack of other employment talked politics together, and although one was a disciple of Clay and the other a follower of Jackson, these political differences never interfered with their boyish friendship.

Andy Johnson made for Hugh Douglas the first suit of man's clothes he ever wore. As they grew up, their lots in life separated them; young Douglas was energetic and successful and established a business of his own in a distant town. Young Johnson entered upon a career of politics. Both prospered, and some years before the war Douglas moved to Nashville and became one of the merchant princes of that place. Johnson also moved to Nashville, having become the leader of the Anti-Know-Nothing Party in Tennessee and, finally, Governor of the State. At Nashville their boyish friendship was renewed and cemented. Mr. Douglas made it a point to send Mr. Johnson every year upon his birthday a box of the same kind of old-fashioned, red, bandanna handkerchiefs that they had both used when they were boys in Greenville. Perhaps no act of kindness he ever did, and he did a great many, ever so well repaid him; for in time war broke out. Douglas was a Union man, but his great, big heart was so generous that it went out in sympathy to every human being on this earth in need, so he helped the Confederate soldiers to blankets and to every comfort of any kind possessed by him with unstinted generosity. When the Union troops took possession of Nashville, certain persons would have arrested Mr. Douglas, and would have confiscated his property and subjected him to all the penalties of the times as one who had given aid and comfort to rebels; but it made no difference with Andrew Johnson. He knew him, knew his loyalty, knew the motives that had prompted his charities, and covered him with the ægis of his protection, brought him through the war unmolested, and even after it was over gave him his voluntary testimony, whereby Mr. Douglas was enabled to get compensation for the use and occupation of his property by Federal troops. The friendship between the two lasted warm and generous and kindly until death separated them, although it was hard to define what they had in common unless it was the memory of the cheerlessness and common struggles of their boyhood.

These things came to my knowledge in later years when I married the daughter of Mr. Douglas, but they were unknown to me when the war ended and while Andrew Johnson was President. Many was the day at that time that I have heard the Confederate leaders bemoan the hard fate that had placed them at the mercy of Andrew Johnson. He had given utterance to his repugnance to them on many public occasions; had declared that the Southern aristocracy would stop at nothing to maintain their oligarchy; that they had sought to destroy the Union, and had dragged the loyal masses of the South into secession with no higher motive than to perpetuate their tyranny; and one of his first steps after the war ended was to issue a proclamation compelling all owners of property of the value of twenty thousand dollars or more to make special application to him for a pardon.

One might hear in any gathering of Southern men such expressions as "Expect mercy or kindness from Andrew Johnson because he is a Southern man? Bah! He hates a Southern gentleman because he is a poor white. He has a lifelong grudge against them. He is a *sansculotte* who would, if he could, erect a guillotine and start the loaded tumbrels of the French Revolution through the streets of Washington." But in a very short while Johnson changed his whole attitude toward the South. He became the advocate and champion of liberal treatment of the Southerners. This was when he had become embroiled with the radical leaders in Congress. His friendship for the South then was more injurious, if possible, than his former enmity had been, for the dominant Radicals and Stalwarts who impeached him took delight in harrowing the Southern people because he announced himself as opposed to that policy.

Notwithstanding the long friendship between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Douglas, Mr. Johnson had never entered the house of Mr. Douglas prior to the time of my marriage. The real reason for this the ex-President did not perhaps know. Mrs. Douglas was not only an aristocrat in her feelings but was a very religious and strict Presbyterian. She regarded Andy Johnson as the prince of vulgarians, and his prominence in public life did not in the least affect that firm and fixed opinion. And so it had come about that, notwithstanding many adroit efforts made by Mr. Douglas in the past to overcome her prejudice and induce her to permit him to entertain Johnson, she had, until now, stoutly resisted and rejected every overture. Shortly before my marriage, which occurred November 3, 1869, Mr. Douglas announced to me confidentially, evidently with great pride and satisfaction, that President Johnson would be present at the ceremony. How he overcame the scruples of his wife I never learned, but at the appointed time Mr. Johnson was there. It would have amused anybody who knew of the struggle by which this had been brought about to note the manner of Mrs. Douglas toward her distinguished guest. She was, of course, too refined to be rude to him in her own house, but her whole bearing was that of one who, though she had allowed him to appear, had no idea of permitting him to become too intimate, and who was apprehensive all the time that he might do something extraordinarily terrible at any moment. On the other hand, Mr. Douglas was the soul of genial hospitality and was flattered at the compliment of Mr. Johnson's presence and did everything in his power to show his appreciation.

Certainly nobody could have been more courteous or punctilious, or could have borne himself with more dignity or decorum than did the ex-President. He had a dull, stolid face, with hard, cynical lines about the mouth, but his manners were excellent and his conversation both interesting and complimentary. To my surprise he gave as the chief reason for his coming his desire to do honor to my father, for whom he expressed great admiration. He explained that the Anti-Know-Nothing campaign in Tennessee had followed almost immediately after that in Virginia; that, anticipating its coming, he had devoted himself studiously to my father's campaign, which he had studied with great interest and admiration, and that he had to a large extent modeled his own campaign upon that. After quite a lengthy talk he begged me to present his compliments to my father and to assure him that, notwithstanding all the intervening national differences, he still had no warmer admirer than himself for his brilliant victory in 1855. When I reported this interview to my father I think he heard the account somewhat sheepishly, for to my certain knowledge he had spent about four years of his life, devoting about an hour a day, to denunciation of Andy Johnson.

Editor's Note — This is the third in a series of six papers by Mr. Wise, being his personal recollections of prominent men. The next paper will appear in an early issue of the magazine.

Our Ill-Bred Guests

By Lilian Bell

Why You are Not Invited to the Small, Select Affairs

MANY magazines fling wide their portals to every sort of preachment destined to educate women in courtesy, unselfishness, domestic accomplishments and attractive wiles to ensnare the hearts of men; but if very much advice is given to young men, telling them how to become truly popular, instead of merely being invited everywhere—how really to be liked instead of merely to think they are liked—it has not come under my eyes.

Most men don't care to know the difference. They are quite content with scores of invitations, with smiles of welcome and with the knowledge that they are sure to be invited when anything big is on. These men are neither sensitive nor very observing.

But there is a small class of thinking men, who do not belong to this generalization, who notice that they are only invited to the big crushes, and that when the small, select affairs are on their names are off. These men want to know why, and, not being able to see why, they fall into the general fault of those who accuse women of being false, artificial, and of generally playing a part.

That may all be true, but it is not the answer to the question of why certain very good-looking, well-educated, well-groomed men are not really liked by women who entertain and who make a point of knowing just who make good guests and who do not.

You careless girls and thoughtless men may not know it, but these smiling, cordial hostesses, who welcome you with such warmth, have you all ticketed and mentally pigeonholed, and they know just what functions you will be invited to from the first of October to Ash Wednesday. They also know just which ones you will be left out of and to which the more attentive men will be invited.

What constitutes an attractive man? What value does a hostess put upon a well-bred guest?

First of all, it would do you no harm to stop and think for a few moments of your hostess. If you are fairly good-looking, well and good. It makes not the slightest difference with your invitations. The ugliest men I ever knew in all my life were the most attractive. Your hostess cares nothing for your looks. What has she invited you for? Put yourself in her place for a few moments and think.

It will do you good if you think first of all of the cost of entertaining. There are very few people in this world who can entertain with no thought of the expense. You should, therefore, as an honest man, give your hostess the worth of her money. Remember, she is not a hotel-keeper, as a stranger might think from the way her thoughtless guests treat her. She gives you all this pleasure, and it has cost her time and anxiety as well as money to bring all you young people together for, let us say, a house-party. I have known young men to be in a lady's home for a week and never speak to their hostess, except to ask for more, until the day of parting came, when they would take her hand, utter a few cut-and-dried remarks about what a good time she had given them, then dash down the steps to get the seat next a certain girl, leaving the hostess quite positive that they would never give her another thought until her next invitation was issued.

Your hostess deserves some of your time and attention every day you are in her house. Yet when you are in a hotel you spend more time talking with the night-clerk than you devote to some of your hostesses. Pay your bill like a man! Don't sponge on her hospitality and go away in her debt, and leave her to the knowledge that you owe her something that you never will pay.

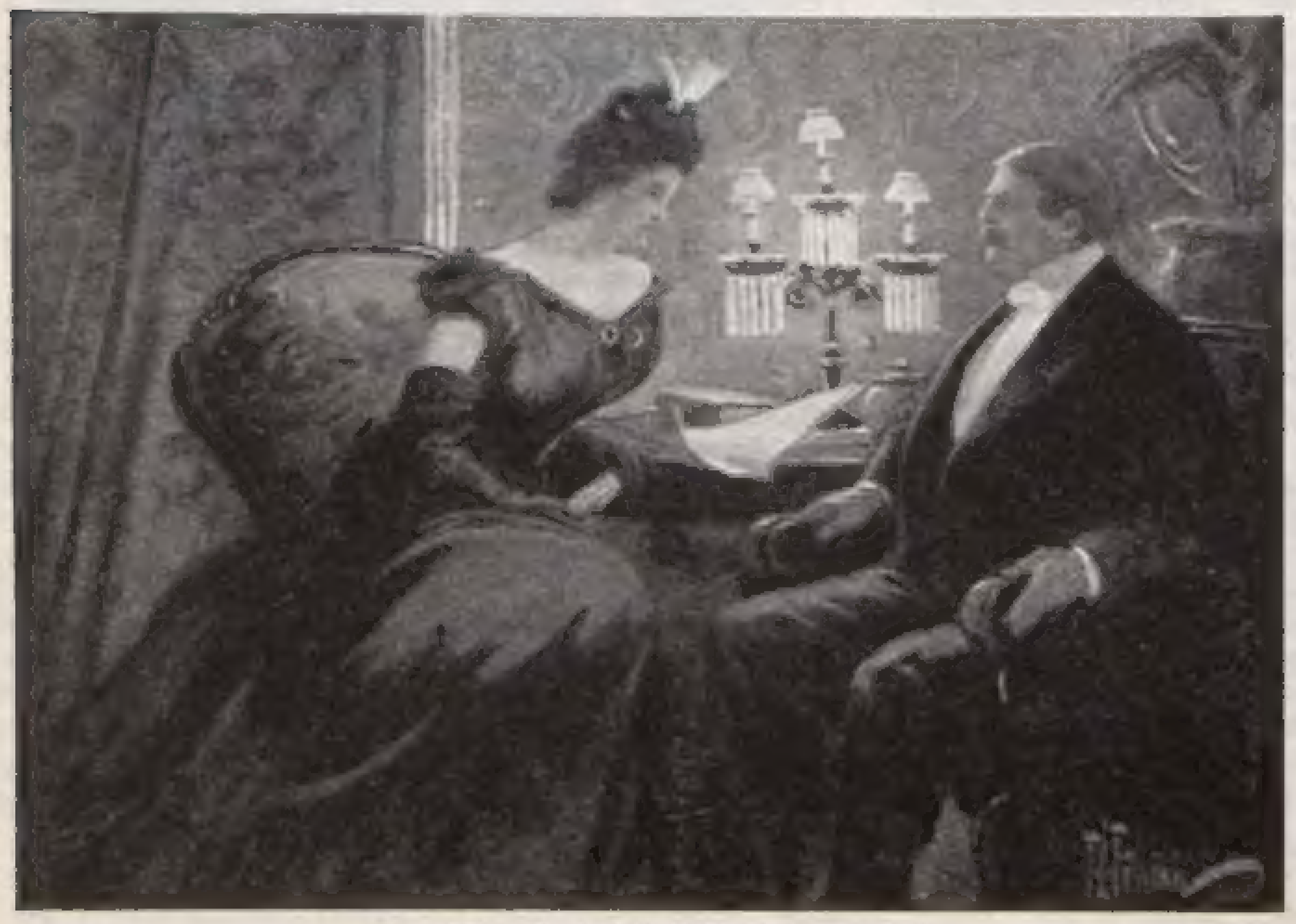
I know a man who was at such a distance from a girl he was interested in that when she came to visit her married sister she was near enough for him to see her often only if the hostess would arrange for him to stay over night. The house being full, the hostess had to let him sleep in the library on a couch. Any housekeeper knows what trouble that involves. This went on during a whole summer, and, when they all went back to the city, this man had to pass the door of the married sister's apartment whenever he went to see the girl, yet he never so much as once called on the lady who had put herself to so much trouble for him. Although he often took the girl to the theatre and asked the mother as chaperon, he never once asked the married sister who had entertained him with such discomfort to the household. He never sent her a flower or repaid her hospitality in any form whatsoever.

Her opinion of him is, simply, that he is not well bred—yet to all intents and purposes he is. He is just an ordinary young man, and treated his hostess as most men would. This instance happened to come under my observation, that is all.

That sort of neglect makes you unpopular, young men. It not only makes you unpopular with the hostesses you have thus treated, but it affects your standing with other hostesses who hear how you have neglected one. Nor can you even tell how far-reaching the influence of one such rudeness is, nor where its effect will crop up to block your path to popularity and success.

If your hostess gives a dance you must ask her at least once. Even if she is purple-faced, fat, awkward and pop-eyed, it is a duty no gentleman can neglect to ask her for a quadrille, just as her due. And if a married woman invites you to a German to be the partner of a young girl guest of hers, the first invitation of the evening belongs, not to the girl, but to the hostess. You must invite her. Let her hand you over to the girl if she knows what is proper. But if you respect her rights you must give her the privilege of refusing you before you even ask the girl.

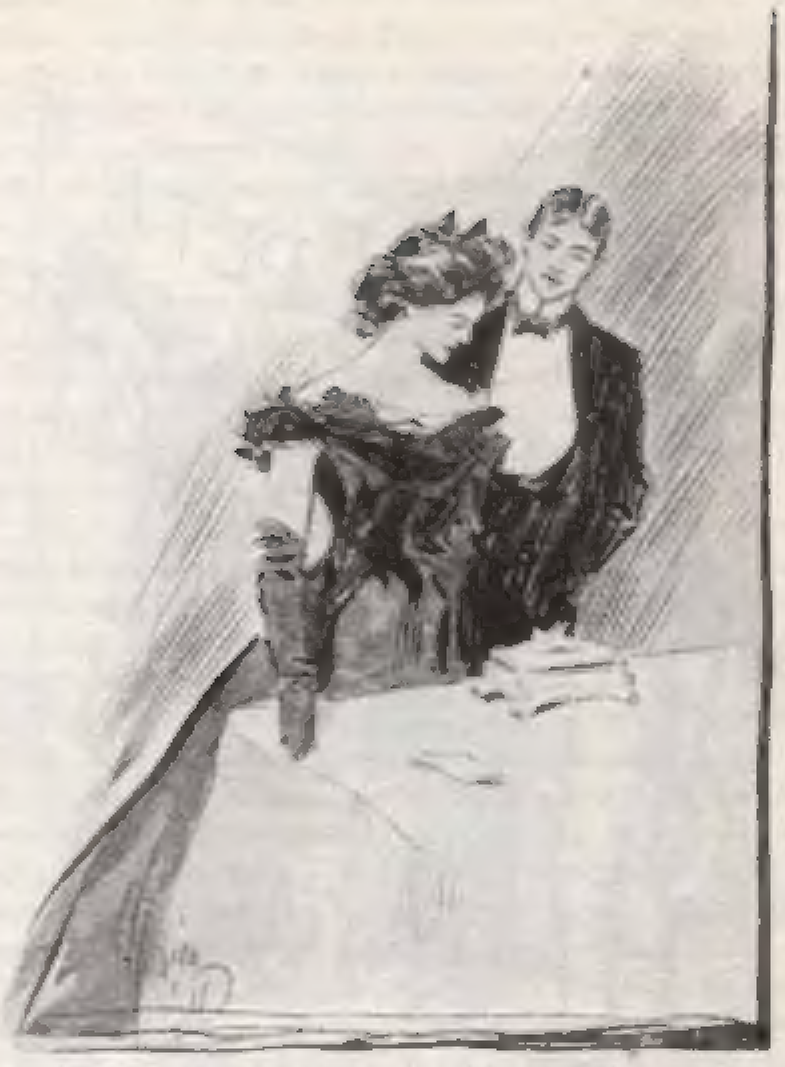
Last winter a friend of mine invited a young man and a pretty girl to dine and go to a private dance in the hotel. They both accepted, and just as they entered the ballroom the mother of the girl, who had been asked to dine by a third friend, met the party and exchanged greetings. The smiles were quite apparent when this young man, thinking he was doing the diplomatic thing, immediately asked the mother of the girl to dance, leaving his hostess to stand up or sit down or go upstairs to her knitting just as she chose. His very ears would have tingled if, as he whirled the daughter off for the last half of the dance, he could have heard the mother whisper to his hostess: "The fool doesn't know any better!"



Some Rich Uncle Who Has No Small Talk

The rest of the story is, that he never did ask his hostess to dance during the entire evening, but devoted himself blithely to the girls. If he ever stops to think, he will notice that my friend has never asked him anywhere since.

Yet, why should she even remark upon it? Isn't that the way most young men treat married women who entertain them? I know men who actually grumble at being obliged in common decency to write notes of thanks afterward, sometimes for a two weeks' entertainment. They call them "bread-and-butter" letters, and frequently hostesses receive none at all from certain guests. What do you suppose these courteous, well-bred ladies think of such boorish manners, you careless young men, who have never been trained in common politeness?



You Can Pay Your Debts by Specific Attention to Them Whenever You Meet Them at Dinners

Oh, do I hear a united protest from all of you? "What? Am I expected to show specific attention during the winter to every married woman who entertained me during the summer?" Certainly you are!

You say you can't afford it? Then, in ordinary decency, don't put yourself under obligations to these ladies by accepting their invitations.

But now let me tell you secrets from the side of the hostesses. They don't care to have you spend your money on them, even for one box of candy or flowers. You can pay your debts, fairly and squarely, in another way: by little courtesies to them while you are their guests; by cordial notes of acknowledgment of their kindness whenever and wherever offered; by specific attention to them whenever you meet them at dinners or other people's dances—in short, by being a gentleman. That is all a hostess asks of any man!

You say women make believe? We have to, in order to keep society together. You claim that we smile on one and all alike. It is not true. If you were really popular with us you would know it. Your complaint of our artificiality is based on nothing less than the fact that we are polite to you when your selfishness and bad manners should really bar you from our doors forever. We are false, inasmuch as we don't have you kicked out of our drawing-rooms by the footman. You have eaten and drunk for years at our expense; have flirted with our prettiest, sweetest girls; yet have never paid one debt with so much as a "Thank you, ma'am."

What do you deserve at the hands of a hostess? You are social leeches, if you want to know what we call you.

But what of the men who try to please and do not quite know what will be acceptable to a hostess? There are some who would really like to be told what will please a woman.

Unselfishness pleases them! Unselfishness, because it is the least known, least practiced, least understood virtue to be found in society. How many young men do you know, you women who read these lines, who have one grain of unselfishness in their whole make-up? Isn't every nerve and sinew of the modern young man bent on pleasing himself at the expense of his mother, his father, his sisters—ay, everybody, young or old, who gets in his way, and blocks the path of his own desires?

Try the opposite, you young men who really wish to please your mother's friends, and see what a rich harvest you will reap.

We hostesses are so accustomed to be ill-treated by men guests that, if we met with any real gratitude or unselfishness from the young fellows we have invited year after year, we should be as grateful as a stray dog that you carelessly pat on the head as you pass. The poor brutes are so used to being kicked that a pat nearly throws them into spasms of gratitude.

Think for a moment how seldom a lady is at liberty to invite only the people she really wants. There is always sure to be some shy, bony girl visiting the Joneses; or her own husband's aunt who is a prude chooses to visit her just before her dinner-dance; or some rich uncle who has no small talk must be attended to, or he is liable to leave all his

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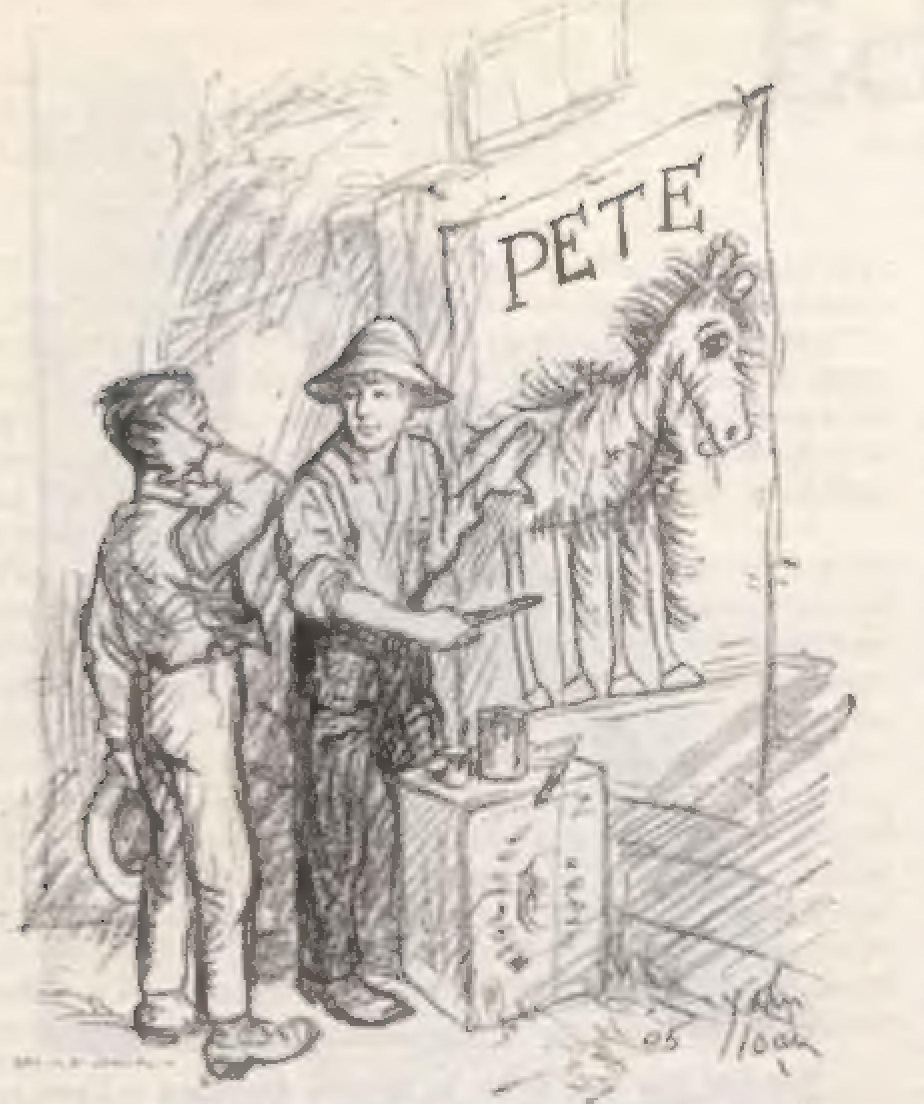
Pete, the Circassian Horse

By Ellis Parker Butler

The Story of a Hairy Wonder



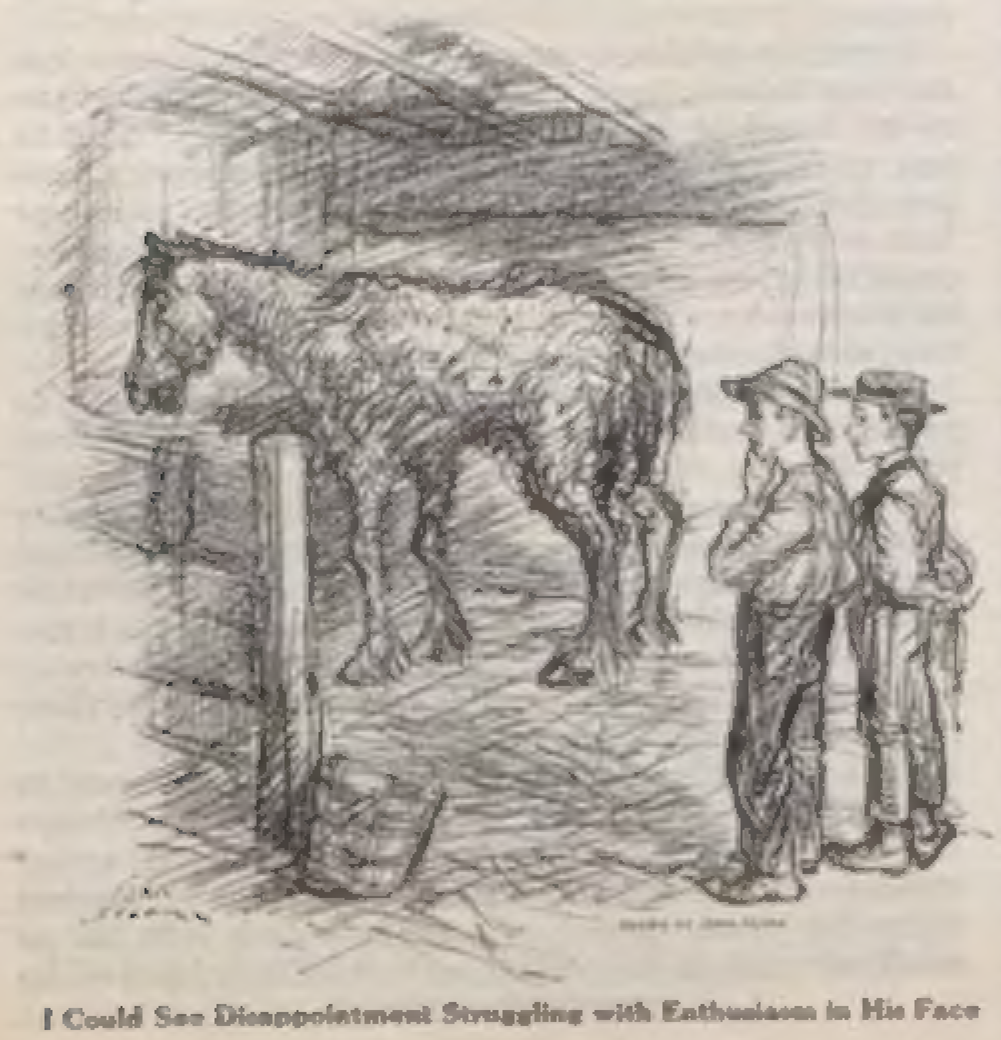
I Found Him Painting a Very Hairy Horse on a Sheet of Manila Wrapping-Paper

MY FRIEND, Sam, was the most enthusiastic boy I ever knew, and I was constantly surprised by the length, breadth and depth of his knowledge. You could not mention a thing, from the aurora borealis to fish bait, that he did not know more about than any one else, and he always had some plan to make a lot of money out of whatever was mentioned. I remember that once, when our back yard was full of plaintain that had gone to seed, he enthusiastically convinced me that we could make a fortune by gathering the plantain-seed and drying it and selling it as bird-seed. We worked a week gathering the seed, and had made about forty dollars, as Sam figured it, which was pretty good profit for two boys, before I thought of trying the plantain-seed on our canary. I never saw a living being so indifferent to food as that canary was to that plantain-seed. It refused to eat it—it would not even look at it. We lost in one minute the forty dollars we had worked a week for, and all because an ignorant little yellow bird had its own silly ideas about food! When I told Sam he said pshaw; he knew that, but it had got out of his mind somehow, and we would have to look out for some kind of animal that did like plantain-seed and then we would sell the seed easily. But we never gathered any more seed.

One day my father went out in the country to collect a debt a farmer owed him, and he came back with a horse that he had taken in payment. The debt was only twelve dollars, but Peter was that kind of a horse, and father said he felt as if he had given the farmer a discount from the amount of the bill at that. He brought Peter in the back way, so as not to excite comment—for father was a dignified man—and put him in the barn. Then he called me and gave Peter to me.

"Edward," he said, "here is a horse for you. And mind you feed him and water him regularly, or I'll give you such a thrashing you will never forget it!"

I thanked father soberly, for there was not, so far as I could see, anything about Peter to grow enthusiastic over.



I Could See Disappointment Struggling with Enthusiasm in His Face

Our town had many horses, but I had never seen one like Peter. I had never seen a horse as old as Peter. I doubt if there ever was another horse quite as old—he was in his second colthood. He had a chipper, frisky manner that suggested a gay-hearted, frolicsome camel. But most of all, I am sure I never saw such a woolly horse as Peter. The horses in our town were mostly clipped, and those that were not were so curried and rubbed that they were as slick and smooth as a silk hat, but Peter was like an old buffalo robe, or a piece of unplucked beaver, if you know what that is. Part of his hair was woolly and curled, and part was long and straight, and he had a few bare patches that had no hair at all, and his fur was mussed and fuzzed in all directions, with little chunks of burdock burrs here and there. He looked as if a strong wind was constantly blowing him.

A boy of the age I was then would take almost any kind of a horse and be proud of it, but I was not proud of Peter. He looked too different from the horses I had known. I felt that his coat must be some kind of a disease—that he must be a very sick horse—and I was ashamed to own him. I did not know that a winter-pastured horse grows a crop of that kind of hair and that all Peter needed was elbow-grease applied with a curry-comb.

It is hard for a boy to keep from bragging, and of course I could not keep Peter a secret from Sam, so I made a brag of him.

"Ha!" I boasted. "I've got a horse!"

"Say!—Is that so?" said Sam. His eyes sparkled with eagerness. "That's bully, Ed! We've needed a horse, bad, all the time. Why, we can make a raft of money with a horse—piles of it! We'll go into the trucking business, and we can hire the horse out——! Say, we'll make a lot now we've got a horse!"

I couldn't become enthusiastic over Peter.

"It isn't a very good horse," I said deprecatingly. "I don't believe it is a very strong horse, Sam. It is rather thin and it don't look very nice."

"Pshaw!" Sam cried. "Oats! That's all it needs. Give a horse plenty of oats and it will fat up in no time, and get strong as an ox. I guess your horse has had too much hay. A horse can't get fat and strong on hay, any more than a man can on lettuce. Let's have a look at the horse. I'll tell you what it needs. I know all about horses. I used to have an uncle who had a horse before I was born."

I led the way to the barn rather reluctantly, and as I unfastened the latch I warned Sam again.

"Sam," I said, "I guess this horse is sick. I never saw any well horse like him. He's as fuzzy as a muff."

"That's bad," said Sam; "that's an awful bad sign, but don't worry. I can cure him up. You remember how I cured up my dog?"

I did. The dog died, but Sam always insisted it died of a different disease than the one that was being cured, and I could not dispute it. Sam got a reputation by curing that dog.

I led Sam around to the stall, and threw open the board window so that Sam could see. For a full minute he stood speechless before Peter. I could see disappointment struggling with enthusiasm in his face. Enthusiasm won. His eyes began to sparkle and he turned to me with words bubbling up in him.

"Ed," he said, "we've got a fortune! Has anybody seen this horse yet?"

"No, I guess not. I haven't shown him to anybody."

"Well, don't! Shut that window and keep it shut."

I shut the window.

"He is rather woolly, isn't he?" I said.

"Woolly!" exclaimed Sam. "I should say he is! And mighty good for us, too! Do you know what kind of a horse that is?"

"What kind?" I asked, for Sam's enthusiasm was beginning to work in me, too.

"That's a Circassian horse!" Sam declared. "You can't fool *me!* Look at his hair! Did you ever see a common horse with hair like that? No, you didn't. Hardly anybody ever did. But I have."

"Where?" I asked breathlessly.

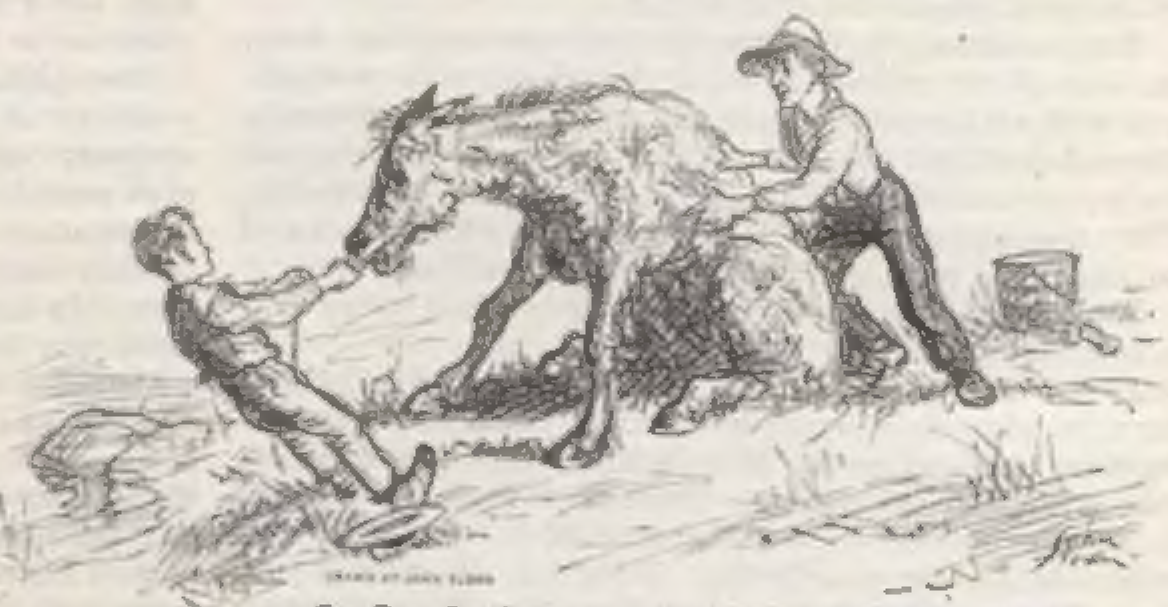
"In a side-show," he said. "I paid ten cents to see it: Sultan, the Long-Haired Horse; but that horse only had a long mane and tail. *This* horse of yours, Ed, has long hair all over, all *but* the tail and mane, and that's good, too. People that saw Sultan wouldn't want to see another just like him, but they will want to see this horse. Millions of people will want to. How much is a million people at ten cents apiece?"

"A hundred thousand dollars!" I said.

"Pshaw!" said Sam; "that's nothing! Everybody will want to see this horse. There's eighty million people in America alone, and then we'll take him abroad. We'll go to Europe with him. I'll bet we'll make a million dollars out of this horse before we are through. We can show him for years and years. We won't have to do anything all our lives but show this Circassian horse. But I won't work when I'm past forty. When we're forty we'll sell the horse. We ought to get a lot, cash down, for him."

"Sam," I said, doubtfully, "do you think this horse will live that long? He looks pretty old now."

"That's right!" he said. "I should have thought of that. I *would* have thought of it in a minute or two. I always *do* think of everything. We've got to get right to work showing the horse before he dies. We can't waste any time. Every day is worth a lot of money to us now. We ought to have a tent and one of those big painted banners to string up before it with Pete, the Circassian Horse, on it, but we've got to get along with this barn, and I'll paint up the best show-bill I can to tack up. The first thing *you* want to do is to get a curry-comb and comb that horse good. We couldn't show him the way he is. You buy a curry-comb and a brush and get right to work, and I'll go home and paint up a show-bill."



But Pete Sat Down, and Looked Around so Resentfully That Sam Said it Touched His Heart

I did not waste any time. I bought a curry-comb with some money I had been saving for the opening of the marble season, which was near, and began to curry Peter.

Peter seemed surprised and vexed, especially when I combed out the burr mats, but that did not worry me. What did worry me was that every stroke of the comb brought out a handful of the long hair. Even my coat, where it brushed against Peter, brought away quantities of the long hair. I began to fear that we should have to exhibit Pete as the Hairless Horse. I then threw down the curry-comb and hunted up Sam. I found him painting a very hairy horse on a sheet of Manila wrapping-paper. I told him what was the matter. To my surprise he did not seem downcast by the news. If anything, he was pleased.

"Good!" he cried. "That explains it! I was just wondering, when you came, why that farmer let such a valuable horse go for a twelve-dollar debt. I couldn't understand it, but I see it now. He thought the horse was getting bald. I had an uncle who began to get bald just that way when he was forty, and that is just about as old as that horse is. That's where we are better off than that farmer. I know how my uncle stopped his hair from coming out. Was there any dandruff when you combed the horse?"

I thought there was, but I was not sure.

"Of course there was!" declared Sam. "There always is. Uncle had it. What we have got to do to that horse is to cure its dandruff, and then the hair will stop falling out. We have got to treat that horse's hair just the way my uncle treated his hair or that horse will be clean bald, and we've got to be quick about it. We've got to shampoo that horse."

Sam rolled up the show-bill and went into the house to find a cake of soap. The best he could do was to get a cake of brown laundry soap, but he said that would do, because the horse's hair was coarse.

"I didn't get any towels," he said as we went along, "because it's handier for you to get them. We want a lot of them. Get all you can, and get a lot of hot water. It will take an awful lot of towels."

I would have liked it better had Sam furnished the towels and let me furnish the soap. I had a feeling of diffidence about asking my mother for enough towels to shampoo a horse, and when we reached our barn I asked Sam if we couldn't make some pieces of old rag carpet that lay in the barn serve as towels. He thought they would do. In fact, he decided they would be a great deal better than towels, being rougher.

He looked Pete over and plucked out several handfuls of hair. Pete did not seem to feel it at all.

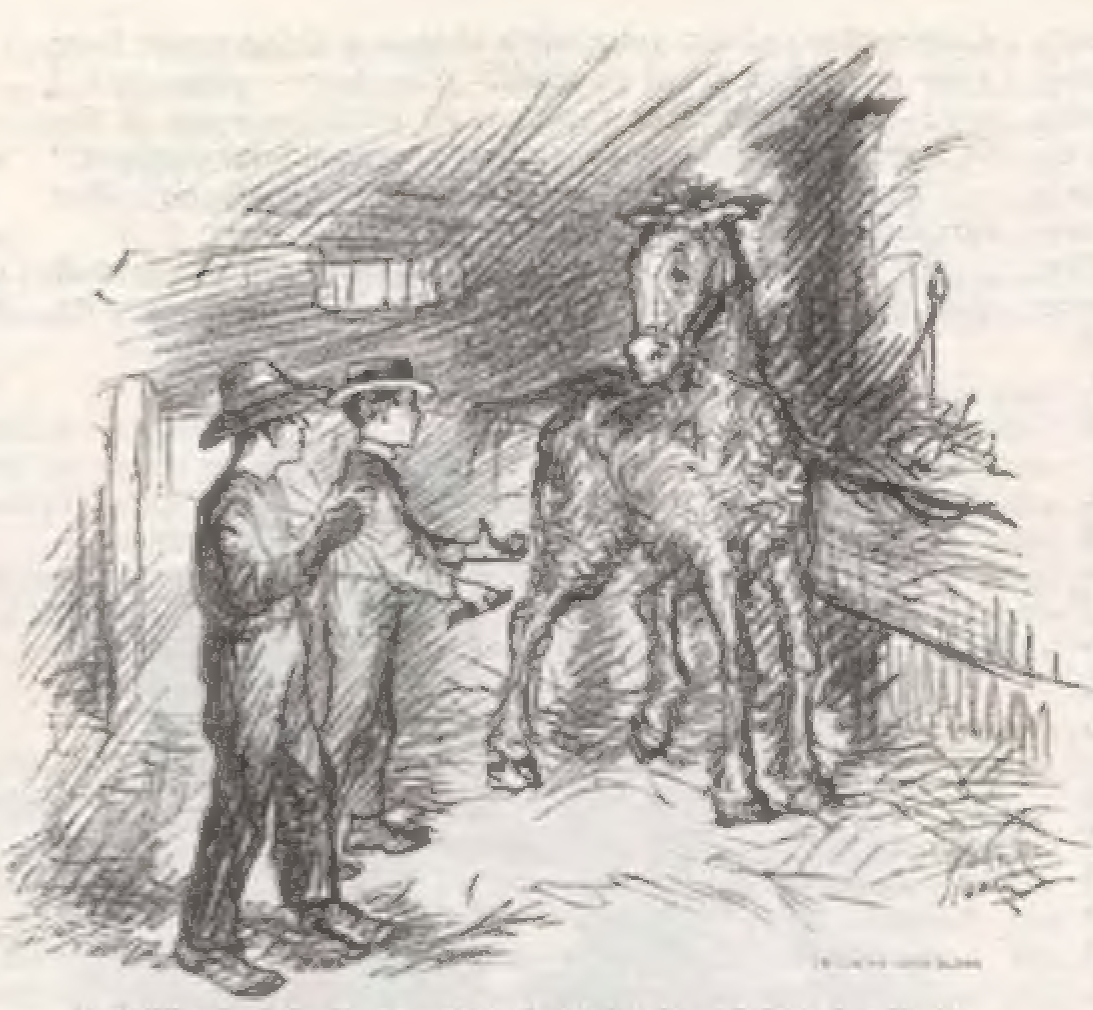
"It's a pretty bad case," said Sam gladly. "We've got to work like sixty if we want to cure it. We can't get at the shampoo a minute too soon. It's a wonder to me the hair stayed in so long. I never saw such loose hair. It is a great deal looser than my uncle's was. You had better hurry and put some water on to heat. Did you ever see a shampoo?"

I had not.

"It's soapsuds," he explained. "You rub it in with your hands. There are two kinds, a wet shampoo and a dry one. Uncle had both. They both begin the same way, but in a wet shampoo the man puts his head under a spigot to wash off the suds, and in a dry shampoo you wipe them off with a towel. This is going to be a dry shampoo."

It took a good while to heat the water, for we needed a wash-boiler full, and it was lots of work to pump it, quite like washday. But Sam stood by and encouraged me, which made it easier. When the water was warm we carried the boiler out to the barn and began shampooing.

I don't believe the soap was the right kind of soap for shampooing. It was very hard to make suds on Pete, and it was awkward getting at him. We had to lean over the sides of the stall, and he moved around so much that he was usually out of our reach. Otherwise he did not seem to mind it, but if you ever want to know how much surface there is to a horse just try shampooing one. It is a large job, and by the time we had sudsed him and rubbed the suds in, and rubbed him dry with the old carpet, we were tired out, and he had much less long hair than when we began. It came out by handfuls as we shampooed him.



Pete Watched the Preparations Suspiciously and Gazed at Us Over His Shoulder as if Doubtful of Our Intentions

The next day Sam said a dry shampoo was too much work—that a wet shampoo was every bit as good, and that, in his opinion, heating the water was all nonsense. He said he was strong as any man in town, but that there was no use wasting strength, and that we would take Pete down to the creek and give him a wet shampoo.

We covered Pete with a blanket, so that no one would get a free view of the Circassian horse, and took him to the creek the back way. Pete went willingly enough, but when we got to the swimming-hole he looked anxious, and he seemed much relieved when we began to shampoo him. We had a bucket with us, and we gave him a good cold shampoo and got him all lather and then invited him to step into the pool and wash off the lather.

I took hold of the halter and pulled, and Sam encouraged Pete by saying "Ged-dup!" But he refused to enter the water. The bank sloped gradually enough, but Pete would not move. Sam said he would push, and he got behind Pete and tried that while I pulled, and we did move him a little, but Pete sat down, and looked around so resentfully that Sam said it touched his heart. He said he could easily push Pete in single-handed, if he wanted to, but that when a horse looked at him that way he didn't have the heart to do it, so we took the bucket and soused water over Pete, and rubbed him down thoroughly, and by the time we got through the horse had hardly any hair left except the usual short kind.

Sam was very sober on the way home, and whenever he thought I was not looking he felt the muscles of his arms. I know how mine ached! When we had tied Pete in his stall Sam sat down and let me know what he had been thinking about. He looked sick.

"Ed," he said, "I don't mind this shampoo business a bit, so far as the muscle part goes. You know how strong my muscles are. It isn't half a job for anybody as strong as I am, and I could keep it up for a year, but I don't want to tire you all out. You might get sick, and then where would we be? What I was thinking was that this shampoo business is taking all the Circassian hair off Pete, and even if it does start a new crop, like it did on my uncle, we can't afford to wait. It may take years for Pete to grow another crop. Pete isn't a young horse any more, and maybe he hasn't enough vitality left to grow much hair. My uncle was an awful vital man, and it took him a couple of years to get a good crop growing. What we want is to keep his hair in, and we've got to do it. Now don't you shampoo Pete any more to-night, and to-morrow I'll tell you what to do."

"How are you going to find out, Sam?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it's your horse and you have a right to know. I'm going to ask Billy Smitt, the barber. I won't say it's for a horse. I'll just ask as if it was my uncle, or anybody. Billy will tell me."

I said it was a good idea.

The next day Sam was stiff but happy when he came to the barn.

"It's all right," he said. "Billy told me. We can do any one of four things—they are all good."

"Go ahead and tell me, why don't you?" I asked when he hesitated.

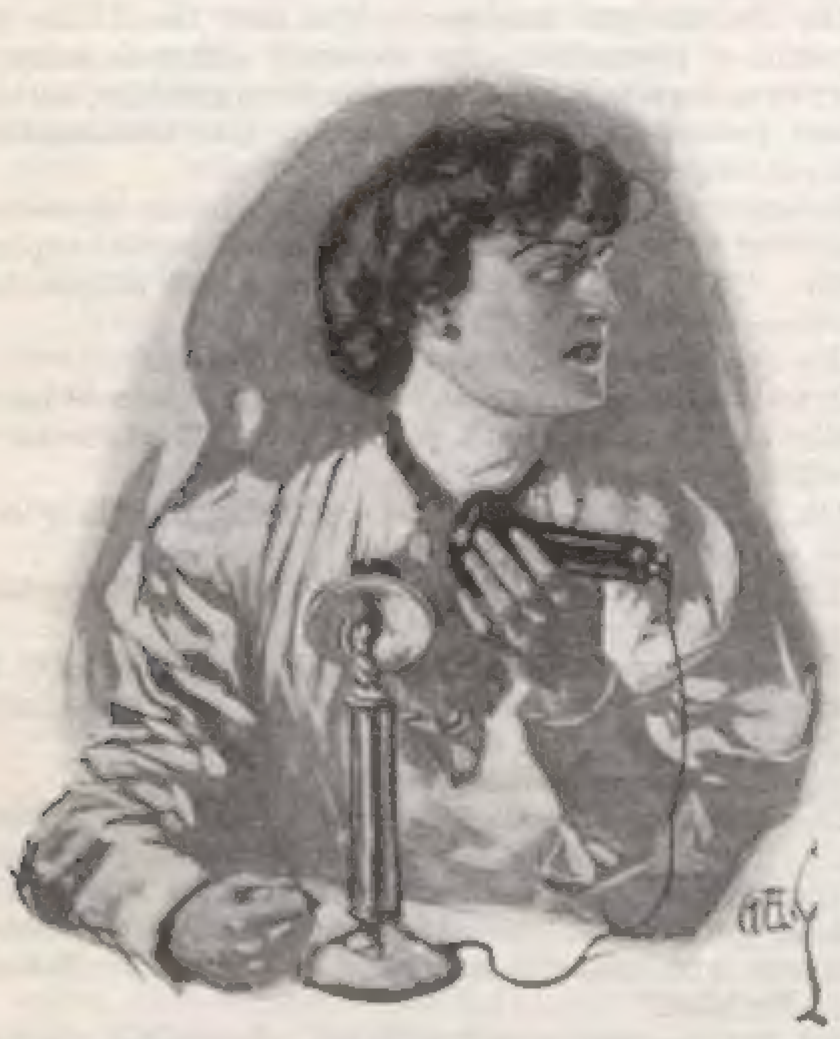
"Well," he said, "first, Billy says that there is nothing better than a good hair tonic to keep the hair in, and he says the one he makes is best of the lot. It is clean and nice and smells dandy. He let me smell it. That is what I would use if it was my horse, but you have to do the saying."

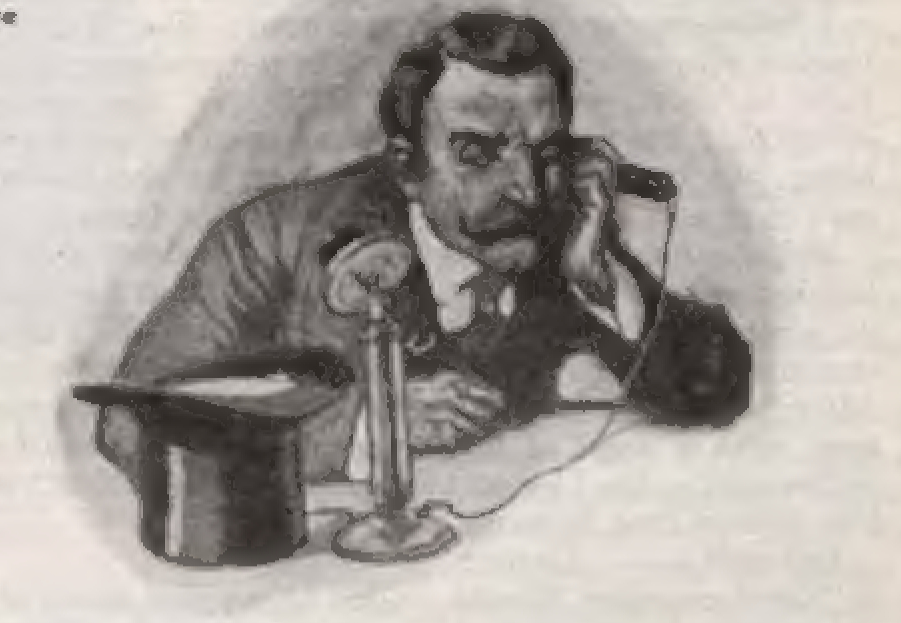
(Concluded on Page 19)

The Ex-City Editors' Club

By Miriam Michelson

Author of In The Bishop's Carriage





THE list of members, a select one, was pasted up against the local-room door. It was Ted Thompson who had found the name for it. He wrote out the list one night when he was on the paper before, the night Halsey was discharged, and Frankie McGowan cheekily pasted it up there where Halsey's eye couldn't fail to see it.

Ever since my time it had been there—a mute history of the evanescence of the "power to hire and fire," as McGowan called it; a threat to the incumbent and a consolation to the reporters whom he harried. As we lost a city editor his name had been added to the list; sometimes fittingly in blue pencil; occasionally, as though to testify to some bullied reporter's gory gratification, in red ink.

But no entry was ever made with the satisfaction that must have animated the anonymous historian who wrote at the bottom of the list:

"Proposed for membership—Edward K. Bowman."

The day it came true—when Forbes with a connecting line added Bowman's name to the gallant company of Had Beens—was the day the Press scooped the town on the Grand Jury's investigation of United Power's bribery of supervisors.

The moment I opened the paper with Frankie McGowan's almost verbatim account of what had happened at the secret meeting, I was sure as though I had seen McCabe's by-by note on his desk that Bowman's head was off.

I didn't know, of course, that there was another note on my own desk, appointing me in his place. But when I got down to the office and found it there, it didn't surprise me—but my, it did make me jubilant! I wanted to burst into the news editor's room with it and flaunt before Ted Thompson's eyes the precious document that made Rhoda Massey a desk-man, almost as big as himself. But the news editor, I remembered, was out of town on his vacation, and before leaving he had been so rushed that he hadn't had time to say good-by to anybody—not even to Miss Massey.

Hm! Nasty and unforgiving of Ted, wasn't it? Just because I had fallen in love with my last story and forgotten an engagement with him. But it was like a man.

"I can't understand it," I cried to Forbes, who was down early. "If Bowman couldn't land it, why didn't McCabe take the thing out of his hands?"

Forbes looked thoughtful.

"Well, it's up to me. The Grand Jury's still in session. The News'll print a bigger story than the Press' to-morrow morning or—or you can propose my name for membership." I nodded over toward the list on the door. "Listen: the first thing to do is to find out how McGowan got that story. He'll be bragging all over the town, will young Frankie, about this time of day; peacocking 'round at the Press Club, I guess. You get him talking. Be humble, be very green and inexperienced and admiring. The vain little wretch, he'll actually believe you! Tell him Rhoda Massey is wild-eyed and threatens to clear out the local-room. . . . Oh, just pile it on! He'll grin delightedly—you know the Frankie grin. I can see him prance about and rub it in a bit about our defeat, and then—then, when everything's soft and comfy—then's your time: 'By Jove, it *was* great, McGowan; how in thunder did you manage it?'—like that. Not for the sake of inquiry, you know; merely an unconscious explosion of admiration from the beaten, the wondering foe—see?"

He didn't—very clearly. I could tell that, but I had to let him go with that much; it was his early watch, and though I'd had a general alarm beaten over the 'phone for the whole staff to turn out, nobody else was on deck yet.

When they did come they were sulky and heavy, and not a suggestion from one of 'em did I get.

"There's no use rushing things now!" growled Cottrell, Bowman's crony. "The jury don't meet till two, anyway."

"There is use!" I snapped back at him. "At any rate, you make it useful. You fellows ought to have been down here, anyway, without my sending for you. A beat like that is an emergency call for every last soul to get into the ranks and—and dig!" I was getting mixed, but I tried to laugh with them when I saw the grin on Fairbuoy's face. "Never mind—what I've got to say is that there's only one detail on this paper to-day and every last one of you is on it. Mr. Fairbuoy, detail a man on every grand juror's track. Send two to investigate the building—it's the new Chamber of Commerce, isn't it, where they meet? How in the world could there be a leak there? Send some one after the stenographer. Look up the janitor. I tell you we're going to lay the Press out cold to-morrow, and the man that gets the story needn't be bashful about asking for a raise."

I was dancing with excitement myself by this time, but that lazy mass of men only shuffled off talking among themselves, without the least bit of contagion. Oh, I know why editors used to love Rhoda Massey! She was so ready to enthuse; she caught the eagerness in the voice of the man who gave her her detail, and in a flash she had all the symptoms, the hankering, the tantalization of the thing, harder than he.

And yet—it was a good staff, the News', the finest fellows in town. What in the world! . . . Suddenly it came to me. It wasn't being routed out. It wasn't that they were sore at being beat—the News' local-room has too often carved victory out of defeat. It wasn't Bowman; they weren't resenting his downfall. They were resenting me—yes, they were! They wouldn't stand for me—for my skirts. They were remembering what I'd clean forgot: the thing that I'd always been the first to forget in all the years we'd worked together, these boys and I. And because it never occurred to me to remember my petticoats, because I had grown to think myself one of them, I took it for granted that they, too, had accepted me, taken me in. And now they were banded against me; not because I was stupid, or inexperienced, or a freak, or a fool—but because I was a woman.

Oh, but it made me indignant when it got to me finally! Of late—lately, you see, since the heart of her has been living its own full life, the office part of Rhoda Massey has been—well, atrophying. Stories and scoops and things have gone down in her market and the bulls have been out buying shares in—in futures. But this strike—this sullen, silent strike of those prejudiced men under me—that roused the old fever in me. Beat the Press? I'd beat the Press in spite of them, if for no other reason than to make them ashamed of themselves and—proud of their city editor.

I hurried into McCabe's office to talk over a campaign with him, when all the men had gone, leaving only Fairbuoy at the assistant city editor's desk, and old Enderby, whom I had coaxed McCabe to make copy-reader when he was dismissed from the Mail.

But I saw immediately that there was no first aid to the injured to be got here. McCabe was at his desk all right; very gravely and imposingly he was seated there writing.

Can he write? Nonsense, you ought to know better by this time. What does it profit one to be associated with a renowned yellow journalist, if you haven't learned that a managing editor never can write? He's like the stiff old ballet-master who never danced; like the singing teacher who never had a voice; like the professor of literature, in short, who cannot "lit"! No, the managing editor only knows it all. He cannot even tell other people how; but he knows good stuff when he sees it—which isn't such a common faculty as you might fancy.

McCabe has it, that sort of echo of talent, that left-handed gift for directing others to do what he couldn't do himself. The other—the real capacity—he has only, or rather fancies he has, when he has fallen by the wayside. After he gets his feet and is McCabe again—clean, strong, sure, with a sense of humor and unerring taste (if of a yellow cast)—the biggest toady in the office couldn't make him believe that he could write.

But now—— Listen:

"Good-morning, Rhoda. Glad to see you again at the old stand. Your coming is most opportune." That dignity which doth hedge the managerial desk is very much in evidence when McCabe is ghost-dancing; it affects his speech and makes him pompous; at other times, of course, he laughs at it. "I wish to ask your opinion of a—a little essay, an epistolary essay one might call it, which I have written. Do you mind?"

I sighed, told him I didn't, and, sitting down, crossed my hands and feet to listen.

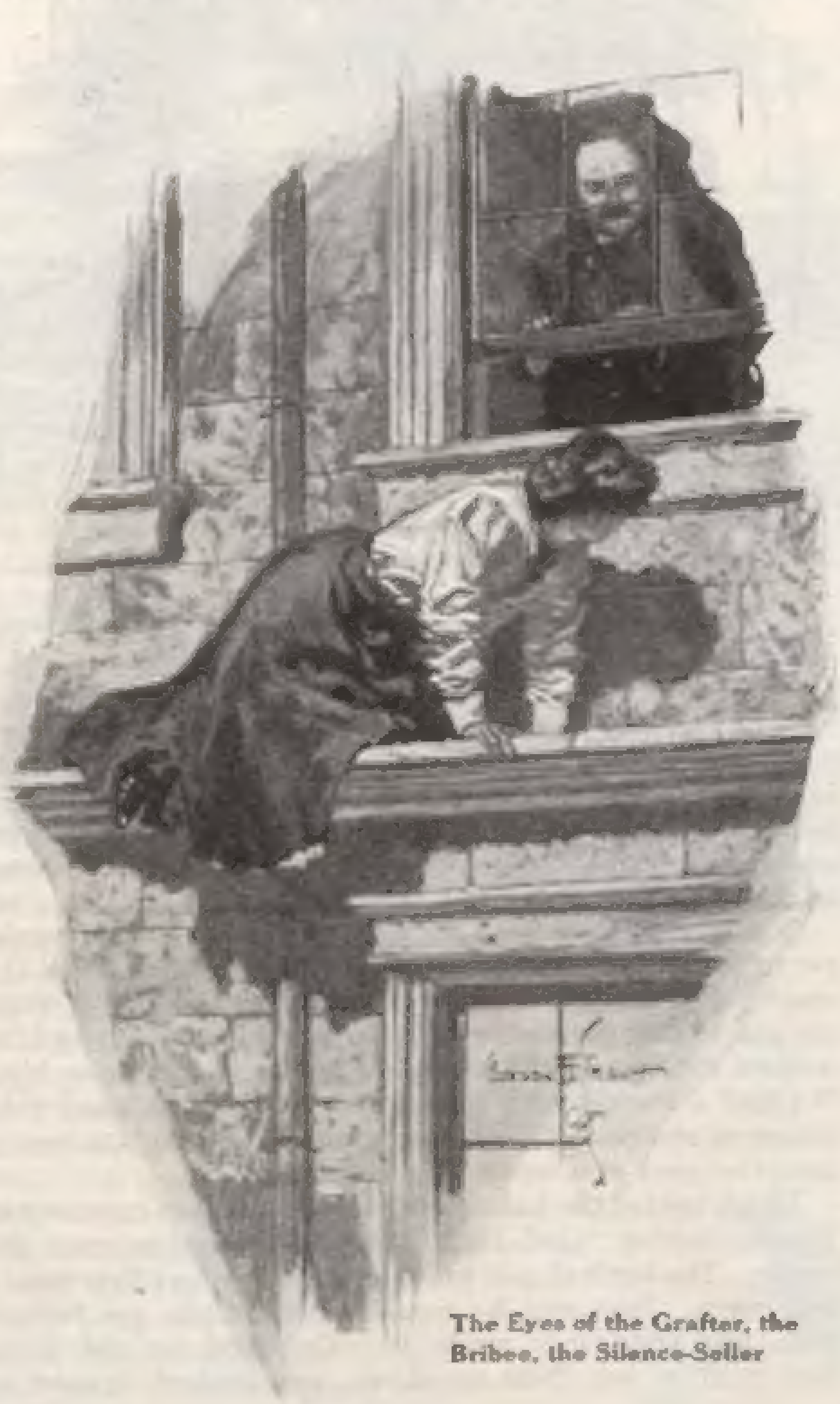
"It has always been my ambition," he went on confidentially, "to leave the—er—mechanical side of journalism for the higher sphere of—of composition; to discard, as it were, the scissors for the pen. I am telling you this," he added, looking hazily at me over his glasses, "in confidence. Apart from this present mention of it, I have never breathed the matter to a living soul."

I nodded gratefully. McCabe's confidence is given to the first one who happens upon him in the labor of composition. Last time it was Peter, the office-boy, who had to listen to his stuff.

"And the reason that I consult you, Rhoda," he said with emotion, "is that I have noticed a literary distinction, a discretion, about your work that is a thing apart from your character, from yourself. You have—what shall I say?—a conscience of the pen, an intuitive sense of the fit in writing that is conspicuously absent in your conduct."

"Thank you, Mr. McCabe," I said appreciatively. But sarcasm couldn't reach where he'd gone.

"Of course, there is a certain vivacity in your stuff that partakes of your temperament," he went on with painstaking and pain-giving deliberation, "but a natural and very valuable hypocrisy—feminine, I suppose—leads you instinctively to avoid complete self-revelation. No one, to read your stories, would realize that you are not a girl of heart, of taste, of wholesome womanliness."



The Eyes of the Grafter, the Bribee, the Silence-Seller

Furious? Oh, I was consumed with wrath! It's all very well to tell somebody else not to mind the simple, straight truths that will out when McCabe's incapacitated. As for me I forgot every nice thing he'd ever done for me and hated him as though he'd been saying with rancorous intention what he really neither meant nor would remember.

"Don't you think, Mr. McCabe," I cried—it was silly of me to argue with him when he was so obviously not himself, but I couldn't help it—"wouldn't it seem impossible for a writer to put on paper what isn't in himself? Mightn't there be some of those qualities in—in Rhoda Massey that her work shows, even if circumstances have made her act like an altogether d-different sort of creature?"

I heard my voice break before I could control it. But he was fortunately tone-deaf. He got the words of what I said; the rest—and it is the rest that counts—passed by him.

"I thought so myself once," he said with that impersonality with which he can discuss your pet weakness with you at times like this. "In fact, the quality of your work deceived a number of us. Ted Thompson now—I rather thought he was—seriously interested in you at one time. Later I complimented him upon his clear-sightedness. 'Ted,' I said, 'I admit that at your age the glint in that girl's eye, the tantalizing turn of her lips, the color of her hair and her gay, piquant face would have blinded me to defects in her character. I must congratulate you, Ted,' I said, 'upon being a young fellow of balance, of stability.'"

"That was very sweet of you, Mr. McCabe," I snarled, "and awfully clever."

"No—do you think so?" he asked deprecatingly. "It seemed so to me at the time, but something Ted said—this happened just before he left town to go off fishing up the Truckee; he was looking seedy, rather done up, as though the whole world had got on his nerves, poor chap, and he already, young as he is, the very best newspaper man in town, bar none——"

He stopped uncertainly; the sentence was too long for him. Poor old McCabe! Dear old fellow—there's something irresistibly gracious and charming about the man at the top whose recognition of talent on the way up is as cordial and ardent as Daddy McCabe's.

"But something he said——" I prompted softly.

"Yes; he told me to go to the devil," he said absently.

I laughed outright. Fancy Ted calling his managing editor down like that—and a man like McCabe!

"He added," McCabe went on with a stare at my squeal of laughter, "that men were cads and cowards in their dealings with women, and that you had once said to him that the sweetest thing in a working-girl's life was to earn men's praise for doing men's work in a workmanlike way. And that I—I myself, a man and more than twice your age—had given you just that and—in a sense—had made you what you are, Rhoda." He looked at me, smiling dreamily.

I didn't say anything. You don't say anything when words like that come back to you. You only sit still and—and promise yourself many things!

"That being the case," McCabe went on with sudden briskness, "I decided to ask your judgment upon a—a composition of my own which—have I told you?—is in the form of a letter to Mr. Offield."

I didn't see the connection, but relevancy is too much to expect of any one who is capable of writing letters to our Respected Proprietor.

Straightening himself then, he read aloud in his easy, well-modulated voice, and without the least passion, or even emphasis:

"*My dear Mr. Offield:* Permit me to denounce you as a contemptible little business man, a sordid scoundrel whose money has brought him the privilege of associating with men of brains, yet who is incapable of benefiting by such association. Sir, an unprincipled cad like you is unfit to meet gentlemen of the sort that his money hires. For my part, and expressing the sentiment of the office as a whole, I say to you that there isn't a drunken printer upstairs who isn't a worthier human being than your detestable yourself—your measly, suspicious, rascal self.

"I weary me, Mr. Charles Staniford Offield, of the task of trying to make a gentleman of you—or, rather, of making you appear to be a gentleman. I weary of standing between you and your blackguardly greed for graft that would ruin the paper's reputation and expose your own real characterless, contemptible, cowardly self to the public, before whom I and the men who work for me (for me—not for you, sir; you merely hire them) have erected a figurehead that stands for honor, probity and civic decency.

"This letter is for the purpose of informing you that I have just heard of the latest rascality in which you have compromised the paper, after permitting me to engage my talents and my journalistic reputation in an altogether contrary course of action, and even approving our exposé of the Sacramento business. You are the Louis the Fifteenth of journalism—too cowardly either to adopt a policy or to keep to it. You are a tin-horn gambler, betting against your own hand. You are a vile, contemptible little scavenger——"

He broke off suddenly. "Offield *père* made his money with street-sweeping machines, you know," he said explanatorily. "Still, the old man had some starch in him, but the sons ——"

"Ye—es, I know," I answered breathlessly.

He watched me a moment. "The style," he said interrogatively, "is good, don't you think? Direct, incisive, yet without passion?"

"Oh," I answered, getting to my feet, "the thing certainly says what it means."

"You think so? Oh, thank you! . . . But where are you going?"

"To get a story of the Grand Jury's investigation of U. P. Your 'vile, contemptible little scavenger' will make mine a short city editorship if the Press scoops us again."

He looked at me owlishly.

"Don't bother—Rhoda," he said in his most fatherly way. "Life's too short. And—take warning by me: don't serve the scavenger too well. First be sure you're right (in guessing at your boss' policy), then go ahead. Otherwise you make a spectacle of yourself. Behold James McCabe!"

I did, but the sight wasn't edifying. James McCabe had risen and, rather erratically catching up his hat, had made for the door.

"Don't monkey with U. P.," he whispered stertorously. "You—you'll attend to the mailing of my letter to that—scavenger?"

I nodded.

He hurried out, and I tore his communication to the scavenger in two and let it fall into the waste-basket.

What if I hadn't? Oh, nothing. Offield has received at least one such ingenuous epistle from McCabe that I know of; but his managing editor is too valuable a man to lose.

Forbes rushed in at that minute.

"It was this way," he commenced without preliminary. "McGowan's bragging all over town about it. There's no need for him to keep still because they've plugged up the heaters now ——"

"The heaters!"

"That's what. Frankie bought the janitor to see that the heater in the Grand Jury room was left open and, with his ear close to the one on the half-story above, he got the whole thing."

"Oh—disgraceful, disgraceful!" I moaned.

"What—not of Frankie?"

"Of Frankie? Not much! Of you and every man in the office. The simplest scheme in the world—and not a man of you thought of it!"

Forbes nodded miserably.

"Of course," he went on uneasily, "McGowan's pretty cocky, so you can't believe all he says, but he swears in spite of their closing up the heaters he'll have another scoop to-morrow ——"

"Forbes," I shouted, "fly out to the Chamber of Commerce and hire every room that's to let in the whole building—every room that touches that Grand Jury room on any side! Hurry—hurry!"

He did.

"And Forbes"—I rushed out to the local-room calling after him—"keep in touch and let me know if you've got 'em!"

The men were getting back when I sat down to the desk. Bowman reported first.

"It was this way," he said under his breath, leaning over my desk in a confidential attitude. "The Grand Jury's foreman, Farwell, who hates Offield, has got on to a story that the News is secretly in with United Power. And it was to make Offield hot that he gave the stuff to the Press, making McGowan promise to put it up to any old thing—heaters, Frank says."

"The News in with U. P.—after that Sacramento story of mine about the Bassett list?" I cried.

"Yes, after—I may even say, since," Bowman replied significantly. "In fact, they say that very story brought Bassett with this proposition to Offield, who ——"

"I don't believe it!"

Bowman went off to his desk

"The only thing to do," said Cottrell, coming up, "is to get hold of a new sensation—anything will do—play it up big and scream the Press down. There's the rumor ——"

"Tell it to the marines—or to Fairbuoy," I interrupted. "It doesn't interest me; nothing does but U. P. stuff. . . . What did you get, Dexter?"

"Nothing very exciting," drawled Dexter.

"But I want something exciting," I cried angrily, "and I want it quick! . . . Glory, it's two o'clock! You three fellows go out again and haunt that place. I tell you we've got to get something ——"

"Forbes on the 'phone, Miss Massey," chanted Peter, the office-boy.

"Yes—yes, Forbes?" I asked, taking the receiver off the hook.

"I got all the rooms," came over the 'phone. "The bill is ——"

"Never mind that—have it sent to me. Tell me, is McGowan out there?"

"He did show up. I—I'm afraid ——"

"Well—what?"

"He seems so confident, and he has sub-let one of the upstairs offices from Crowley, the lawyer; I know that."

"Bid over him."

"Too late. The window-cleaner saw him take possession half an hour ago."

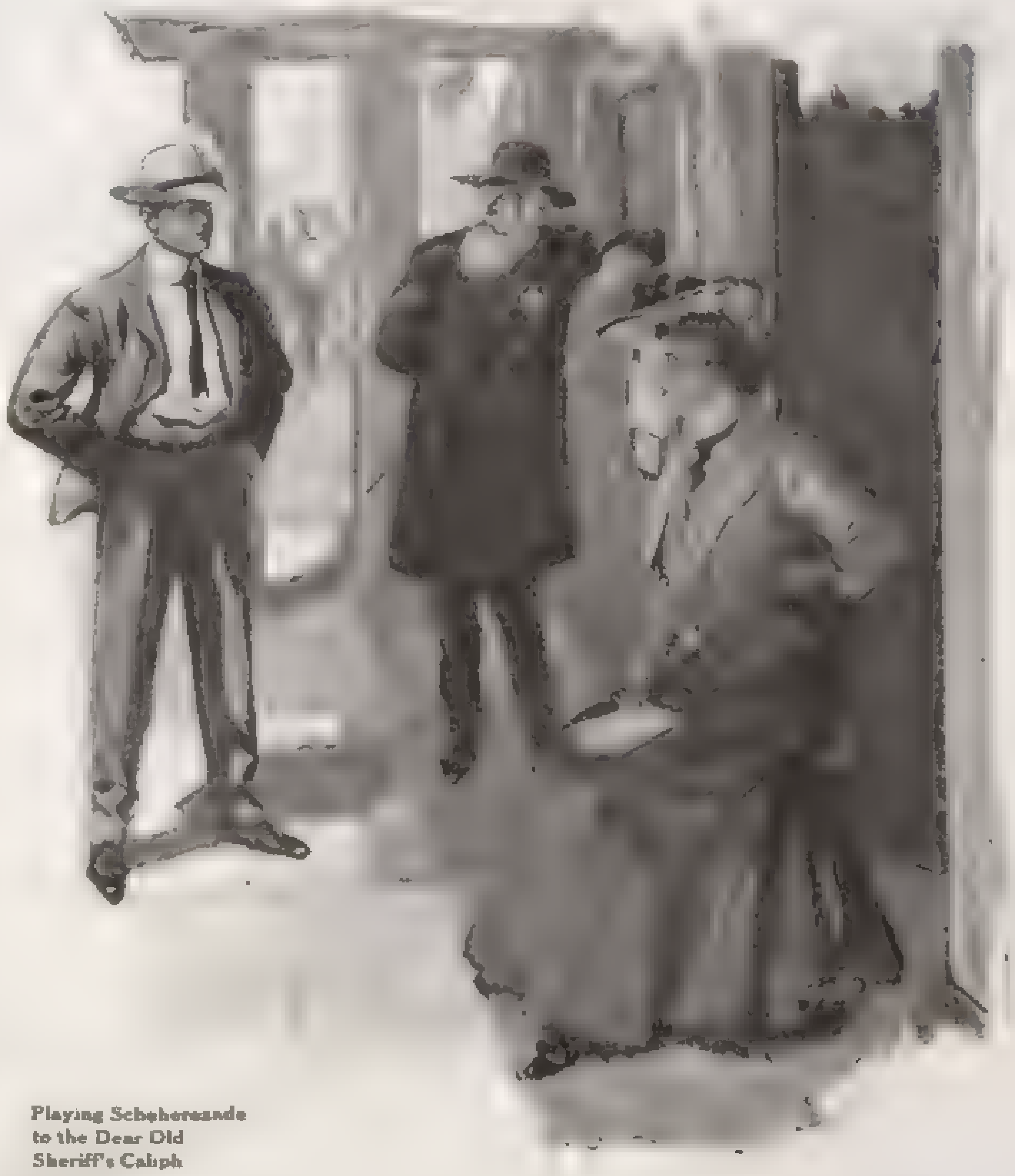
"Forbes," I said slowly—"Forbes—do you hear me?—you've just got to find out what he's up to."

I jammed the receiver back on the hook and jammed my head between my hands. Ladies came to see the city editor, club-women a-wanting favors. Telegrams came to her. Tickets for the prize-fight were brought in to her. Dinky little municipal politicians came in upon her and retreated precipitately when they saw her skirts. Offield himself—just before he left for his country place at Burlingame—put his head inside the door, but I passed everything over to Fairbuoy that I could, and even tried in vain to wave our Respected Proprietor in that direction.

He's a nasty, slinky little R. P., ours—a mean-spirited manling who accepts the situation his socially ambitious wife has contrived to get him into—or, rather, herself. Society doesn't know our R. P., is not aware of his existence; but it accepts theatre-tickets and box-parties from his wife; sends in accounts of its dinners and teas to his paper; invites our Respected Proprietress to its functions and even goes to hers.

"What about this Grand Jury investigation and United Power, Miss Massey?" he asked.

"Nothing—plain nothing!" I threw out my hands. "The thing's hopeless; we can't get a line, Mr. Offield."



Playing Scheherazade to the Dear Old Sheriff's Caliph

He looked at me. You can never tell what Offield is thinking. McCabe's supposed to know, but Ted has always insisted that he guesses and then squares the result by bullying the R. P. into believing he guessed right. On the rare occasions when both guesses and bullying fail, the R. P. takes to walking soft-footed about the office and putting his finger into the journalistic pie—which, of course, drives McCabe to the writing of veracious and scarcely flattering letters.

I looked back at Offield. I was wondering just what particular guess of McCabe's had gone wrong. If I hadn't been thinking so hard of that, my brand-new city editorship might have taken alarm, and I might have made the mistake of trying to follow an impression through those crooked, brown eyes of his and into the tortuous maze where Offield makes honey of the flower of the world's activities. But just then there came a whirr on my 'phone and I grabbed the receiver.

"It's Forbes, Miss Massey," came with a welcome giggle over the 'phone. "Say, Frankie did have a scheme, all right, and he's been caught red-handed at it. He was in Crowley's room and was boring a hole with an auger down through the floor when bits of the plaster he'd loosened fell plump down on old Farwell's head. Yes, Farwell, the hardware man—he's foreman. My, but he was hot! He got up and made a speech about the shamelessness of the press, and advocated the jury's moving back to the old Chamber of Commerce. You know old Farwell's a silurian who voted against the new building. He did succeed in having an officer sent up to catch Frankie. But McGowan's wise, all right; he'd skipped. And now ——"

"Now," interrupted Offield in his most amiable tone (I put down my 'phone to stare at him)—"Now there's no danger of the Press getting anything either, so don't you bother your pretty little head any more about it, Miss Massey. . . . Good-day."

I sat there petrified, looking after him. He'd actually taken the other 'phone and listened to everything Forbes had been telling me. And the nerve of him to patronize me like that! Oh, he's a gentleman of taste, our Respected Proprietor!

"Marvelously philosophical about this United Power investigation, isn't he, Miss Massey?" Fairbuoy asked with a grin as the elevator carried Offield out of sight. "Is it merely consideration for the new city editor's pretty little head, Miss Massey?"

"See here, Fairbuoy," I growled, "it may be a pretty little head, but it's your city editor's just now, and it isn't safe to guy it at this present time of writing. Just you begin planning an alternative first page. I'll sink or swim on this U. P. business, but we've got to get something ready if I go to pieces on it. Why, if the Press is out of it that's just double the reason for us to—to—Glory! I've got a scheme. 'Pon my soul, I believe . . . Hello—hello, Forbes!" I cried into the 'phone.

"Yes, Miss Massey," he answered.

"You know the bridge across the alley that connects the old Chamber of Commerce with the new one?"

"Yes—yes!" cried the boy eagerly.

"Well—listen. That bridge is on the second story, isn't it? And the jury-rooms are on the second? And a slender man . . . No, no, you're too big. Listen to what I tell you. I'm going to send Enderby out to you. Get him out on that bridge and tell him when he crosses to lie down under the window and—Exactly! You've got it. Get Enderby there for me and you can choose your detail as long as Rhoda Massey runs this local-room."

I cut off and rang for Peter to send little Enderby in to me. I gave him a good, quick talk and sent him off in a rush. Then I sat down to try to hold myself steady and to read the afternoon papers. But I didn't really read. Three o'clock came and not a hint of success. Four o'clock and no word from Enderby. I could hardly keep my seat, but I was sitting there with my hands up to my blazing cheeks, trying to fix my mind on the possibilities of the little commonplace murder the afternoon papers were playing up to conceal their lack of information about the U. P. investigation, when the 'phone at my elbow mercifully jangled.

"It's Forbes, Miss Massey!" the boy called fretfully. "What in the world's become of Enderby?"

"Of Enderby!" I cried. "Oh, surely—do you mean he didn't get there an hour ago?"

"No. McGowan saw him go into the Press Club with Bowman a while ago and since then ——"

"Bowman!" I gasped.

"But Bowman ——"

"Never mind—never mind. . . . Wait a minute."

"Shall I hang up?"

"No—no, I tell you; wait a minute!" I cried irritably.

But I didn't really know or care what I said. I was thinking—thinking quick and hard.

About Bowman? No. What difference did it make whether Bowman had queered me purposely or not? You can't think of two things at once when you're on the desk. All I wanted was the story. There'd be time enough to settle with Bowman afterward if—if ——

"Forbes," I cried. "In just ten minutes I'll be on the Chamber of Commerce corner. Meet me there—no, not a word. Good-by."

Fairbuoy looked up as I came flying out into the local-room, my hat on and tearing into my jacket and gloves as I walked.

"Off so soon?" he asked. "Oh, it's four," he laughed. "Going to 'give the ladies a chance'?"

It was an old joke of Bowman's. I can see him now straighten himself pompously for his parade up and down Kearny Street at just this time in the afternoon, and declare half-humorously, but wholly sincerely, his intention to bedazzle and delight the sex.

I nodded. I had grown distrustful. If the whole local-room, with the exception of a cub reporter and a poor one, was leagued against Rhoda Massey, why, there was nothing to do but to give the ladies a chance; one lady, anyway, a wretched, feverish little city-editor-lady whom nobody else would give half a chance, but who couldn't live any more in inaction; who was deadly tired of issuing orders that didn't seem to stick; who was determined now to get out to the firing-line and do some real fighting herself before she'd accept defeat.

When Forbes heard my scheme he declared I couldn't do it. But that didn't make any difference. We got into the old building the back way and then climbed through an open hall-window upstairs (my, it was hot, concentrated, radiated, reflected stone heat sizzling out there!) out upon the bridge.

"Now you go back," I said, slipping off my jacket and hat and handing them to him. "Hang 'round the entrance. Be there if I want you. And—say, Forbes—don't give it away, even to our own men; it isn't a very dignified detail for a city editor, but I'm littler than Enderby anyway and—so long."

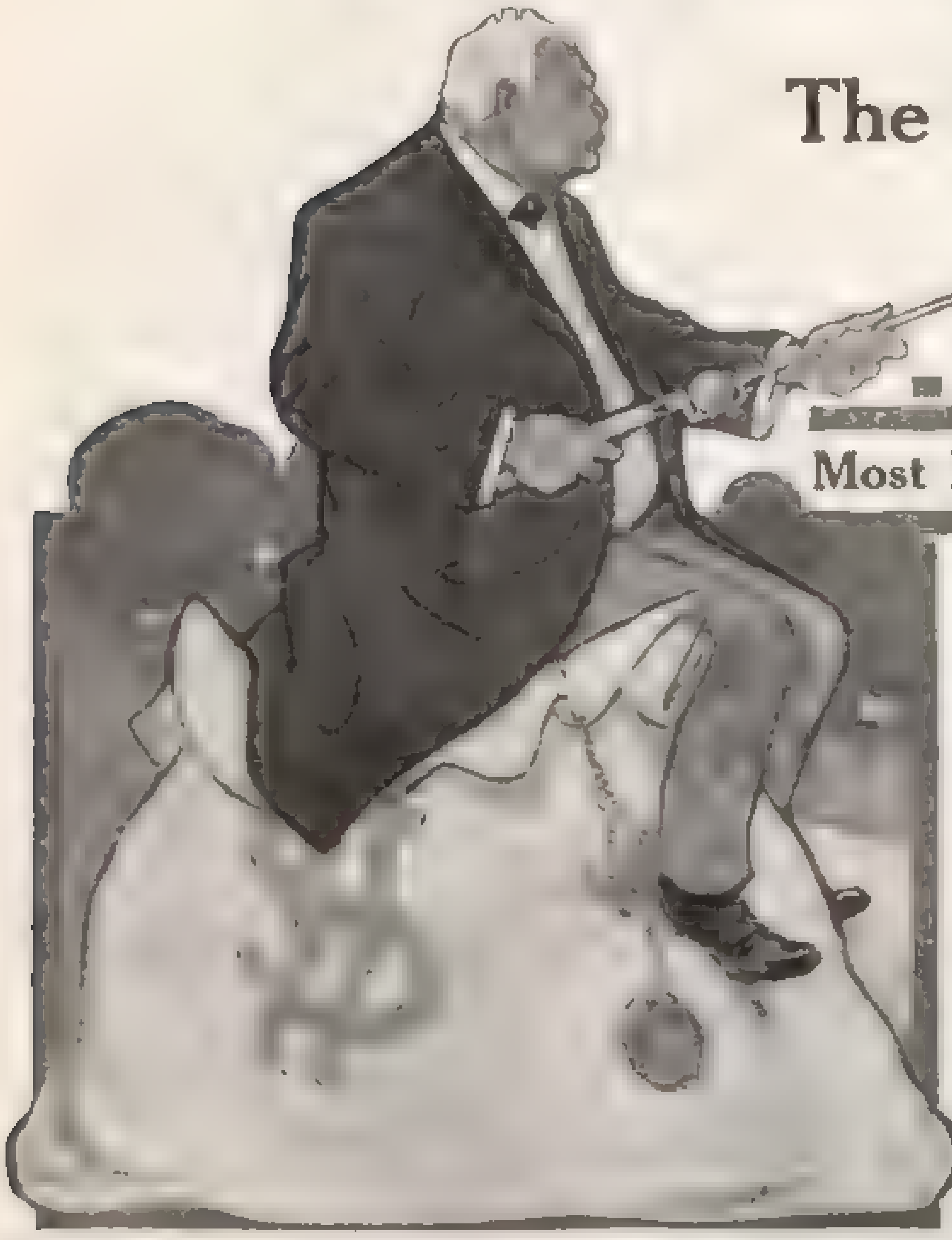
I flew across the bridge and cautiously tried the window at the end. It was locked. I couldn't budge it. My heart was beating terrifyingly—I was so afraid of being caught too soon.

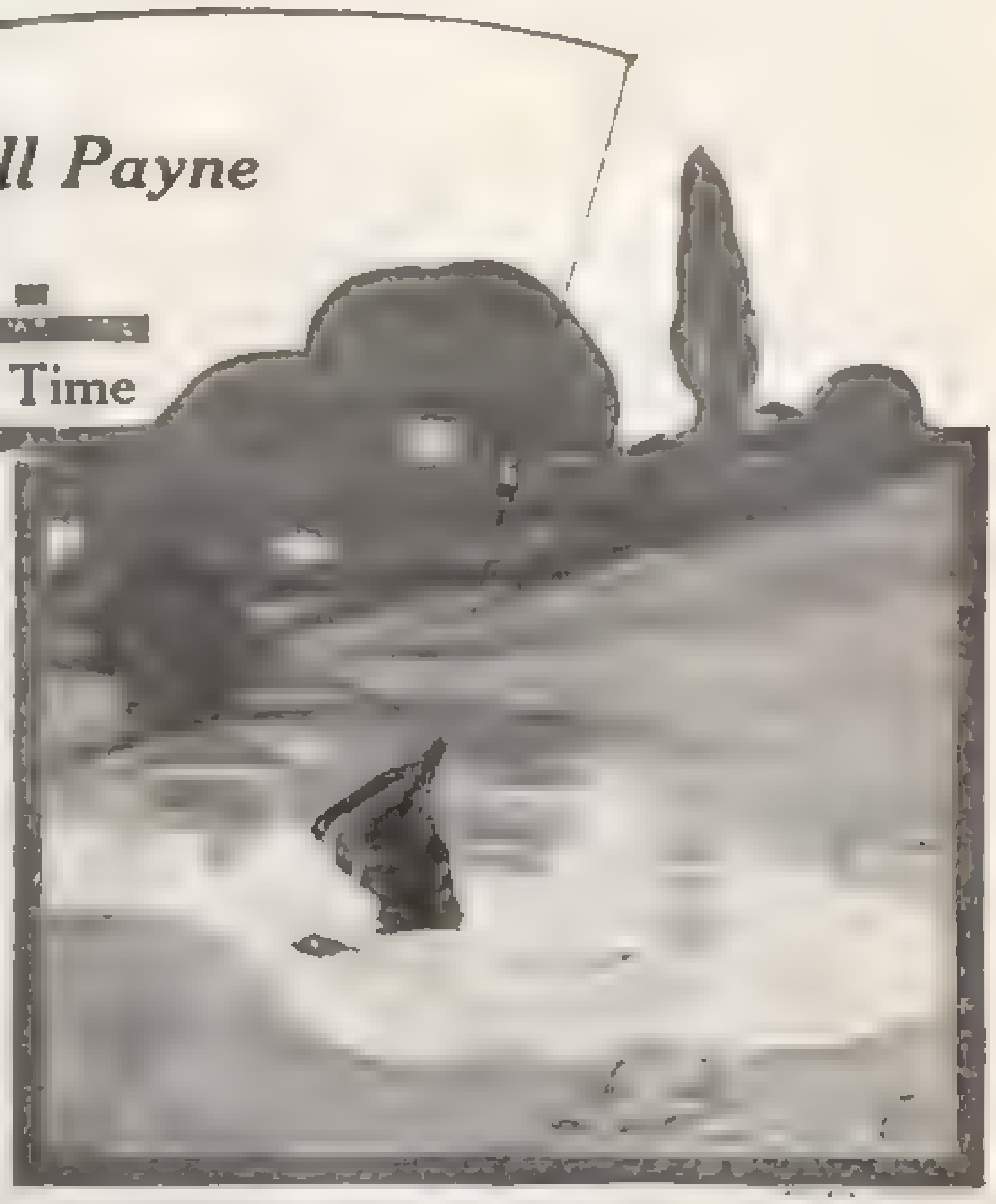
(Continued on Page 27)

Wall Street and the Public Money

The Gamble

By Will Payne





Most Ponds Get Fished Out in Time

IN WALL STREET—to paraphrase a celebrated sentence—all properties are divided into two parts. The first part, generally speaking, comprises the solider portions, of a tolerably assured intrinsic value and a more or less certain earning power. This is the mortgageable part, against which bonds and other securities bearing a fixed rate of interest and devolving a fixed charge are issued and sold for investment. It is rather the policy of the Street nowadays, as we have seen, to make this part as large as its conscience will permit, and sometimes a little larger. The second part consists of whatever may be left over from the first part, and its value will always be contingent upon variable things, such as the general condition of the country, the supply of money, competition, favorable or adverse legislation. This part is represented by the capital stock—more particularly the common stock as distinguished from the preferred—and it not only carries voting control of the whole property, but the fluctuations in value of the whole property, due to good or bad times and the like, will be manifested very largely in the stock alone.

The four "granger" railroad systems, for example, are capitalized at $1,326,000,000; but $900,000,000 of it is in bonds, so—as a kind of rough speculative approximation—variations in the value of three dollars of property are recorded in the fluctuations of one dollar of stock; and, as a matter of fact, the enormous depreciation of railroad properties due to the hard times that followed the panic of '93 and the even greater enhancement from 1896 to 1901 were mostly reflected in the decline and subsequent rise of the stocks.

The bonds representing the first part of the properties are largely held by the public. But the Street generously offers the public both ends of the game. Hence the Stock Exchange and its unofficial adjunct, the curb market, by means of which, if you have only a thousand dollars to margin a hundred shares—or five hundred to margin fifty, failing the thousand—you can join Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Harriman and others in sequestering the wealth that accrues from the prosperity of the country. For this modest stake the broker will not only put you into the play, but will give you free access to his "dope" from which you can learn what Mr. Harriman is doing and whether Mr. Rockefeller is feeling bullish that morning.

Nor need you despair if the five hundred dollars entrance money is beyond your means. That is about the cheapest ticket to Wall Street proper; but the Consolidated Exchange, only a few steps away, will let you in for considerably less; and scores of bucket-shops all over the land bring substantially the same opportunities that the great Exchange offers within the reach of the humblest purse. For even a ten-dollar bill they will give you all the chance that anybody in the world has to profit through guessing the variations in national prosperity as recorded in the fluctuations of New York stocks.

When the ponderous "All-Around New York" ark rolls up Wall Street from the Bowery and Mott Street, it turns into Broad, and the man with the megaphone says: "At our left is the office of J. P. Morgan & Co., where the billion-dollar Steel Trust was formed. Mr. Morgan is now abroad. The marble building lower down at our right is the New York Stock Exchange, where over three million shares of stocks have been sold in a single day. The crowd of men in the street immediately in front of us is the curb market."—Here the ark swerves sharply to avoid juggernauting the curb market, and the man with the megaphone falls into the lap of the awestricken lady from Kalamazoo, neatly snuffing her first-born with his instrument.

A stock market was regularly established in Wall Street before the close of the eighteenth century, twenty-four brokers entering into an agreement not to buy or sell public securities at a less commission than one-fourth of one per cent. of the specie value. The commission has since been reduced, or adjusted, to one-eighth of one per cent. of the face value, and the number of parties to the agreement extended to eleven hundred. The price of a membership, or "seat," has advanced with more or less steadiness until, for the last four years, it has ranged from $75,000 to $80,000—which, as one dissatisfied member said, is a tremendous lot of money to pay for a seat when you have to stand up all the time anyway.

Catechised Corporations

THE Exchange has grown so powerful that it is able to require a corporation whose securities are listed to make tolerably complete statements as to the status of those particular securities, and as to its earnings and general financial condition. These statements are accessible to any one interested, and this, perhaps, is the institution's most important service to the public. The listing of securities is important to most corporations, because the quotations made on the Exchange are the basis of bank credit in the Street. The banker turns at once to the ticker in order to fix the loan value of the stock or bond offered as collateral, and some banks refuse to lend at all upon securities that are not listed. Thus the bonds of the United States, and the Japanese, Russian and other government bonds that are handled to any extent in this country, are duly listed—not, of course, by direct motion of the governments, but on application of the bankers.

In these good times stocks and bonds of a face value of about a billion dollars are listed annually. Sales of stocks last year amounted to 187,312,065 shares, of a par value of $17,393,637,550 and an actual value of $12,061,452,399. In 1901, the banner year, sales were 265,944,659 shares of an actual value of $20,431,960,551, or say, roughly, some seven times the market value of the agricultural crops of the year.

Nowadays, the Exchange itself is a poor show, although, like others in that class, it continues to draw good crowds. Since it moved into its new building, admission to the visitors' gallery can be had only by presenting the signed card of a member; and this restriction operates to deprive the country visitor of the exciting services of sundry gentlemen who used to hang around the old Exchange and, for a modest tip, point out William H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, J. P. Morgan and other magnates upon the floor and in the act of dickering over an eighth on a hundred shares of Reading common.

As a spectacle, the curb market is much better. It consists, as the megaphonic one truly said, of a crowd of men in the middle of Broad Street, a little below the Exchange, generally hatless in summer, or at other seasons huddling in ulsters in the snow and bobbing under umbrellas in the rain. Last summer the police put a rope around it, to save it from the cabs and push-cart men; or to save the cabs and push-cart men from it—I don't know which. This rope is the only restriction it has ever known. Any one at all can walk in and buy or sell anything he likes—if he can get any one else to trade with him. As a matter of fact, this crowd is made up of the representatives of the regular brokerage houses that are members of the Exchange. But it cannot hire a hall or even rent a telephone or publish any rule or regulation or do any other collective act. The big Exchange requires that its members shall not belong to any other organization in New York that deals in public securities. The curb escapes the ban only by remaining completely unorganized—a mere crowd of individuals in the middle of the street.

The reason for its existence is that there are many securities which cannot or will not get themselves listed on the Exchange, with its requirements in the way of published statements of earnings, condition and so on. For example, the Standard Oil Company never makes a statement of earnings or financial condition. So its stock is dealt in only on the curb. Then there is always a batch of securities that are in the making. When Messrs. Hill and Morgan organized the Northern Securities Company—seeking to effect a consolidation of the "parallel and competing" Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads through the formation of a New Jersey corporation which would buy and hold a large part of the capital stock of both—the Government at once attacked it as contrary to the Sherman Act. Thus it was uncertain whether the concern would continue or be forced into dissolution, and Northern Securities stock was not listed, but traded in on the curb. Then, again, there is always a fair lot of cat and dog stocks which are so extremely feline or canine in their nature that nobody has the nerve to offer them for listing on the Exchange. As it is possible to get up something of a game in them, however, they are relegated to the curb. So on the curb, along with Standard Oil, Northern Securities, Seaboard Air Line and other stocks which represent great and rich properties, you will find tatterdemalions and rag-tag and bob-tail, and the thin ghosts of schemes that are dead.

Quite naturally, under these conditions, the curb is a place of wild surprises such as make the curve of fluctuations on the regular Exchange look like a straight line.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Payne's series of articles on Wall Street and the Public Money.

For instance, in the Northern Securities case, the decision of the courts was against the company, and required it to give up its holdings of Great Northern and Northern Pacific stock. The company announced that it would distribute those holdings pro rata among its own stockholders, thereby canceling ninety-nine parts of its outstanding shares, while the one part that would be left would represent certain minor and unnamed investments of the company. The Great Northern and Northern Pacific jointly owned about $107,000,000 out of the $111,000,000 capital stock of the Burlington road. Somebody conceived the idea that the minor and unnamed investments of the Northern Securities Company really included the better part of the $4,000,000 free Burlington stock; hence, that whoever controlled the residuum of Northern Securities would thereby get the balance of power in Burlington—a possession which, obviously, might be disposed of to some advantage if there was going to be the great fight between Hill interests and Harriman interests over the Northwest situation that some optimistic people then expected. This residuum—this one part of the stock that would be left after ninety-nine parts were canceled—had been taken up on the curb and traded in under the name of Northern Securities "stubs," the price being something over par, or a hundred dollars a share. The somebody above referred to cruelly injected his notion about Burlington control into the curb, and, before anybody really knew what was what, Northern Securities "stubs" were selling at $1000 a share. The Burlington theory was exploded and "stubs" rapidly declined about sixty-six per cent., or $700 a share.

As said before, the Missouri platform is unknown on the curb. No showing of any sort is necessary respecting any security whatever that is offered there for trade and barter. At the same time, all the financial power that is behind the big Exchange is also practically behind this hatless mob of the curb.

Three years ago there was an alliance known as the Webb-Meyer syndicate which shone bright in the light of a marital affiliation with the Vanderbilt family, and which controlled Hackensack Meadows and other curb securities. Hackensack Meadows were, and are, in fact, a peaceful stretch of grass over in New Jersey; but in some way a dazzling future was figured out for them. The stock had a fine advance on the curb and a swift descent. In the ensuing trouble, the big Exchange had a smart shaking up, the whole Street suffered a chill, and call money advanced to twenty-five per cent. But, side by side with such influential misfortunes as that, the curb has known frightful disasters which were quite unheard of thirty feet away.

Why the Curb is a Convenience

FOR example, several years ago three men saw a golden opportunity in forming a company to exploit a very humble article of feminine gear. They were longer on ideas than on money, and it occurred to one of them, who knew a little about the Street, that it would be a fine thing if they could get a regular quotation on their stock—which, he fondly hoped, would become the basis of credit at the banks and elsewhere.

As the curb is unorganized there is, of course, no official record of its transactions. But the various brokers keep track of them and compile a list daily for their customers. For some time this has been done by an enterprising printer who publishes a daily sheet. The newspapers print the curb quotations, giving simply the name of the stock and the price. Thus, so far as concerns the record that is generally seen, a bid for, or a sale of, ten shares establishes a quotation as well as a sale of 10,000 shares; and by ordering one broker to buy a few shares at a certain price and another broker to sell the same number of shares at the same price you can get your quotation published with no other expense than the trifling commission to the two brokers.

This simple device was resorted to in the case in hand, and for many days Rapid Fastener—let us call it—was firm in the published curb quotations at forty. The novice who consulted the financial page of his newspaper might have supposed that there was a steady investment demand for this prime security at that figure, with none obtainable below it; while, in fact, the ingenious secretary was simply selling to himself from ten to one hundred shares daily

The Vice-President's Bad Break

BUT all was not going as smoothly with the company as this admirable steadiness of its stock would indicate. Quite the contrary. And a few outsiders who had in one way or another acquired small holdings of the shares were much dissatisfied. There came a day when a sudden alarm called the secretary, who was the financier of the concern, to Boston, and the president, simultaneously, to Philadelphia. The overburdened and distraught vice-president happened to remember that the regular daily curb quotation on the stock was to be maintained, although he was only partially familiar with the simple mechanism by which that result was obtained. So he called up a broker at haphazard and ordered him to buy fifty shares of Rapid Fastener at forty. It was not the broker to whom the "matched" orders had been given. He got the stock and, not knowing much about the concern, promptly took it over to the office for his money. The vice-president was aghast at this undreamed-of demand for $2000 in hard cash, and his agitation was not lessened by the fact that it was about $1500 more real money than he could possibly lay his hands on. He pleaded with the broker to wait a couple of days for the return of the financier who knew how to buy stock without paying for it. The broker, however, was excessively annoyed, and he returned to the curb with the angry determination to sell that stock at once for whatever he could get for it. Thereupon, without any stay or let, and even as the plummet falls to the earth, the price of Rapid Fastener fell from forty dollars a share to one dollar a share—and nobody would buy the stock even at one. Rapid Fastener never recovered from the blow.

Most ponds get fished out in the course of time, and the curb is not nearly as good a place for catching professional gudgeons as it was three or four years ago. About that time some bright men had a concern that we will call International Vehicle. A firm price of about $110 a share was maintained for it on the curb, but the trade in it was light. Presently one of the bright men drops into the office of a big broker who is industriously bulling Steel, and says: "I'd like awfully well to buy some Steel. I think it's bound to go higher; but, just between you and me, I'm loaded to the guards with International Vehicle. Of course, I think it's all right—that is, I hope it's going to be all right in time. But you can't sell the stuff. If the market gets up a little and you offer a couple of hundred shares, off it goes. I guess I'll just have to hang on and look pleasant. Now, I wish you'd take a thousand shares of my Vehicle as collateral and buy some Steel."

The broker does so. Next day bright man number two happens into a big office that is friendly to Erie, and says: "I wish to goodness I had a little money. I'd buy Erie right away. But, confidentially, all my money is tied up in International Vehicle. I think it's all right—at least, I guess it's going to be all right after a while. But there's nothing doing now. If you're minded to take a thousand shares of me as collateral and buy me some Erie I'd be glad to have you do it."

The other bright men visit other offices and chat confidentially to like purpose.

So presently there were some seven brokers each of whom was saying to himself: "The insiders in Vehicle are getting mighty sick of it. They'll be unloading one of these days and then the stock will go to pot. I've got a thousand shares of it from So-and-So as collateral. Probably he'll never take it up. No doubt he'll be ordering me to sell it one of these days. I think it would be the part of wisdom for me to put out a little short line."

Those confidential things usually leak more or less. In due time there was a splendid string of "shorts" in Vehicle—just waiting for the gaff. Then the bright men went around and took up the shares they had left as collateral, and the stock promptly advanced to $200 a share. Outsiders, noting this rapid advance, thought there must be something great coming off in International Vehicle. And there was. The brokers who had sold short at $110 had to settle at $200.

The advantages of the curb for little expeditions of this sort arise from the fact that it is wholly unrestricted, although the richest houses on the Street are represented there. So if you catch your short there is little danger that he will disappoint you by going into bankruptcy.

Over on the Consolidated Exchange—facing Broadway just back of the Stock Exchange—the financial calibre is smaller and failures are more frequent. The Consolidated belongs in the family; but it is not recognized. In its trading hall, plain—or soiled—lumber takes the place of the marble and tiles of the big institution. It hasn't any style to speak of, and hangs out of the windows indecorously on hot days. Although the curb is really an adjunct of the Stock Exchange and never deals in its listed securities, the Consolidated handles them regularly. It can hardly be called a rival, however. Rather it is a sort of tail of the dog, and—possibly just to complete the simile—the dog frequently chases it.

The Stock Exchange, the curb market and the Consolidated Exchange constitute, ostensibly, the mediums of speculation in Wall Street securities. But only ostensibly. A very considerable part of the public itch to gamble in this kind still finds relief through the bucket-shops, and it is impossible to understand speculation without giving due consideration to those institutions.

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

IF, FOR example, you think New York Central is going to advance, two modes of operation are open to you. You can go to a regular broker, deposit with him a margin of ten dollars a share and order him to buy the stock for you. The broker will transmit the order to the Exchange, buy the stock, actually receive it and pay for it, then take it to his bank and borrow within twenty dollars a share of the cost, as was explained in a previous article. Or, you can go to a bucket-shop, deposit a margin of two dollars a share, and order it to buy the stock. The bucket-shop then simply credits you on its books with having bought so many shares of New York Central at whatever the market price may be at that moment, and the situation is just this: You are betting that New York Central will advance; the bucket-shop is betting that you are wrong. Generally speaking, it stands ready to take the other side of any possible bet on stocks that you may wish to place—and in the long run it makes a good deal of money doing it. The only odds in favor of the bucket-shop consist of the commission, for it charges the same commission that the regular broker does—one eighth of one per cent of the face value. If New York Central does advance, the bucket-shop pays you the profit. If it declines $1.75 a share—which, with the twenty-five cents a share commission for buying and selling, eats up your two dollars—it pockets your money and invites you to try again.

In the long run the bucket-shop wins. Any regular broker who has been in business for a considerable

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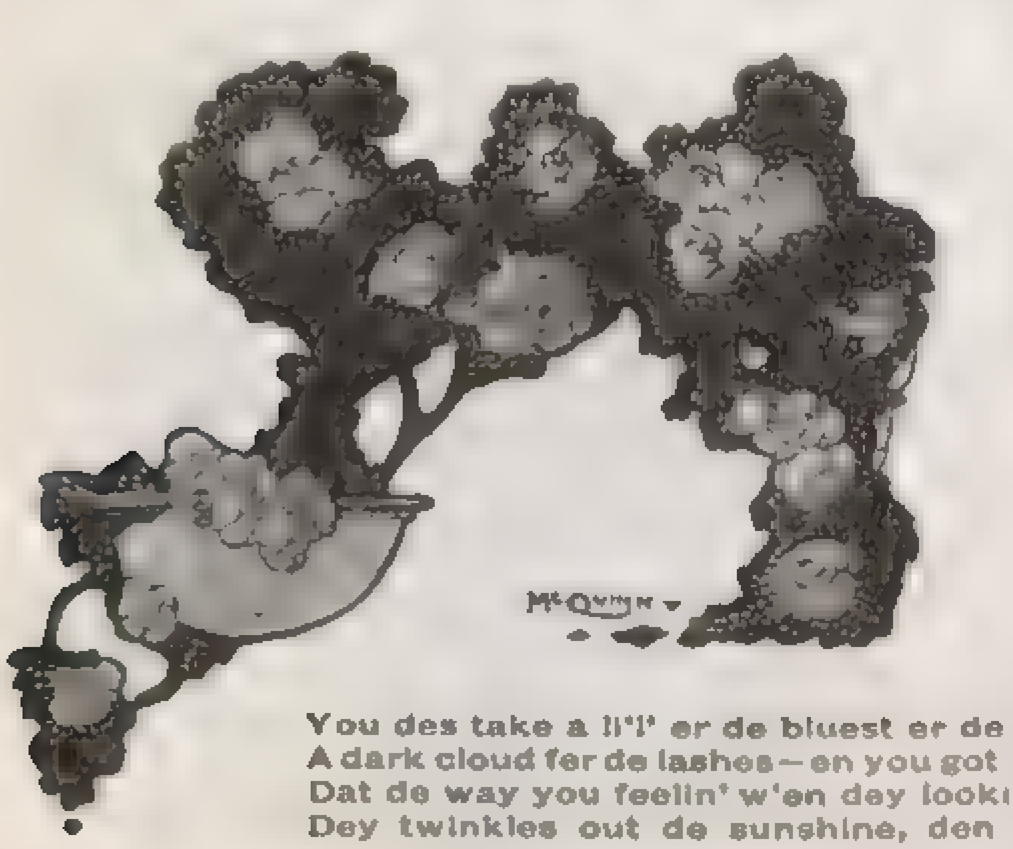

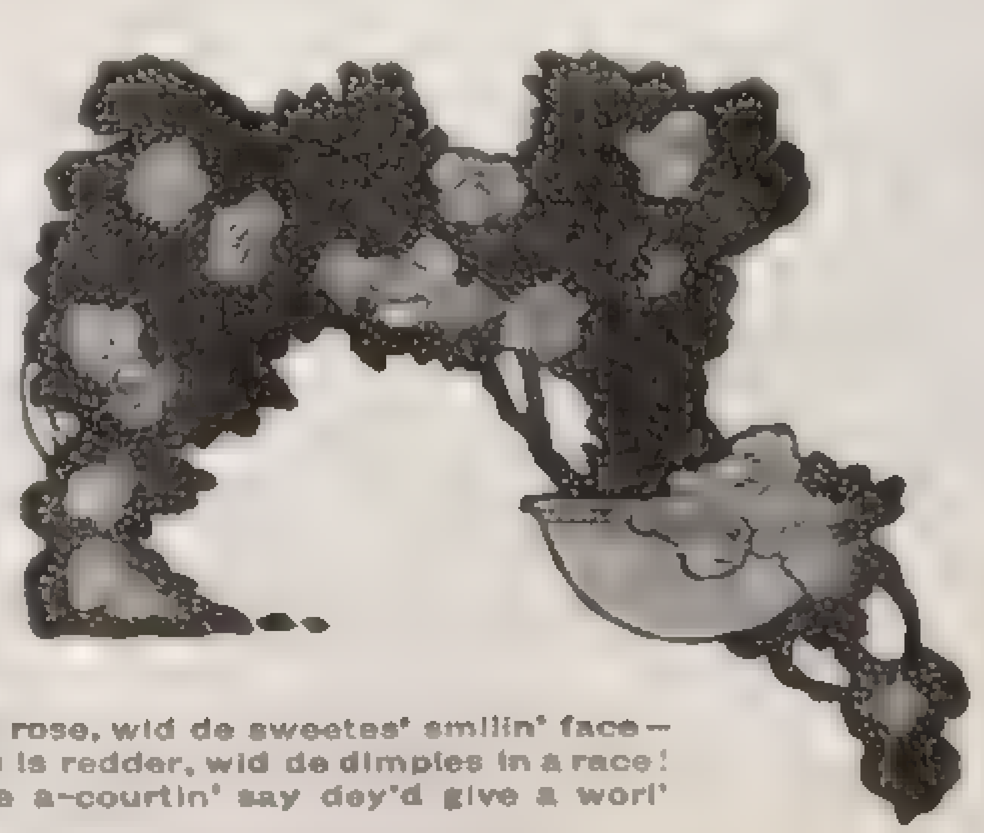

Her Picture

By Frank L. Stanton

You des take a li'l' er de bluest er de skies—
A dark cloud fer de lashes—en you got Miss Mary's eyes!
Dat de way you feelin' w'en dey lookin' sweet at you:
Dey twinkles out de sunshine, den it's rainin' roun' 'em, too!

Sweet Miss Mary,
Sweeter than you know—
Is de Mockin'bird yo' sweetheart
Why he singin' ter you so?

You des take a red rose, wid de sweetes' smilin' face—
Miss Mary's cheeks is redder, wid de dimples in a race!
De beaus dat come a-courtin' say dey'd give a worl' lak' dis
Ter ketch dem rosy dimples fer a minute in a kiss!

Mind, Miss Mary,
How dem dimples run!
De whole worl' is yo' lover,
Kaze you des de sweetes' one!

Baby Bullet: The Bubble of Destiny

By Lloyd Osbourne

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"One Must Have Been in Jail to Feel Properly that Triumph"

XV

THERE was no good kicking against the pricks. The White Hart had ordered them out into the cold, cold street. The only dignified thing to do was to leave as quickly as possible. Besides, it was now dusk and time pressed. Sutphen did not waste words with William. He infused his two guests with a little of his own indignation, and they all sailed out together to try the Blue Boar Alas, the news had preceded them! The Blue Boar eyed them askance, and proclaimed itself full. It expressed some hypocritical regrets, and passed them on to the Temperance Hotel. Here they were likewise scorned. A friendly bystander piloted them thence to Gibbs' Commercial Hotel. Sutphen did not attempt to do business at the desk. He withdrew Mr Gibbs to one side, but frankly and eloquently explained the entire situation. He also appealed to his charity and manhood, and drew a moving picture of two ladies in distress. Mr. Gibbs plainly wobbled. He was a dissipated, youngish man with a horseshoe pin. He said it was probably all right, and he'd have to speak to his mother. Sutphen wrung his hand, and reluctantly saw him retire into an inner office. A very different Gibbs emerged — a suspicious, cynical, you-can't-try-this-on-me Gibbs. The eloquence and the handshake had both been wasted. He indicated the cold, cold street, and had not even the grace to make a suggestion

"We don't do that kind of business," he said

They slunk out-of-doors again, and took counsel on the sidewalk. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to pawn Gee Whiz. Sutphen had noticed a bicycle repair-shop where the word "automobiles," in large letters, had caught his eye. They now directed themselves thither, and after a little difficulty ferreted out the proprietor. He was brought over, wiping his mouth, from a public-house near by.

Sutphen broached the question — twenty pounds till Tuesday, and ten pounds more for the accommodation — security, a first-class sixty horse French car worth two thousand pounds

"How do I know it's honest come by?" said Mr. Tate, scratching his head. "It mayn't be your car at all!"

This was a blow, indeed. Sutphen explained that he had left the receipted bill, together with his purse, watch and change, under his pillow at Crandonbridge. It seemed good policy to take Mr. Tate into their confidence.

"Then why don't you go back and get it?" remarked Mr. Tate. "Are you trying to tell me that you actually ran away from your own money? Pardon the liberty, sir, but it seems to me your story don't hold water!"

Sutphen desperately went on to tell of Loretta, and their precipitate flight.

Mr. Tate listened in silence.

"I ain't saying it ain't true," he remarked, "but I'm a pore man — and twenty pound is twenty pound! I'm agreeable to store your car and keep it on spec till you get out of your troubles, but that's as far as I can go!"

"Well, what about five pounds?" insinuated Sutphen

"Can't see it," returned Mr. Tate, "nor three, nor two, nor a single quid." It was beginning to steal over the creature that an attempt was being made to trick him. He belligerently wound up by asking if there was any green in his eye.

Sutphen did not attempt to see. They left Mr. Tate with the question unanswered

What was to be done?

They stopped under a lamp-post to decide. There were never three human beings more forlorn and homeless. It was easily within their means to get shelter and food of a sort, but they had now become such conspicuous figures in Eccles that they were smarting to escape. It would be hard to live through Sunday and Monday in that terrible town, pointed at on every side, and with one of their party known to be in jail

"We have just two courses," said Sutphen: "one is to crawl into some cheap little hole here and hide our diminished heads; and the other is to push boldly on to Peebles, camping out by the way, and turning our mishap into a jolly, pleasant adventure."

"Oh, but Alphonse?" bleated Miss Schell. "It would surely comfort him to know that we were near. I cannot bear to think of his breaking his heart behind those iron bars."

"Alphonse is all right," said Sutphen. "He isn't breaking his heart at all. I've promised to set him up in business in New York, and get him the agency of the Partosien skid-proof tire. They led him off as jolly as a clam!"

Miss Schell had to have the good news repeated. Her hand pressed Sutphen's in the dark

"Oh, how good of you!" she cried. "You ought to have told me at once. What does anything matter *now?*"

Essy was mystified by the reference to the skid-proof tire, and failed to see how it in any way relieved their present difficulty. But Miss Schell's instantaneous rise of spirits was contagious. Somehow things seemed less dreadful and hopeless.

"Which is it to be?" asked Sutphen. "Cower here in penury, or push on to Peebles?"

"But won't it be just as bad at Peebles?" Essy asked.

"I'll telegraph Benjy Bardeen to have money waiting for us there!"

"But suppose he doesn't! Suppose he has gone away?"

"Oh, that's ridiculous! The bank said he'd be back on Monday night; and once Benjy knows the fix we are in he'll get us out of it like lightning. It probably looks far worse to you than it does to me. He's likely had to strain every nerve to secure an option on something — all the more as he didn't come over the least prepared to do any business — and he knew I had ample to carry me on a few weeks. Those London fellows are suspicious of Yankee millionaires, and he has had to put up cash, and cable home for credits. It is all as plain as day, and it is up to us to pull through Sunday and Monday as cheerfully as we can!"

"On eight dollars," ejaculated Essy.

"And there'll be a big hole in that for gasoline," added Miss Schell

"We oughtn't to need more than eight gallons to Peebles — I mean on top of what's in the tank now, and we're well stocked in carbide, grease and cylinder-oil."

"And if we broke down on the way?" put in Essy, whose less courageous mind was inclining for the ills they knew rather than those they did not

"Oh, let's chance it!" said Sutphen. "Think of the fun, camping out like tramps. If Gee Whiz breaks down we'll take Baby Bullet — and if Baby goes — we'll *walk!*"

The thought of action is always stimulating. It was exhilarating to take so splendid a risk rather than the meaner certainty of grubby lodgings in Eccles. They all hated Eccles cordially, and it seemed as though they would breathe freer when once away. On their road back to the White Hart Inn, Sutphen dispatched a telegram to Benjy Bardeen — an urgent, peremptory, vitriolic telegram that was calculated to rouse that remiss gentleman to an appalling sense of his own misdemeanors. To make assurance sure, Sutphen also fired off a post-card in which his anger and chagrin was even more amplified. This involved an outlay of a shilling and ninepence halfpenny, which cut down the treasury to one pound ten shillings and tenpence. We can be precise on this point, as the money was anxiously counted under a flaring gaslight in the post-office, in the faint hope that a stray shilling or two might have been overlooked

Then they proceeded to the White Hart Inn — leaving on their way at the station-house a hastily scribbled note to Alphonse informing him of their decision — and attempted with as little noise as possible to yoke up and escape without notice. But hostlers and stablemen arose from all sides. The bar-door opened and emptied out a gaping and inquisitive crowd. A street full of people poured into the courtyard. All Eccles was there to mortify them, and to jeer and jibe as Miss Schell took her seat in Baby Bullet

Under ordinary circumstances, they would scarcely have noticed these creatures, but now every look seemed an insult, and their faces burned with resentment and indignation. They got out as fast as they could, and ran along to Mr. Tate's establishment to replenish their gasoline. Here they took in six gallons, and parted with nine shillings — reducing their little store to one pound one shilling and tenpence.

It was a fine, clear, moonlit night as they rolled out of Eccles, and resumed the road north. Could Alphonse have been with them they would have risen superior to all their trials, and enjoyed more completely the delicious freedom that now lightened their hearts. But the thought of that faithful fellow in his cell checked their feelings of relief and joy. It seemed but right to remember his sad case, and be appropriately depressed.

Essy asked about the skid-proof tire, and was thunderstruck to learn the truth. Christine! to marry *him* — marry *Alphonse!* It came upon her as a revelation, at once sad and humorous and astounding. She was both shocked and entertained — for it seemed awful to marry a chauffeur — besides cheapening her — Essy — in Sutphen's eyes. She was reassured, however, as she gave a shy expression to these misgivings, by his outspoken approval of the match. Chauffeur, nonsense! Alphonse was a man of education — a scientific chemist — whose craze for automobiling had led him to throw away all of his chances

They had a hot little wrangle on the subject, ending in Essy's impetuously confessing herself in the wrong. She insisted on stopping the car, and ran back to give Miss Schell a hug

It was well she did so, for that poor lady was dissolved in tears, the Pattomen skid-proof tire having exhausted its power to console her. She could no longer live in a future, building castles in the air, and her heart was in that dungeon with her unfortunate Alphonse. Essy soothed and comforted her; went back to ask Sutphen whether the jail had seemed *warm* and *clean;* went back a second time to make sure that Alphonse had been led away *whistling;* and altogether proved herself a sweet and tender comrade in the elder woman's distress. When at last she went back to her seat beside Sutphen, and they again speeded up, she gave him all the credit of her good deeds

"I Recall My Hero-Father of '70"

"It worries me that you're so nice," she added naively. "When a man's that, it shows that he has passed through so many women's hands!"

"Is that so disturbing?"

"I'd prefer to think there hadn't been any!"

He smiled, and did not answer. He was pleased to think that she was teased a little by his past. It took all his self-control not to lay his big hand on hers, and bring her to the admission that his heart demanded. But he was withheld by a certain delicacy. No man can be sure of a woman till the word is said, and a false move on his part would put them all in an acutely false position. The situation was singular enough already without adding an additional complication. An intuition warned him that Bocher's success had made something of a rift between himself and Essy. That ridiculous affair had for the moment brought love into disrepute. In little ways Essy had grown colder and more distant. He could feel both the change and the reason for it: she was trying to disassociate herself from any sentimental relation —even the slightest—with Alphonse's master. Her pride and her sense of humor alike caused her to shrink back.

Sutphen sighed, and decided to go slow. He would stick to the big-brother attitude, and do nothing to embarrass her. He had made up his mind not to stop till the moon rose, foreseeing the discomfort of groping about with lanterns, and blundering into all sorts of mishaps in the dark. It was a glorious moon when it did rise, only two or three days past its full, and it burst upon them with a radiance and splendor that seemed to sweep away all the little misgivings they had been a prey to. They stopped the cars by the roadside, and all descended.

The grassy footpath, bordered by a thick hedge, offered the obvious place for a camp. The cars were manœuvred so as to form an angle, and make with the hedge the three sides of a little inclosure. The fourth, or open side, which was narrowed to a yard, was hung with a rubber lap-robe by way of a door. When the rugs were spread, the lighted lamps brought in, and the tea-basket unpacked, there was a general congratulation at the snugness and privacy of their new home. Having had no dinner, and being ravenous from their long fast, they were in no mood to be critical of the dilapidated chicken and the odds and ends of ham and tongue and stale sandwiches that still remained in the larder. It was an indiscriminate meal, but welcome and satisfying, with tea to wash it down, and more laughter and gayety than any one could have thought possible.

Then they said good-night, Sutphen taking his heavy overcoat, a pillow and a rug, and making a little camp of his own twenty yards or so down the line. Before doing so, however, he had unclamped the horn from Gee Whiz, and had given it over to Miss Schell, who was thus provided with the means of raising an alarm should anything untoward befall. Sutphen pledged his honor that a single toot would bring him rushing to the rescue, and went away smiling at Miss Schell's complete satisfaction in this novel weapon, and at her last request that he should not forget to provide himself with his biggest and heaviest monkey-wrench

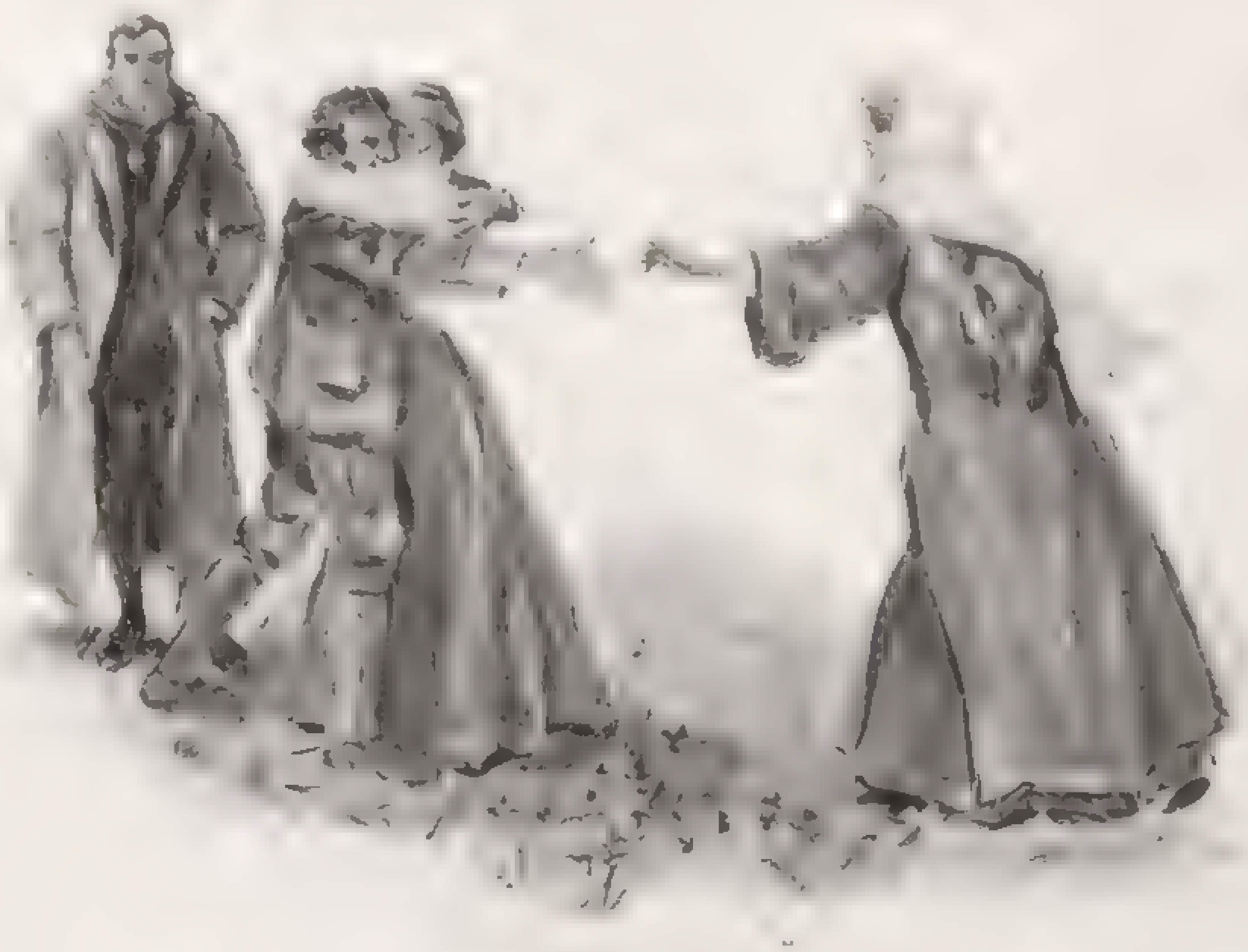
He smoked a cigar, and then dozed off to sleep, first putting a handkerchief over his face to keep out the light of the moon. He hardly knew whether hours, or only minutes, had passed, as he suddenly returned to consciousness, and sat up in a sort of nightmarish terror.

"B-o-o-o!" sounded the horn from the ladies' stockade. In the still night it was immensely loud and ominous, and just as Sutphen rose to his feet the further sound of a man running struck disconcertingly on his ears. "B-o-o-o! B-o-o-o! B-o-o-o!" rang out the horn again, and clatter, clatter, clatter came the advancing feet in a heavy jog-trot.

Sutphen sprang into the road, and advanced swiftly, wrench in hand, prepared to deal out death and destruction to the foe. The latter could now be dimly discerned, a solitary figure, head down, elbows bent, sprinting forward in the middle of the highway. Sutphen tried to call out, but his voice was drowned in the incessant bull-like roaring of the horn. The figure drew ever nearer. It was a man—Gee Whilikins, it was Alphonse!

Sutphen shouted the good news through the wheels of Baby Bullet. There was a moment of wild and enthusiastic greeting, the poor panting fellow throwing his arms around his master, and patting him on the back, French fashion. Sutphen patted back, eluding a large fat kiss that went astray in the dark. The ladies emerged with screams of joy. A happy family was reunited. There was a hurly-burly of questions—of handshakes—of hugs. Alphonse was led into the stockade and made to sit down.

"Now, tell us all about it," said Sutphen



A Happy Family was Reunited

XVI

"WHEN I read your note," began Alphonse, fondly regarding his lady-love, "I gave way to despair, running my head against ze door till comes a policeman who says: 'Stop it, you crazy fool!' He said it was bad for the paint, the *cochon*, not to speak of annoying everybody. I apologized with my tongue in my cheek. He did me good, zat fellow—it was like Mr. Sutphen's cold bath—I recall my pride, my nationality, my hero-father of '70. I set my teeth, and said: 'Nevaire mind, nevaire mind,' sitting on my little stool, and thinking, well, it wouldn't be for ver' long

"After ages had passed, I heard noises outside, talk, excitement. I said joyfully to myself it is Monsieur Sutphen with the ten pounds. My door was unlocked, but instead of Monsieur Sutphen it was an Englishman with a red face—stout, important gentleman, with the manner of an autocrat. Everybody bowed before him, and it was all 'Yes, Sir John,' 'No, Sir John,' 'Quite so, Sir John,' - as he pointed at me with one finger, very high and mighty, and says: 'Is zis ze man?' Everybody fell over everybody to assure him that I *was* ze man. Zen it all came out He was ze Sir John Stiles at the inn, whose rooms we were to take, and his automobile was stuck on ze street. He had come to borrow me to help him, and it seemed zat he was a magistrate to whom the police could not well say no. The inspector tried to protest, but Sir John said, puffing out like a pigeon: '*I* am responsible. *I* will take ze consequences.' And zen he says to me: 'Man, will you come?' Of course I said 'Yes.' And so we all went off in a cab, Sir John and me and two policemen, to find the automobile drawn up on a suburban street. Lady Stiles and Master Algernon Stiles were sitting very glum in the tonneau, while ze poor silly idiot of an ex-coachman was trying to make out ze trouble. It was a four-cylinder Floracq, and zis hay-motor fellow hadn't been running her for more than a week. I pushed him on one side—ver' glad was he to be pushed!—and taking a lantern, had a good look round.

"'Now, man,' says Sir John, 'if you can get her going in ten minutes well and good—but if not—don't waste our time and keep us here when we ought to be on our way to the Dook's at Duffle Castle.'

"'Don't worry,' says I, and zen I make Lady Stiles and Master Algernon Augustus Stiles get out, noticing she had a muffler cut-out like all Floracqs. This I opened, on a little plan zat was running in my head. Ze real trouble was a very small matter, but I tried the clutch-levers to make sure I understood them—and practiced a little in throwing them in and out, Sir John making an awful nuisance of himself, so cross he was and patronizing and fusscat, zo it was good in one way, for he crowded back the two policemen.. Ze trouble was in ze petrol feed, which was positive from ze pressure of ze exhaust, and ze check-valve it had stuck. I asked Sir John a few questions to find out how much he really knew. He knew nozing, fortunately—so I looked ver' grave, talked a little about the chance of an explosion, and warned them all to stand back. Zen I turned over ze engine—ze muffler, with ze cut-out, going off like a hundred young cannon. I got in ver' slowly, like I was scared, too, and ready to jump, motioning them away with my hand, and making sure I had a clear road in front. Zen, when zey were all waiting for ze bombshell to explode, I shoved in ze low, zen ze next speed, and zen, before any of zem knew what had happened, I was off at forty miles an hour!

"What corsair ever made ze open sea with a more uplifted heart zan mine! I shouted, I sang, as I opened wide my throttle, and shot like a bullet out of zat unhappy town. One must have been in jail, penniless, without tobacco, without hope, to feel properly that moment of triumph when I took ze open road, and felt ze air of freedom against my cheek! I was like a madman in my joy, nevaire touching a brake, and taking the curves of the road on two wheels. I went on like zis for a dozen miles, looking to the right and left for fear I might overpass you. Zen I stopped at a deep, good-looking ditch, got out, and let the Floracq roll into it—ver' careful, so as to hurt nozing—she sliding into it, and turning half-way over against a bank of clay. Zen I turned out ze lights, and with a bounding heart went on to look for you, walking and running by turns."

"How far back did you leave the car?" inquired Sutphen, who was disquieted by the thought of pursuit.

"About six-seven miles—but monsieur need not worry—I passed no one on the road—and it will take forty men to dig her out."

"They may telegraph ahead."

Alphonse shrugged his shoulders.

"Not likely," he said. "It was a ver' wrong thing of ze police to do—in France, no, not even the President could take one from a prison for private work. Zees little people have committed a frightful *bêtise*, and they will be more inclined to hush it up. Altogether it is highly discreditable, and would appear very bad in a newspaper."

This was a very reassuring view; and as they debated it out it seemed more and more reasonable. The Eccles police would scarcely care to advertise their slack and obliging methods. Instead, they would probably descend on Sir John for the ten pounds in question, and make out that Alphonse had jumped his bail

At last the two men sought their bank. The two ladies again lay down with the bulb of the horn close beside them. Baby Bullet nuzzled against Gee Whiz, as though it, too, felt the need and solace of companionship. High in the sky, the great harvest moon swam serene and effulgent, casting over all the glamour of a night that would not soon be forgotten.

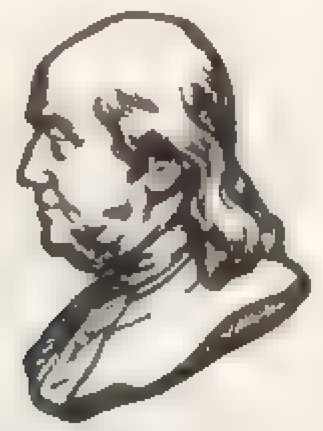
Sunday proved a long day, a hard day, a hungry day. Four imperious appetites on one side; one pound one shilling and tenpence on the other. Shops being everywhere shut, they were unable to practice a proper economy. The slice of ham that would have cost sevenpence at a grocery became a shilling's worth in the cheap little eating-house which they were perforce obliged to patronize for breakfast and dinner. However, they managed to obtain two loaves of bread; and this, with a Heaven-sent *pâté* that had apparently been overlooked for weeks in one of the side baskets, gave them a very slim meal by way of supper. By nightfall their budget showed a cash balance of thirteen shillings and fourpence, which was yet to carry them over Monday, and part, at least, of Tuesday

Never was night more welcome to a weary and fleeing army than the shades of Sunday to our travelers. Again they pitched their camp beside the highway, and made a laager of Gee Whiz and Baby. Again there was a midnight flurry, this time a colt, inquisitive and foolhardy, who thought to find his mother, and instead got b-o-o-o-ed out of his seven colt wits, and fled by short cut across Baby Bullet, vehemently tooting his own tooter that Nature had given him. Again the awakening in the morning, and the anxious counting of their slender store: thirteen shillings and fourpence.

Monday still found the shops shut, for it was what they call in England a "Bank holiday." This might imply that it was limited to the banks alone, but as a matter of fact it took in everything and everybody, and was as complete

(Continued on Page 65)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Men who use perfumes ought to be chloroformed at any old age.

¶ Few things remain to be done, but all the old things can be better done.

¶ The simple life may order less, but it wants to look over the whole bill-of-fare just the same.

¶ It doesn't hurt to say that the homeliest girls make the best wives; the danger is in specifying

¶ A wise man who made a little improvement each day found at the end of the year a revolution in his business.

¶ There will be universal peace about the time all the passengers in a sleeping-car want the same temperature.

¶ Of course it is harmless to speculate on what you would do if you had Mr. Rockefeller's money. You'll never get it.

¶ The unreasoning ostrich hides by sticking his head in the sand; the fatuous rich man by blindfolding himself with his money.

¶ This is the happy age in which invention levels all classes. Even the poor who cannot afford automobiles may sit in front of an electric fan and scatter sand in the breeze

The Saving Grace

IT HAS become the favorite proverb of late among the elect of culture that the saving grace in life is the sense of humor—the sense, that is, of when those we love, and even we ourselves, slip into ridiculous attitudes. This sense is never absent from minds that see life clearly and see it whole; for the more keenly and completely we envisage this world below the more unmistakably we recognize the grotesqueness of its limitations and imperfections The great masters of the comedy of manners, Terence, Molière, Meredith, have been no more remarkable for their powers of evoking laughter than for the clarity and sanity of their vision. To lesser mortals the sense of humor gives this great advantage: that they seldom or never reach the heights and the depths of absurdity. If we grant the ancient and still honored motto of William of Wykeham, "Manners Makyth Man," there is more than ordinary virtue in this modern cult of self-derision.

What the humor worshipers forget is that life is something more than manners or an intellectual attitude. It consists mainly in doing things, and men who do things are generally too intent on what they are about to guard against ridicule, sympathetic or otherwise. Ruskin, in one of his letters to Charles Eliot Norton, speaks of the delight he found in certain stuffed penguins in the British Museum, who were so "sympathetically ridiculous" that they made him forget his own griefs and despairs His was only the rudiments of a sense of humor If he had had the full-grown sense he would have preferred to the penguins himself and his friends in their Olympian moments; but we might all be still benighted in the mid-Victorian atmosphere of haircloth and antimacassars President Roosevelt has little or nothing of the sense of humor—to the vast joy of his critics and the equally vast advantage of the things he is aiming at.

Even great wits seldom have this curious gift. Who was ever more absurd in personal conduct than Goldsmith and Sheridan? Falstaff, as Shakespeare was at pains to make him tell us, was not only a source of wit in himself but the occasion of wit in others. And he was never more serious than when he was laughed at. Humor is a grace, and a saving grace, but those who aspire to be anything but humorists can ill afford to be much occupied with the figure they cut, however it may add to their own joy or to the gayety of nations.

Tipping the Minister

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH'S defense of tipping, it will be remembered, was on the ground that it furnishes one of the few occasions on which a man may still show kindness to those in a different sphere of life. Would he extend it to the tin wedding surprise party tendered a minister—on which occasion a millionaire contributed a gratuity of sundry five-dollar gold pieces graciously inserted in a peck of potatoes? It is not to be denied that the minister is in a different sphere of life from the millionaire. We doubt if the reverend gentleman is sufficient master of finance even to know how those coins qualify as tin. Yet is his acceptance of them in keeping with his character either as a man or as a minister?

We have gone pretty far in our reliance upon the bounty of the over-rich. It is not a good thing for a community to get into the habit of dependence in the matter of its libraries, its universities and its hospitals. There is no subtler corruption to the spirit of self-sufficing freedom and independence, which is the mainspring of effective democracy. But this evil is vague and unsubstantial in comparison with that wrought by the personal gratuity. And if a waiter, whose business is to serve, is humiliated by a tip, what is to be said of the case of a minister, whose first duty is to speak at all times with perfect freedom against the sins of his congregation?

It is of course true that the salaries of clergymen are for the most part absurdly inadequate. But to eke them out by further humiliating the recipient is only to multiply the injustice.

The Only Beauty-Doctor

THOSE who found only an occasion for hilarity in the business correspondence of a beauty-doctor which lately got into the papers through a District Attorney's office must have the hardest of hearts. A business man who was afflicted with a thick nose had put a clothespin on it every night to squeeze it to a more artistic point—with the result that it swelled up fatter than ever. Then he paid good money to the doctor with no better results. A youth with balloon ears still retains his resemblance to the winged head of Mercury. Gentlewomen with wrinkles flayed themselves with acids, and back came the furrows of time and of frustrated vanity deeper than ever. Liver-colored spots proved as unchangeable as the spots of the leopard. If we are honest with ourselves we will admit that beauty is much more than skin deep. Fatalities such as these have been, and will forever continue to be, the springs of deep human tragedies.

Many a young man has failed of the success in the world of men to which his character and ability entitled him because of nothing worse than a nose too thick at the point, or flaring ears—and minds nobly aspiring have been corroded with envy. Wrinkles and liver-spots have condemned thousands of true women to friendless neglect, or even to a barren spinsterhood—and hearts capable of the purest emotions have been turned sour. If the nose of Cyrano de Bergerac had been shorter his genius might not have flowered as gracefully and fruitfully as that of Molière, but he would have won the hand as well as the heart of Roxanne. And, conversely, all the world is aware that if the nose of Cleopatra had been an inch longer or shorter, the whole course of history would have been changed

Yet the failures of the beauty-doctor are not the deepest of human tragedies. When Nature bungles in her handiwork the true surgeon to her defects is life. There is no surer way to make a face unlovely than to be always thinking whether it is lovely or not. Many ugly people, and some beautiful ones, are able to forget themselves in the duties and the pleasures which are always near at hand to all of us. The Madonnas of Holbein have wrinkles, and many a patriarch in paintings of immortal beauty has ill-conducted ears.

How to be Happy, Though Rich

NOT long ago the richest citizen of an Indiana town passed away, leaving the tremendous fortune of four hundred thousand dollars. He was one of the meanest men that ever lived; but nobody had ever told him so. The only organs of popular intelligence in which his name ever appeared—the Weekly Unionist and its hated contemporary the Clarion—agreed in the one particular of speaking with the greatest respect of their most opulent subscriber. People smiled when he appeared, listened deferentially when he spoke, and always laughed at his three stock jokes. Around the cast-iron stove in the corner grocery his character might be aspersed, and oppressive transactions which had augmented his fortune were related But nobody repeated it to George W. Midas.

So he lived in the agreeable belief that the little public which he was industriously trimming held him in the highest regard, and he died under the impression that the Lone Elm Historical Society would want his black walnut desk and armchair to go with its collection of Indian arrowheads, the back-log from the first cabin in the county, and the (apochryphal) Priscilla spinning-wheel.

But this misguided man had one regret. His shiftless father had sold a bit of Pennsylvania land for a song just before they struck oil in the neighborhood, and he estimated that, with his talents for business and a couple of oil wells for a start, he could have left millions instead of thousands. Then the metropolitan newspapers would have told over and over how he did the widow out of her house and charged fourteen per cent. instead of the legal seven, and lied to his blind brother-in-law about the farm he sold him. His wife and children would have been regaled with splendidly illustrated magazine accounts of the jail where his father served a term for moonshining. The First Methodist Church would have scorned his modest contribution to the pastor's salary as being tainted. He would have lived sour and died bitter

Mr. Gray's famous reflections in a country graveyard should have been extended to include the village Shylock who was as mean as they make 'em, but who never had the disagreeable fact flung in his face, because he was unknown to any but persons who were, or might be, more or less under his thumb

Who's Your County Prosecutor?

IN MANY counties of many States throughout the Union matters are now getting into shape for the nominations for political office. All these nominations should go to good men, as a matter of course. But especially should the citizens fix a sharp eye upon the men who are after the position of county prosecutor. If we had an efficient body of county prosecutors, we should soon be in the way to as nearly a political millennium as this generation could hope to see.

The county prosecutor is the key to the situation. The bosses know it; the bribers know it; the crooks of every kind and degree know it. If the people know it, they give no sign of possessing the knowledge. Why, else, are so many prosecutors either asleep or "in cahoots"?

We have laws a-plenty. A prosecutor with character and courage and legal ability could play smash with the crooks. A prosecutor with character alone could do much in the way of causing the wholesome fear that makes the crooked abstain.

China's Hint from Jefferson

IN THIS boycott our Chinese friends have taken a leaf from the works of our revered Thomas Jefferson. It was that profound and democratic hater of the brutalities and miseries of war who thought out what he called the embargo. If you disapprove of a nation's course toward you, don't proceed to ruin yourself by making war on it; simply stop trading with it until it comes to a more agreeable way of thinking and acting

When Jefferson tried his interesting scheme, the times were for many reasons not yet ripe for a full and fair test. But nowadays, when the foreign trade is of such great importance to every nation on earth that manufactures, the embargo, whether official or unofficial, is likely to become a weapon of equal force with war: perhaps—who knows?—a better and a superseding weapon. And it is amusing that the first nation of our times to use this weapon should be "sleepy, backward, ignorant China."

The Æsthetic Census

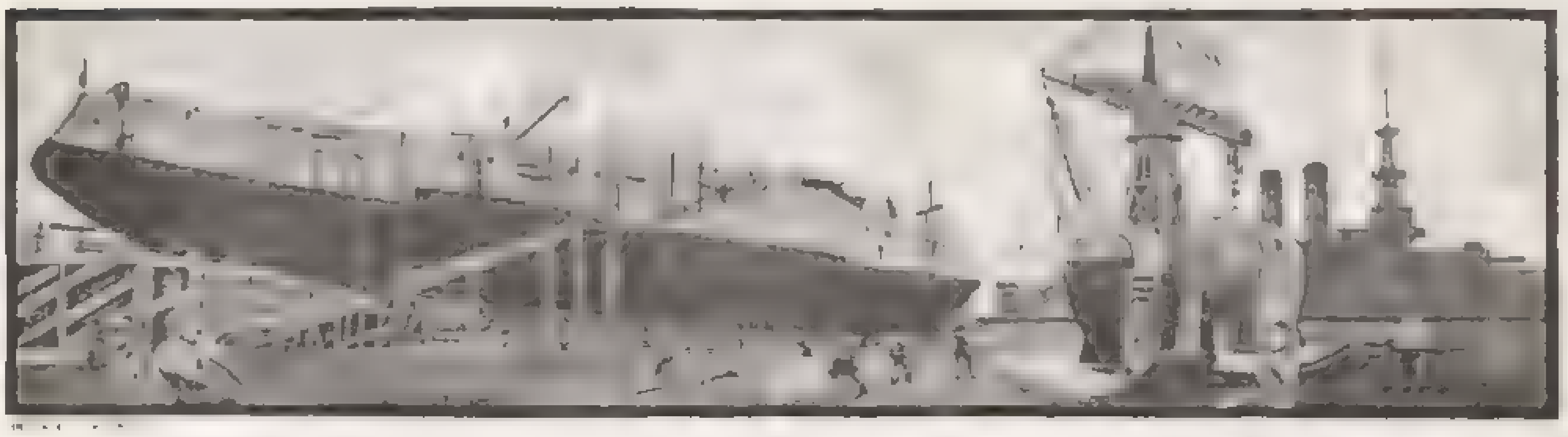
THE returns for last winter's æsthetic activity are now all well in, and the critics tell us that again we have failed to produce a great poem, or painting, or statue, or architectural plan, or musical composition, or novel, or play. Well, maybe the critics are right. But do they ever stop to think that their lugubrious verdict is not of the least importance, that what is important is the vast flood of more or less æsthetic performances?

The great number of men and women trying to work artistically, trying to produce something worth reading, or hearing, or looking at, indicates that the love of the beautiful, the feeling that the useful should not be ugly, is strong in our people, is widespread, is ever and rapidly spreading.

One beacon shining from the midst of a great darkness—that is a condition which satisfies some critical souls. But the friend of the human race prefers the gentle light of mediocrity everywhere diffused—if he must choose.

The New England of the East

By Frederic Courtland Penfield



Japan's Aspiration to Excel in Manufactures and Commerce

A NATION is rising in the East and earning high place among civilized governments, which in all probability will be entitled in a few years to stand with the first-class powers of the earth. Day by day Japan is a surprise to the world.

That the little Island Empire should be able to humble the Muscovite pride is no greater marvel than that she should advance in a brief half-century from the condition of a weak and unknown country to the station of one of the most progressive and highly civilized among nations. Of a people with the genius and capacity to perform these wonders, who shall dare say what is impossible?

As a whole, Europe is not in joyous mood over the rise of Japanese prestige, and appears reluctant to recognize the new Japan as the dominant force in the Far East. Continental Europe is unprepared to admit that her triumph proves anything beyond natural cleverness in the art of war, and that luck and geographical position helped the Mikado's legions in every way. The Kaiser has spoken of the Japanese as the "Scourge of God"; in France the "Yellow Peril"—a phrase really made in Germany—is seriously debated; and Russia many times appealed for sympathy on the ground that she was fighting the white man's battle. Solitary in Europe in her expressed preference for the Japanese, in the form of an alliance, England is complacent over her only piece of fortunate statecraft in years. All these nations hold Asiatic possessions, each has aspired to have a say in Chinese affairs, and each has a panacea for the ills of China. Each is hungry, likewise, to extend her trade with the awakening Orient.

Japan intrudes and deranges all and sundry plans for modernizing China for Europe's benefit; she has upset the white man's calculations, and herself may do what the white races said they wanted to accomplish for Asia. Japan can justify her claim that she was driven to war to preserve her national existence by pointing to her rapidly increasing population, existing in an island group incapable of producing food for two-thirds of her people, since every possibility of obtaining a foothold on the adjacent continent had been cut off by self-appointed Russian rule. There was no room for expansion, that was clear.

Why Japan Wants "The Open Door"

THE people of Japan are committed to the principle of the "open door," so earnestly advocated by Secretary Hay. Were Japan to swerve from it in the least she would jeopardize the friendship of the United States—which she has no intention of doing. All nations interested in the Far East will demand the "open door" in Manchuria, for this will confer no exclusive rights. The phrase is wholly commercial, meaning a possible open-to-all race for Eastern trade, with a fair field and no favors. A forecast of Japan's adherence to this policy was given when the Japanese Minister at Washington, expressing his country's sorrow over John Hay's death, said: "Japan loved Hay because of his great ideas and his attempts to get the world at large to accept the policy of the 'open door' in Asia. We trust that America will maintain the Hay policy—this is the cause of humanity and progress, benefiting to Japan and all the world as well."

When Japan shattered the strength of Russia she gained many benefits. One of these was the opportunity to commercialize neighboring Korea, a goodly section of Manchuria, and practically the whole of China—this would recoup the war's outlay.

When that is accomplished the commercial opportunity of the Japanese will have arrived, for then will begin the battle for trade—a struggle against the whole world. The program is of an alluring prospect, with success almost certain. If it does not fail, the Japan of the near future will be the seat of scores of industries, and the base of supply to adjacent countries of Asia having close upon five hundred millions of people. It is not fantastic to picture Japan ten years hence as the New England of the Orient

Bear in mind that Japan has been exploiting her resources and expanding her industries simultaneously with the conduct of her masterly military campaign, with the result that her commerce is to-day at the flood-tide mark of the country's history. In twenty years Japan's foreign trade has multiplied nearly seven times, for in 1884 it was only $54,000,000, while last year it was $345,000,000. As the Japanese have absorbed Western ideas, they have grown mightily in industry, enterprise and thrift.

Machinery was little known in Japan up to fifteen years ago, and it was not until after 1896 that the growth of factories reached significant proportions. By 1900, however, the workshops numbered 6370, in which were employed about 400,000 operatives. The industries were conducted last year by 2477 companies, having a paid-up capital of $83,147,000 and reserves or surplus of $12,000,000.

Of the yearly output, the value of woven goods is the greatest, amounting to about $75,000,000; cotton yarns follow with a value of $47,000,000; raw silk amounts to $43,000,000, and paper to $9,500,000. Other manufactured commodities worth mentioning are sugar, earthenware, matting and straw plait. About sixty-four per cent. of the factory employees are females, and wages, in comparison with those paid in the United States, are extremely low. They vary from two to three cents a day for young girls, to fifty or sixty for skilled operatives. The mechanic of Japan is capable of holding his own with the average artisan the world over, and the common laborer is superior to his class elsewhere. The claim that the Jap is by nature an artist, and not an operative or machine-tender, is being forgotten. He used to object to working in a factory, but improving wages have taught him to forego this aversion.

Can the Chinese be friendly to the rapid elevation to leadership of the Japanese? Ask a British merchant in Hongkong, or a German importer plethoric from trade in Shanghai, and both will be positive that the Chinaman is indifferent to Japan's success, certain even that the Chinese entertain no respect for their assertive neighbors. Both critics suffer, probably, from the pocketbook influence upon the optic nerve—in the East people speak from the standpoint of self-interest to a greater extent than in any other part of the globe.

Converse with one of the mandarin class in Canton, or with a native sufficiently representative of the mercantile class to be spoken of as a "Number One Chinaman," and you'll be told that the Chinese favored as strongly as they dared the cause of Japan in the contest with Russia. "We are sensible of the meaning of a war between Europe and Asia, of white against yellow, which is gained by the Asiatic, for we can be only delighted to see an Asiatic people impress their worth upon the world. In a way, it suggests the re-birth of Asia," concludes this "Number One" Celestial. "The world is clamoring for the 'awakening,' the 'opening up' of China," adds the educated man with massive spectacles. "If it must come, it is only natural if we prefer to see it accomplished upon lines possessing sympathetic regard for Asiatic susceptibilities. We could follow Japan with more trust than we could be driven by Russia."

China cannot remain asleep with the roar of Japan's victorious guns in her ears.

Thousands of young Chinese now in Japanese schools and commercial houses attest a willingness in the Celestial Empire to view Japan as the leader among Oriental nations It used to be the fashion to send bright Chinese youths to Europe and America to receive the finishing touches preparing them for usefulness. Now Tokyo and Kioto swarm with them, and scarcely a college or school in the Mikado's realm is without a quota of Chinese pupils. And the empires are being drawn into closer relationship through China's contemplation of modeling its army upon that of Japan. Many Japanese military men are already in the service of China as drill-instructors; and it is well known that hordes of Chinese fought under the Japanese standard in Manchuria.

Whether China can admire her old-time foe is immaterial—she wholesomely respects Japan for several reasons, and the relationship between the countries has become one of intimacy. Japan's future influence in China is destined to be very great; and it is the concensus of Eastern opinion that in the space of six or eight years Japan will hold the dominating trade position in China—these are counted as legitimate fruits of victory in the war.

A preponderating bulk of China's export and import trade has always been with Great Britain, the first country to seek it rationally. In recent years German enterprise has wrested a large share of this business from England. In competition with England and Germany, Japan will enjoy certain advantages of almost vital importance. The escaping of Suez Canal tolls is one, an abundance of superior labor at low cost is another, and the possession of endless water power for factories is also of no small value. If Japan secures fifteen or twenty per cent. of the foreign trade of China's 400,000,000 people, it will be difficult to compute her reward; it would be sufficient to turn Japan into a workshop, assuredly.

Japan's Growing Cotton Manufactures

IF IT does, the islands of Japan will be dotted with mills wherein America's cotton will be woven into piece goods, and with factories of every description wherein practically every machine of utility, from lathe to locomotive, will be constructed from American and European models. And there will be shipyards constructing commercial vessels for oversea and coastal use throughout the Orient. As a prognostication there is nothing intemperate in this. And the profit to Japan, without a natural resource of importance? The legitimate profit of the manufacturer, nothing more. Half the cotton of the world, remember, is spun in England, without an ounce of the fibre being produced on English soil. Japan has little to exploit but the industry of her crowding population.

Japan's progress in cotton manufactures is almost sensational. On a recent trip to the Orient the steamship Minnesota carried from Seattle 10,000 bales of raw cotton to help feed Japan's many cotton mills. Japanese manufacturers are now producing the cheapest kinds of cotton underwear and hosiery, and Lancashire's coarse cottons are driven from Far Eastern markets.

We know that Japan derived her art from China, that her army was made by Germans, and her navy copied from England's. These facts have strengthened the opinion that the Japs are masters only of the trick of imitation. But the war proved them to possess marvelous powers of initiative, besides revealing an Oyama and a Togo. Why may not Japan develop men their equals in the genius of commerce and manufacturing? Is it going too far to prophesy that she will do so? Japan may shudder at the

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possibility of having "captains of industry," and shrug her shoulders at Japanese seeking to fatten unduly from the efforts of honest toilers.

Japan's quest of business in China is already succeeding. She last year sold there merchandise valued at $35,000,000, and imported therefrom, mostly in raw materials, articles valued at $23,000,000. The United States last year supplied China with merchandise valued at but a trifle more than one-third of what Japan did—mostly textiles of cotton, averaging three cents' worth for each inhabitant. Our trade with the Flowery Kingdom used to be fairly important, but Japan now buys the cotton from us, spins and weaves it, and forwards it to China. In a nutshell, this is illustrative proof of what Japanese zeal is doing. Is there not reason for calling the Japanese the Yankees of the East?

The Germans are alarmed over the advent of Japan as a competitor in China, and mean to intrench themselves in a manner admitting of their resisting the Japanese invasion. Their legal foothold in the Shantung Peninsula, known as the Kiau-chau "lease," should, they feel, give them immunity there, at least, from the Jap bagman. But a recent communication from the colony to the German Government urges that the Berlin authorities take a firm and vigorous course in checking the invasion of Shantung by the Japs, who, the report asserts, are establishing themselves in every town and village, even at the doors of the German Governor. Japanese-made articles are on sale in every shop, and the German officials in Kiau-chau seem particularly to have resented a visit to their colony of an under-secretary of the Japanese Ministry of Commerce.

Focused prominently in Japan's vision of empire is the merchant steamship, for this is intended to play an important rôle. Island peoples take naturally to the building and sailing of ships, and insular Japan may become a worthy follower of Great Britain in this vocation. Shipping is to be nurtured into an industry of importance, and it will be the aim of the Government not only to provide facilities for constructing battleships up to 19,000 tons burden, but making the country independent of European shipyards through being able profitably to produce commercial vessels for any requirement.

Japan's Maritime Ambitions

Japan perceives a rich opportunity, for she is blind neither to the costliness of American-built ships nor the remoteness of European yards. On the Bay of Tokyo, at Yokohama, Nagasaki, at Kobé and other points on the Inland Sea, shipyards have sprung into being, and when the war is over they will ring with the sounds of the workman's hammer. The Japanese may easily become the shipbuilders for all the region eastward and northward of Hongkong, and probably for Siam and the Philippines. Only in July last the governor of the two Hu provinces in China ordered from the Kawasaki works at Kobé, for use on the Yang-tse river, six gunboats and four torpedo-boats, the whole costing over $1,500,000. Japan has long aspired to become a builder of ships on a large scale. To this end hundreds of clever young men have been sent to America, England, Germany and France, to serve apprenticeships in important private as well as governmental shipyards. The result is that in Japan there are to-day scores of naval architects and constructors the equals of any in the world. Whether as designers, yard managers or directors of construction, the Japanese with their special schooling have now to learn nothing from foreign countries. Some of these men contributed mightily to Togo's victory, let it be known.

Nippon steamship lines already extend to Europe, Australia, Bombay, the east Siberian coast, to China, Korea and Sakhalin, and to Honolulu, San Francisco, Vancouver and Seattle. Six months ago a Japanese company was formed to inaugurate a service between Panama, the Philippines and Japanese ports, in anticipation of the opening of the canal. In 1896 the Tokyo Government passed a law favoring shipbuilding and granting certain encouraging subsidies, and from that time the nation has made giant strides in shipping. In 1894 the tonnage of the merchant marine was 657,269 tons, or four times larger than before the war with China. The tonnage has now expanded to 1,000,000 tons, represented by 5000 registered ships. Six months after the conclusion of peace with Russia hundreds of thousands of Japs will be laboring in home shipyards.

It may reflect upon American shipping to have it stated that the Nippon Yusen Kaisha fleet of mail steamers, whose president is the progressive Mr. Kondo, of Tokyo, is larger, numerically and in tonnage, than any ocean line under the Stars and Stripes. Almost half the steamers now entering Japan from abroad fly the flag of the Rising Sun, and Japan bids fair soon to acquire a monopoly of the carrying trade in the Eastern seas. Already the tonnage of her merchant fleet is greater than that of Russia, Austro-Hungary, Sweden, Spain, Denmark or Holland; and as for foreign shipping Japan is far ahead of the United States.

The Welding of a Nation

The war has united classes in Japan to a condition of practical homogeneity. Ever since the destruction of the feudal system, resulting in the unification of Japan by substituting the present strong central government for the tribal groups, there has been some discontent in circles believing they fared better under the former rule. The effect of the war has been to cement factions into a unit; and consequently, the samurai class can no longer be a menace to the State.

It is but fair, however, to explain that the samurai will soon be dead, and that the military spirit will therefore decrease, as their descendants take up peaceful employments. Commerce, held in contempt by those who loved the Japan of the sword-bearing period, is every year looked upon as more important by the masses. The nobles and their samurai of old did not buy things at shops. Manufacturers and artificers of all sorts formed parts of their establishment. Tradesmen had no customers worth having, and therefore only a very low class cared to go into trade. In the Japan of the immediate future there will be practically no caste, and no prejudice to commerce. The welding of classes is an achievement of the greatest importance to a nation engaging in industrial development. The opposite of homogeneity was the condition the Czar had to deal with, and is the incubus strangling Austro-Hungary.

Few wars have had a more united support from a people than that given by the Japanese to their government; to a visitor it seemed unanimous. The Japanese submitted without complaint to taxation in about every form, and there were few so poor that they could not devise ways for further contributing to the national expenditure. The Mikado gave millions of yen from his private purse, and the peasant of the rice field and the coolie of the treaty-port contributed each a few coppers saved through denying pipe or cigarette. Women and children who tilled the farms of soldiers at the front aided materially to Japan's victory, and not all the heroes were those wearing uniforms.

In the commercial upbuilding of their country the Japanese must be careful that greed be rigidly suppressed. The gravest dangers that can menace their industrial task will be those forms of avarice permitting the production of inferior articles that for a time may be sold for what they appear to be—there must be no "shoddy" in the textiles of the New Japan, and no deception or adulteration in anything prepared for a competitive market.

In the Japanese character lurk sundry shortcomings, it must be confessed, and the chief of these is a dulled sense of commercial morality. Travelers relate stories of deception by shopkeepers, of the manufacture of new "antiques," and of the general inability of the small trader to tell the same story twice or quote the price for his wares to-day that he had yesterday. The tourist in the Far East learns to admire the man of business in China, whose word is as good as his bond, but is keenly distrustful of the Japanese trader.

No Place for Dishonesty

"Dishonesty will have no place in the new order of things," insists the progressive Japanese. "Nor have all our merchants been dishonest in the past," he adds apologetically. Many Japanese manufacturers and traders of the present time certainly possess a capacity for trickery, descended probably from the days when the tradesman was at the foot of the ladder in social distinction, of that period when Japanese soldiers wore lacquered masks of demoniacal design that they might "frighten"

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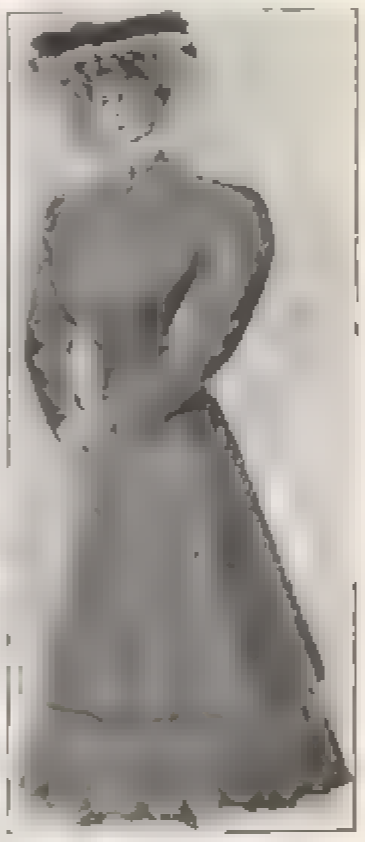

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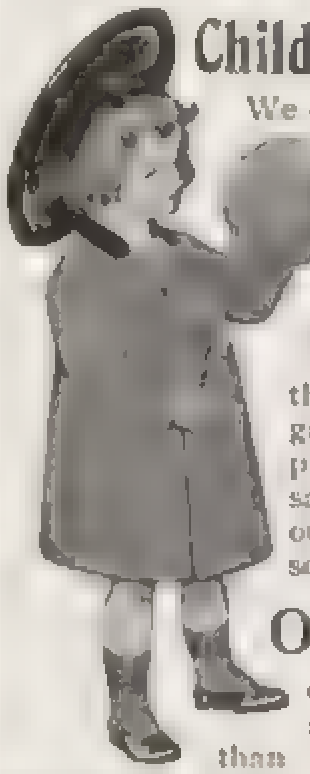

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their enemies. The people who will have to do with the Japan of to-morrow will be those valuing integrity as an essential to success, and who in time may become splendid exponents of the golden rule. A people who can conduct a great military campaign without graft or scandal may be trusted to formulate their business program on principles appealing to success.

Other commercial nations will suffer from this Japanese chapter of big things, and American manufacturers especially will have their tempers ruffled by frequent tales of Japanese adaptability. Here is an illustration:

The leading Yokohama banking corporation, the president of which holds degrees from two American universities, recently completed a new building, the finest modern structure in the empire, and good enough to be notable anywhere. A portion of the basement is to be devoted to a safe-deposit business. An official of the establishment, showing me through the building, took me to this subterranean room, then containing but a single tier of strong-boxes.

"Are your safes delayed in shipment?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," was the prompt reply, "we imported from the States only that one section — the remaining forty will be made in Japan."

It is doubtful if any country outside of Europe could muster the ability to reproduce an article so complex as a burglar and fire proof American safe. But to a people solving the mystery of the Whitehead torpedo, everything mechanical appears possible.

Japan for the Japanese

Much capital will be required to promote the pending industrial propaganda. The Government may assist a few steamship and railway lines, shipyards and factories wherein Government supplies are produced; but corporations and individuals must perforce furnish the financial sinews as well as the initiative, generally speaking. Any banker in Japan will say that the industrial campaign of his country will call for millions of foreign money, but none can explain just how this aid is to be attracted. Without sounding the slogan of "Japan for the Japanese," the policy at Tokyo has long been a "protective" one, inasmuch as foreigners and foreign investments can secure no legal status outside the treaty-ports other than provided by the general laws. Foreign capital is always timid under this condition.

Japan permits no foreigner to own realty, but the rule is circumvented by trusting a native attorney to hold title; and Japan grants no concessions to aliens for mining, railway construction, and the like — and consequently is immune to a form of trouble common to South American Governments. Japanese enterprise must have foreign money, an avalanche of it, in the next few years. Presumably the Government will devise a way of imparting satisfactory security to the lenders, without taking them into a partnership conferring privileges reserved to subjects of the Mikado's Empire.

America's Opportunity

And what of ecstatic accounts of Japan's progress, and of glittering prognostications of her destined importance in manufacturing and shipping? Is it unpatriotic to inform America's millions that a portentous rival in Oriental trade is rising Aphrodite-like from the waves of the Pacific? It would have been as just to have censured William H. Seward for saying in the Senate at Washington, in 1858: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's hereafter." Seward's foresight penetrated a half-century of time; the man who to-day perceives the rising importance of the Japanese is merely presenting proof of acquaintance with the East, that is all. There are intelligent persons in this year of grace who believe that only lapse of time is necessary to make the Pacific more important than the Atlantic to America's trade.

The metamorphosis of the Japanese into a trading nation brings a dogged and wily competitor into all Eastern markets. Every manufacturing country must recognize this, and England most of all. Britain's trade in the Far East will in time suffer through distance between maker and consumer. The employment of American raw materials will grow to great dimensions, and the future relations between that country and the United States will be those of exceeding intimacy, as they should be.

Uncle Sam's traffic on the Pacific at the present time is fairly heavy, and the business that will follow the war will be enough to tax shipping facilities. Unquestionably Japan will spend millions every month in the United States — not on the principle of buying where she borrows, nor because America is her own most important customer — but for the reason of our variety of supplies and geographical convenience. Manufacturing and electrical machinery, steel rails, and constructive material of every kind will be borne across the Pacific under the flag of Japan or the United States, in addition to the inevitable cargoes of crude products.

What, then, of our trade in the East, and "America's opportunity in Asia," of which we so frequently read in magazines and reviews? It must be confessed that there is a vast amount of fiction printed concerning them. We have a trade in Asia that reaches important figures, it is true, but it is chiefly in breadstuffs, raw cotton, copper and petroleum — natural products all, which sell themselves. Foreigners buy these from necessity, and no other reason. It is a fact startling to most students of economics, that of our factory products but a little more than three per cent. goes abroad, and but a fraction more than one per cent. to the East. In competitive articles our trade in the Orient is appallingly small. To the Philippine archipelago, whose tariffs we control, America supplies only seven per cent. of the Philippines' competitive purchases.

The explanation of the insignificance of our manufactured exports is that the home manufacturer is too profitably employed in meeting home demands, and has no present need for seeking new markets. When overproduction comes, as it will, then the United States must systematically go in quest of foreign business. The time to look to the East for trade is now. The year 1906 will be one of strenuous competition there, and America should be foremost in seeking fresh markets for products of loom, foundry and workshop. Our unwrought products will always sell themselves; but to obtain orders for finished wares Uncle Sam must "hustle" for them, as does John Bull and the German Emperor.

Felines and Furs

RELIABLE figures in regard to the contribution made to the fur supply by cats are not easy to obtain — partly because dealers, whose employment of pussy's hide in this relation is to some extent a trade secret, are not disposed to give information freely. Unquestionably, however, the number of cat-skins annually utilized by furriers in this country runs up to many tens of thousands.

The pelts are classified as "white," "black" and "mixed," according to color, and fetch from two or three cents up to twenty-five cents apiece. Usually the "mixed" are dyed, but the black and white are used in their natural state. Pure Maltese and tortoise-shell skins are scarce, and for that reason, as well as on account of their beauty, are reckoned as fancy grades, fifty cents apiece, it is said, being sometimes paid for them.

Very handsome carriage robes, as well as auto coats, are made out of cat-skins, which are also employed to a considerable extent in the manufacture of muffs. The tortoise-shell and Maltese pelts are mostly converted into rugs and robes, which fetch from forty to fifty dollars apiece. But the chief use to which the fur of poor puss is put is for linings of cloaks and other garments. It is warm and agreeable to the touch, and, inasmuch as it outwears many of the more costly furs, it serves admirably for this purpose.

The cat-skins that supply the fur-market are furnished chiefly by professional hunters, who, incidentally to the trapping of wildcats, skunks and other animals, catch a good many unfortunate pussies. In some parts of the country, and especially in New England, cats run wild in the woods in considerable numbers, and these are trapped or shot — the family pet of the outlying farmstead often falling a victim, doubtless by accident. Many pelts, however, are contributed by city cats, finding their way into the hands of persons who divest them of their hides and sell the latter to the fur dealers for a few pennies apiece.

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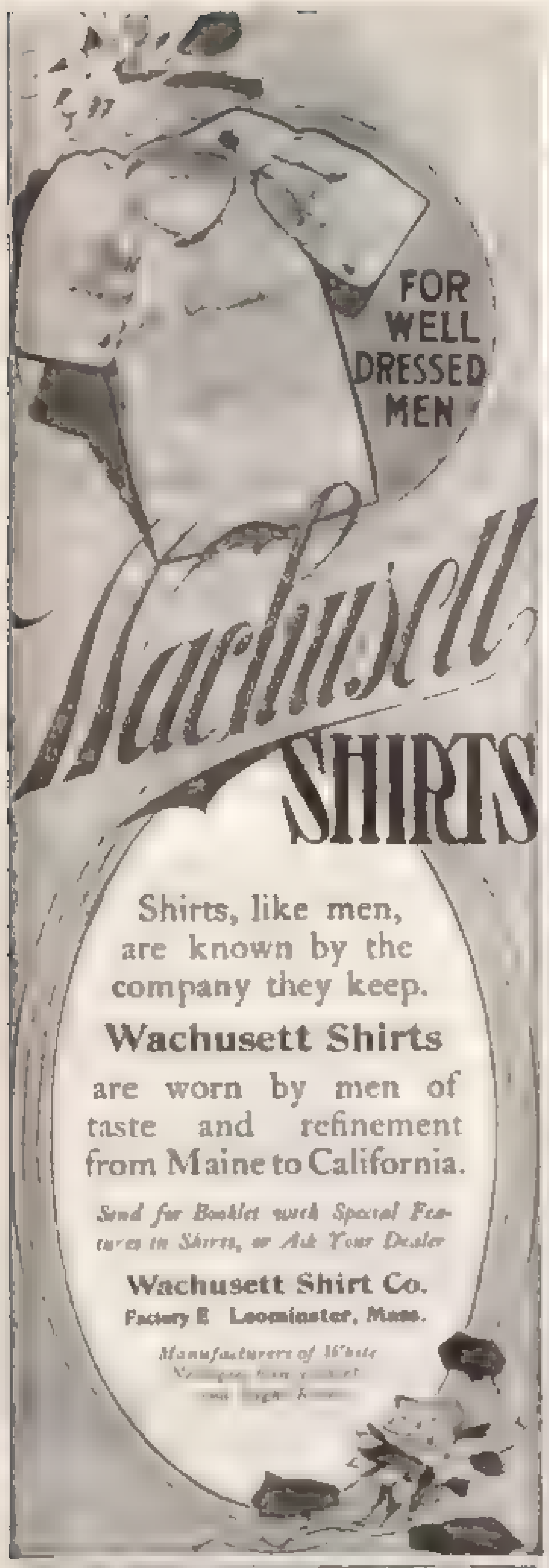

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Famous Wits and Humorists

By William Mathews

Some of Their Caustic Retorts and Bright Sayings

THERE are two classes of wits and humorists—the talkers and the writers—both of which characters are often united in one person. The succession has been continuous from Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, to Douglas Jerrold and "Artemus Ward," and has included Lord Rochester, Butler, Fuller, Prior, Lords Hervey and Chesterfield, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Swift, Selwyn, Sheridan, Jekyll, Foote, Curran, Charles Lamb, Thomas Hood and Sydney Smith.

Many popular jokes have often been attributed to the leading wit of the day, who has thus been made sometimes the father of a motley family. This was the case with George Selwyn, who was entitled Receiver-General of Waif and Estray Jokes —a proof that he had made good ones of his own, since, as the French say, *On ne prête qu'aux riches*—"one lends only to the rich." The same title might have been given to Talleyrand, to whom the *mot* of Fouché, "It is not a crime, but a blunder," and Chamfort's felicitous laconism, "Revolutions are not made with rose-water," with other epigrammatic sayings, have been ascribed.

The witticisms of all the men we have named had their earmarks—their peculiarities which differentiated them from all others. Doctor Johnson says of two noted wits: "The spangles which Prior could afford he knew how to polish, but he wanted the bullion of Butler. Butler poured out a negligent profusion, certain of the weight, but careless of the stamp." Similarly Horne Tooke contrasts Sheridan and Curran: "Sheridan's wit was like steel, highly polished and sharpened for display; Curran's was a mine of virgin gold, crumbling away from its own richness." Of Tooke himself it has been said that his keen, arch looks seemed to indicate a union of wit and satire. In colloquial debate he was matchless—invincible. Wit, humor, learning, genius, good humor, all came in aid of argument, and when he made his deadliest stabs it was with a smiling countenance, and without any seeming effort or emotion.

Of English written wit there are almost endless varieties. Betwixt the two representatives of wit and humor, Chaucer and Hood, four and a half centuries apart, what an endless variety of jesting there lies, running through all the scales of difference —from the caustic, misanthropic sarcasm of Swift to the playful, lambent pleasantry of Goldsmith; from the diamond-like point of Pope to the good-humored jesting of James and Horace Smith; from the pungency and polish of Thackeray to the ringing, obstreperous mirth of Sydney Smith; from the odd, quaint humor of Charles Lamb, "who spent in puns nine-tenths of his talents, and in books of the fifteenth century nine-tenths of his income," to the dry, biting wit of Douglas Jerrold, "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkling like salt in fire!"

When the Clerics Smile

Everybody knows that some of the world's most famous wits and humorists have been clergymen. Where does one hear merrier quips, more mirth-provoking stories or apter and more telling retorts than in a clerical circle when its members are unbending from the strain of Sunday's tasks? The prince of clerical wits, in recent times, was Sydney Smith. What a multitude of joyous, health-giving laughs the world owes to him! How many pestilent fallacies did he expose with the Ithuriel spear of his wit! What a unique conceit was his saying of a certain dean that he deserved to be preached to death by wild curates! In what other brain could have originated the advice he gave to the bishop of that cannibal diocese, New Zealand? "A bishop should be given to hospitality, and never be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold missionary on the sideboard." How happy his saying of an American historian: "When Prescott comes to England a Caspian Sea of soup awaits him!" How arch his request, in his last illness, of his physician that he might be permitted "to eat the wing of a roasted butterfly."

The poet Rogers said that whenever, at his dinners, the conversation was getting dull, the witty divine threw in some touch which made it rebound and rise as light as ever. He loved to tell a good story; and one that haunted his brain and tickled his sides for weeks was that of a tame magpie in a church that suddenly descended on the reading-desk, and strove to fly off with the sermon, and of the desperate struggle that ensued between the bird and the preacher—the congregation *all in favor of the bird.*

The Light of Revelation

Who ever thinks of Rev. Doctor Robertson, the grave historian of Charles V of Scotland, and America, as a wit? Yet he once, in a brief wit-combat, "turned the tables" on the historian David Hume. The two friends once spent an evening in discussing the question whether the light of nature was sufficient for man's spiritual guidance without the aid of revelation. At length Hume rose to depart, and Robertson took a candle to show him the way.

"Pray, don't trouble yourself," said Hume, bowing courteously; "I find the light of nature quite sufficient."

As he bowed along the entry he stumbled against some hidden obstacle, and pitched downstairs.

Robertson, hearing the noise, came running down the stairs, and, finding him uninjured, said:

"Don't you think now that you had better have had some of the light of revelation?"

One of the most solemn of modern preachers was the great Presbyterian, Doctor Chalmers, of Edinburgh. One who knew him only as a Demosthenes of the pulpit little dreamed, as he listened to his thunderings, that at times he bubbled over with humor. Once, when a professor in the University of Edinburgh, he was criticising a sermon by one of the students, and said to him:

"Mr. B., you must cut out one half of that sermon. It doesn't matter which half!"

At an oral examination the Doctor asked a student: "Who was the author of the theory of population which I have been discussing?"

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Julius Cæsar."

Chalmers bent down his head, and was almost beside himself with ill-concealed laughter. He then rose and said: "Don't you think that Julius Cæsar was the author of *de*-population?"

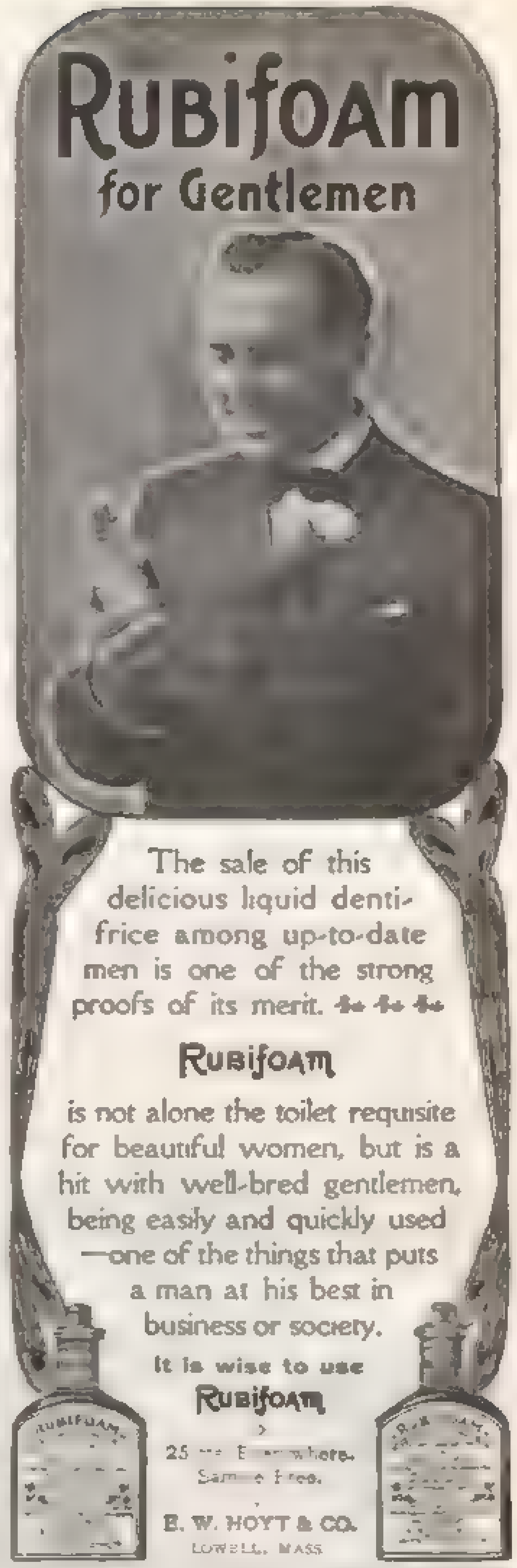
The keenness and readiness of Henry Ward Beecher's retorts is well known. The way they extricated him from an awkward and embarrassing situation is illustrated by this anecdote. Once, in the midst of a glowing speech, he was interrupted by a man crowing like a rooster. The imitation was so perfect that the people laughed in spite of themselves. Pausing in his speech, the orator listened till the crowing ceased, and then, pulling out his watch, said with a look of surprise:

"Morning already! My watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

A roar of laughter followed and the "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed.

One of the most noted of English clerical wits was Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin. Some of his personal jests were as blunt as Johnson's. What can be finer than the way in which he snubbed an impertinent young artillery officer who was allied to him by blood? "What is the difference," asked the latter, "between a donkey and an archbishop?" Whately gave it up, and received the following reply: "The one carries his cross behind, the other before" (referring to the marks of the cross on the back of the domestic ass and on the apron of an archbishop).

"Very good, indeed," said Whately, laughing; "and now can you tell me the difference between a donkey and a captain of artillery?"



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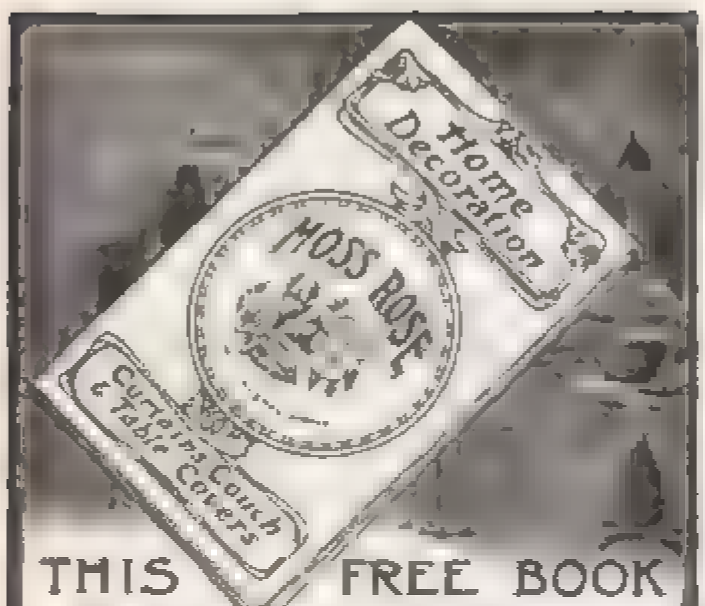
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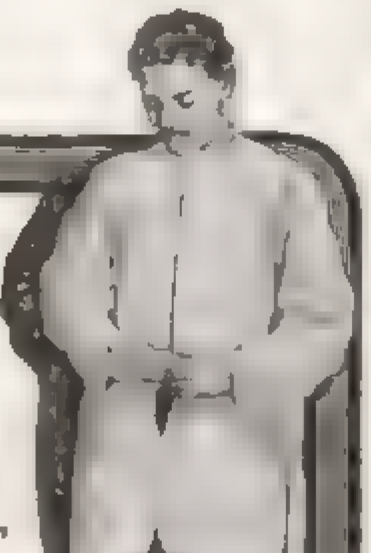
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NEW UNDERWEAR IDEA

People May Now Wear Dollar Garments for Fifty Cents.

The readiness of the people of the United States to welcome a new idea has found fresh illustration in the reception accorded the new style of underwear which is having such an unusual sale. It is called Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece Underwear.

This underwear has the peculiarity that its name implies, combining an elastic rib on one side with a soft fleece on the other. The fleece absorbs the heat, while the rib, yielding to every motion, allows it to escape slowly, thus affording protection against chills and colds.

Men who appreciate the comfort and advantages of snug, close-fitting underwear, prefer the Vellastic Utica Ribbed Fleece to any other make. Prices are as follows: Men's and women's garments 50c each; children's sizes in union suits at 50c or in two piece suits at 25c a garment.

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"No, indeed, I cannot," replied the officer, after a few moments of reflection.

"Nor can I," rejoined Whately.

To a person who had offended him by a display of self-conceit, the archbishop once said: "Sir, you are one of the first men of the age."

"Oh, my lord," replied his unsuspecting victim, "you do me too much honor."

"Not at all," was the reply; "you were born, I believe, in 1801."

At a dinner-party, Whately called out to the host: "What is the proper female companion to this John Dory?" (a fish). After many bad guesses the answer came: "*Anne Chovy.*"

What could be neater than the retort of Doctor Bacon, of New Haven, Connecticut, when at a ministerial conference there some opinions that he had expressed in an address were vehemently objected to by a member? "Why," expostulated the protesting brother, "I have never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon calmly, "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

Doctor Channing was not a wit; yet what could be happier than his gentle implied rebuke to a very sentimental lady with whom he was walking on the beach at Newport? "When I look at the sweep of the ocean and its power," said she, "and think of the infinite range beyond, I feel myself so small as to be all but insignificant. Do not you, Doctor?"

"My dear friend," replied the great preacher, "when I look on the ocean I do not think of myself at all."

Where does one hear more pungent witticisms or readier and keener retorts than in the law courts? The ceaseless contests and collisions of the bar sharpen the wits of the practitioners to the last degree of incisiveness, and give the man edge and polish which he would otherwise lack. Even so intensely earnest and hard-working a man as Lord Brougham found time, in the intervals of thundering in the senate, giving judgments as Chancellor, and addressing scientific institutes, to perpetrate a pun. Once, at a convivial meeting, a dull man, who was asked to sing, excused himself on the ground that there was no music in his make-up.

"Nonsense!" cried Jeffrey; "every one can see that you have a singing face."

"Ay, ay," added Brougham, "the notes of music are even developed there, for I can see *A-flat* in it."

When Polito, the keeper of a London menagerie, sued the proprietors of a stage-coach for the loss of a trunk, Erskine, the great advocate, asked: "Why did he not take a lesson from his own sagacious elephant, and travel with his trunk before him?" Once, when defending a man by the name of Lamb, who had said to him: "I feel myself growing more and more timid as I grow older," Erskine replied: "No wonder. Everybody knows that the older a *lamb* grows, the more *sheepish* it becomes."

The late Henry W. Paine, of Boston, was noted for the quickness and felicity of his repartees. On one occasion he was making a legal argument before a judge of the United States District Court, when the latter, interrupting him, said:

"Brother Paine, you know that is not law."

"I know, your Honor, that it is not law now," retorted the advocate, with a deferential bow; "but it *was* law till your Honor just spoke."

In hearing of the acquittal, on the ground of *idiocy*, of a man whom, as prosecuting attorney in Maine, he had arraigned for arson, he said to the presiding judge that he was entirely satisfied with the verdict—the man had "been tried by a jury of his *peers*." To a Harvard student who one day expressed his surprise at seeing Mr. Paine "reading law in a horse-car," he replied: "I am not reading *law*. I am reading the decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts."

Pete, the Circassian Horse

(*Concluded from Page 7*)

"What do you say, Sam?" I asked. "What would you do if you was me?"

"I'll tell you, Ed," he said. "We are going to make a lot of money out of Pete if we can keep his hair on him, so it is worth spending a little to keep it on. It's just whether you want to spend it or not. Billy's hair tonic is a dollar a bottle, but he says, seeing that I always get my hair cut there twice a year, he will let me have twelve bottles for ten dollars. You would save two dollars right there on every dozen bottles, and in the long run you would save a lot that way, for it will take a lot to cure Pete. About ten dozen, I should say."

I shook my head. I had only twelve cents.

"Oh, well," said Sam, "I didn't think you would want to use the hair tonic. That's why I asked Billy if there was any other way. He says an egg shampoo is good."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"I guess it's like a soap shampoo, only with eggs," Sam explained.

I looked at Pete. I hated to think how many eggs I would have to rub into him to give him an egg shampoo. Sam did not wait for me to say it.

"I don't recommend it," he said. "He wouldn't have any hair left when we got through, and the third way isn't any better. Billy says when he has a bad case of hair falling out he shaves the head, but it would be an awful job to shave Pete. And we would have to wait until the hair grew in. But there is one other way that is good. Billy says the latest thing is to singe."

"Singe? What's that?" I asked.

"They burn off the ends of the hairs," explained Sam, "and that closes the pores and keeps the roots healthy. I think it's just what Pete needs. You catch up some of the hair in a comb and burn just the ends."

I got a comb—my mother missed it the next morning—and some matches, and we began. Pete watched the preparations suspiciously and gazed at us over his shoulder as if doubtful of our intentions. He had never been singed before, and he had an idea he was too old to begin being singed now. As soon as Sam struck the first match, Pete doubled himself up in the opposite corner of the stall, and the match burned down and burned Sam's fingers before I could get the comb in the hair again. We backed Pete all around the stall and burned twenty matches and did not singe one hair. Sam quit in disgust.

"If you are so anxious to singe this horse, Ed," he said reproachfully, "go ahead and do it. I won't. I think it's cruel."

"What shall we do then?" I asked.

"It's no go!" said Sam. "We can't show this horse as a Circassian horse. What we've got to do is to get at him with the currycomb and brush, and brush all of the hair off of him, and in a while all his hair will fall out and he'll be as bald as an egg."

He got up and walked around Pete.

"That's it!" he exclaimed, his enthusiasm rising. "We'll exhibit him as Pete, the Bald Horse, the Only One in Captivity. It will be a great hit. I never thought much of that Circassian idea, anyway. Pete never was woolly enough. A Circassian horse ought to have hair a foot long. But a bald horse is new. I never even heard of one. As soon as Pete is bald we will begin raking in the money. You get at him with the currycomb and I'll go and paint a poster. Ten cents was enough to charge to see the Circassian horse, but a bald horse—! We'll charge a quarter! I would give a quarter any day to see a horse as bald as Pete will be."

He went away and I curried. I worked three days, and the long winter hair came off Pete until there was left only his shiny brown summer coat. This did not come off at all, and I began to foresee that it would be long before Pete was a hairless attraction.

I was rubbing away with the brush at Pete's side when my father entered the barn. He walked around Pete and examined him carefully.

"Huh!" he said; "he looks better."

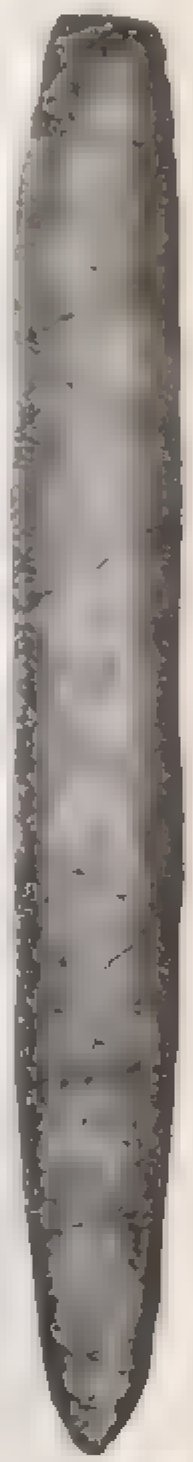
He went out and a little later he returned with Miggs, our grocer, and before me he completed a bargain by which Miggs became the owner of the recent Circassian horse for fifteen dollars.

As my father rolled up the money and put it in his pocket, Miggs glanced around the barn, and his eye alighted on the currycomb.

"Does the currycomb go with the bargain?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said my father very good-naturedly. "Take it along!"

And I had paid for it!


When you speak of a "ten-cent cigar" you mean a cigar that costs *you* ten cents.

The same cigar is to the manufacturer a "$40 per M.," or 4c. cigar; to the jobber a "$50 per M.," or 5c. cigar, and to the retailer a "$60 per M.," or 6c. cigar.

Intrinsically, that cigar is worth as much when the manufacturer appraises it at $40 per M. as it is when the retailer hands it over his counter as a "ten-cent straight." The difference between 4c. and 10c. is what it costs to get the cigar from the manufacturer to you along the old fashioned trade turnpike with three toll gates.

Now, suppose you go to the maker of your cigars and say to him: "Sell me my cigars at wholesale and I'll take them home myself across lots."

"Oh, no," he will reply, "that wouldn't be fair to the retailer, who has bought my cigars to sell at retail price."

I am a maker of cigars who has never sold a cigar to a jobber or retailer to sell again. Hence I am under no obligations to "the trade." I invite the man who objects to paying for the privilege of allowing a retailer to sell him a cigar—who wants to buy his cigars at cost, without the arbitrarily added expenses of the jobber and retailer. To prove that I actually do sell my cigars at wholesale prices I offer them under the following conditions

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MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

The fillers of these cigars are clear Havana of good quality—not only clear, but long clean Havana—no shorts or cuttings are used. They are Cuban *hand made*, by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

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The Reading Table

Mrs. Harrigan's Phonograph

(*Mrs. Harrigan, standing at her kitchen door, sees Miss Wilton passing and invites her in to hear the new phonograph.*)

HELLO there—Miss Wilton—good marrnin'. Would you like to hear the phonygraft that me man Mike has been afther buyin'? Sure, I tell 'im the money he ped for it would have bought a new range on'y he bought a range this spring an' so we didn't nade it, an' annyway it wouldn't be as divertin'.

"Shtep right over the washtub. I had to l'ave it there till me bye Jimmy come in to help me lift it wid me nooralgy, an' phwin he kem I forgot to ask 'im.

"I dunno if I can make the thing spake, at arl at arl. I niver tried before. Is there anny wan knows what makes the v'ices come out?

"In th' ould counthry, if sounds like that kem out of a thing like this, it's the divvle'd be in it, but nowadays lots of things is done that was tharght divvleish phwin I was a gerrul.

"What's this they carl the things they put on? Oh, the wreckuds! There was wan that med me angry the firsht time I haird it—a nigger singin' the Wearin' of the Green, but the baby got hold of it an' chewed it—the cute child he is!—an' now phwin me man Mike puts it on the sounds that comes out is part nigger an' part—divvle knows what.

"An' there's a song sung in *I*talian. Father Maher said it was so. Sure, isn't that wonderful, that a thing like this can tark *I*talian an' I can't? And glory be to the saints I can't—thim Dagoes!

"Where's this the box of thim wreckuds is? I'm sorry to kape you waitin', for I wanted you to hair what wan of thim says about ould maids. Oh, may I niver stop! —I niver tharght of you bein' an ould maid! Oh, well, sure it's not for lack of bein' axed! It's likely you have good raisons for remainin' single. I tell me man Mike if him an' me'd remained single we'd not have the trouble of wonderin' if the children'd bring up in jail.

"An' phwin you're an ould maid you can niver be a widder, no matter who dies. That's what I'm in terror of ever since we married twinty-wan yairs ago nixt April, if the weather's fair—to become a widder. It's bad enough havin' to do a good dale of Mike's work annyhow, but if he was dead—the saints prevint it!—an' I had it arl to do, I'd be sorry I iver married 'im.

"Ah, I see me bye Jimmy comin' over the hills! He's been weedin' onions, an' I told him he needed to do it, because there was more weeds than onions, an' if they bought weeds I was sure we'd have a bigger crop of onions. Markets is so contrairy-like that-a-way. Phwin he comes in I'll ax him to hitch up this thing wid wan of thim wreckuds. Sure, this is very like the telephome. On'y in a telephome you know it's a fri'nd is makin' the quare sounds, but here you don't know what is doin' it—a fri'nd or the ould Inimy himself, bad luck to 'im!

"I wonder how they pack the songs an' things in thim. The other day the baby had hold of a wreckud that played a weeny bit of a song like the sound of a bird out of heaven, an' he shook it like a rattle, an' the song was so weeny annyhow that I was afraid he'd shake it arf, but phwin me bye Jimmy put it on there it was just as far arf as before. 'Twas a smart mon discovered thim wreckuds. Phwin I was a gerrul there was no such thing at arl at arl. They had music-boxes thin, but 'twas on'y the wan kind of sound kem out of thim like muskeeters singin' on a sheet of tin, but now it's bass v'ices an' niggers an' Dagoes an' fiddles an' banjoes an' bells. An' the memory the things has! Arlways the same unless baby bites the wreckud.

"I suppose you do be expectin' folks to be visitin' you soon. Sure, a visitor is an aisy way of gettin' money. I tell me man Mike if we had two spare rooms an' I was tin yairs younger, I'd take visitors in in the summer. It's sometimes a visitor turns out to be the very fellow you was waitin' for.

"That's the way Beezy Halloran got her fine man. He come lookin' for boord an' he got a wife. An' her last chance too, so you niver can tell. But I say always women visits [illegible]. Me grandmother was an ould maid till she was thirty. I often thank the saints for that, for on'y for her marryin' so late I'd ha' been dead an' gone yairs ago like as not, an' me children would be so old I'd take no comfort in thim at arl at arl.

"Ah, don't go! I wonder what's kapin' Jimmy. He'll wind the thing up an' play you an illigant funeral march on the banjo. You'd think it was a wake right here in me parlor, an' us all alive be the sounds of it.

"Spakin' of wakes, we was turrible disappointed not to have one at the Merrigans last munt'. They was sure Timmy Merrigan would drop arf, an' him so anxious to go, but he got better an' tould them it was postponed. A cheerful man Timmy is, despite his sickness, but a turrible strain on his wife an' her so much younger than him, an' half a dozen ready to marry her as soon as it'd be dacint, an' him gone long enough. I dare say he'll outlive her. She married him on a dare. Sure, if it was some of these fine folks that has money it's a divorce she'd be gittin', but arl she can do is to hope for the best an' see that he has plinty of doctors.

"Well, I'm glad me man Mike has his healt', although he has mighty little, wid the rheumatiz an' the as'my, but it's better than if he was paralyzed. But that's wan thing—he niver touches a drop widout it's hard cider, an' I tell him it might as well be whisky an' done with it. An' better tastin'. But he says it's not the taste, but the feelin' he's after.

"Ah, there's Jimmy! Jimmy, will ye put on a wreckud for Miss Wilton? Put the wan wid the funeral march on a banjo. . .

"Oh, is that so? Sure I remimber! The baby combed it the other day with me comb an' it plays somethin' different. We'll have to kape the wreckuds higher up out of his raich, but he's so cunnin' it's hard denyin' him annything, an' like as not if they was on a shelf I'd get thim down for him.

"Ah, Jimmy says it's out of order. It must have fell on the floor in the high wind yestiddy. Well, thank you kindly for callin' to hair it, but it must be an ould story to you an' you go'n' to Hartford so often.

"If ye want anny onions or beets, Jimmy'll sell thim to you, although I don't think he'll have more than enough for us, the insects does be so bad this yair.

"Come around nixt spring phwin the cherries is ripe an' you can pick arl ye want if there's anny left—Jimmy bein' so fond of thim, ye know. Good-by an' God bliss you!"

—*Charles Battell Loomis.*

Making Canary Cages

OF THE many quaint and curious industries pursued in the famous Hartz Mountains none is more interesting than the manufacture of the familiar tiny wooden cages for canary birds. Practically all such cages are made in that region, and most of the work is done by children, even the very little boys and girls contributing their share. For each cage they get about two cents.

If you will examine one of these cages critically you will find that it is strongly constructed, and that it contains, besides two perches (allowing the feathered occupant to get exercise by skipping back and forth), a wooden feed-trough and a water-jar of earthenware. The bars, one of which secures the water-jar by passing through its handle, are neatly cylindrical, which circumstance is explained by the fact that they are cut by machine. Indeed, all parts of the cages are turned out by machinery—to be handed over thereupon to the children, who put them together.

The children do the work in their homes, for the making of bird-cages in the Hartz Mountains, like toy-making, is a household industry. A number of large factories are employed in the business of preparing the material, the bars aforesaid being furnished in the shape of long cylindrical sticks, which the small workmen and workwomen cut into lengths suitable for their purpose. Connected with the factories are pottery plants, which mould and bake the millions of water-jars required for the cages.

Agents for bird-dealers in the United States or elsewhere pick up their supplies of canaries all over Germany, where the breeding of the little songsters is carried on in a small way by multitudes of humble families. A spare room, if there is one, will be set aside for the purpose in the spring, and by autumn a few dozen birds will be ready for sale. It is then that the traveling buyer comes along, and, hiring temporary quarters in a town, advertises that he will purchase canaries.

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H. S. COWELL, A. M., Principal

Our Ill-Bred Guests

(Concluded from Page 5)

money to missions. So there you are. Your hostess seldom has an easy mind. Somebody always gets on her nerves.

Why don't you, you young man who can return her hospitality in no other way—why don't *you* discover who the incubus is, and devote yourself to it for half an hour? Many a poor, shy girl, whose neck is so thin she is obliged to cover it with billows of tulle, when every other woman in the world is in evening dress, would find herself in Heaven if one of the most attractive men present would seek her out in her corner and toy with her fan, and put his name down for a dance, or ask some other good-natured chap to talk to her for ten minutes, thus putting her on a level with those girls she envies with all her eager soul, simply because they have dimples and roundness where she has horrid angles and sallowness. Not only would you be pleasing your hostess and delighting the girl, but you would probably find that you enjoyed the most stimulating half-hour of your evening with the shy girl, for you might discover that she was clever

Clever girls are rare at dances, I have observed. Brains and dimples do not always go together

The Hostess with Heart Failure

Imagine what your hostess would say to you when you came to say good-night if she had seen you do such a thing! Or if she had observed you talking to the deaf old aunt and actually making her laugh, or if she had seen you change the disapproving frown on rich old uncle's brow to a genial grin at some college joke, she would say—but no, she would probably not say anything. She would have dropped dead from heart disease. She never could have borne the shock and lived. If any of you young men guests have any intention of showing gratitude to your hostess for her hospitality in the above or any other manner, I would advise you to notify her beforehand in writing, so that she can be, in a measure, prepared.

Even the iron constitutions of ladies who entertain habitually cannot stand everything.

It may be unjust, but whenever I see young people displaying flagrant selfishness; ignoring elderly persons; disregarding the known wishes of their hostess, sometimes even deceiving her; rude to all except their own particular set, I always lay the whole blame upon the mothers, because I believe that home training counts

A woman cannot conscientiously do her duty for from sixteen to thirty years on a set of children and have them turn out the barbarians which flood the society of the present day. If a mother has instilled courtesy, unselfishness, tact and consideration for married and elderly people into her boy's mind until he goes away from home, even four years of college cannot totally eradicate her work. Some day a grain of good manners or an accidental politeness will slip out and betray her training. Then you will know that even this ill-bred cub who goes through life affronting the refined at every turn has had some home training, some mother-education, without which no man can be a gentleman—no woman a lady.

But there are some young men to-day bearing honored names whose behavior in society you might examine with a microscope for a whole season without discovering one unselfish, courteous action to an unprepossessing or unpopular person; young men who appear to be simply well-got-up shells of men, with few brains, little soul and no heart; who might have been born orphans for all the trace they bear to the refined women they claim as mothers. They may rank A1 in Bradstreet, but they bear no hallmark of refinement, no sterling sign of gentlemen.

It is not a bad idea for a young man to bear in mind that his behavior in society advertises his mother.

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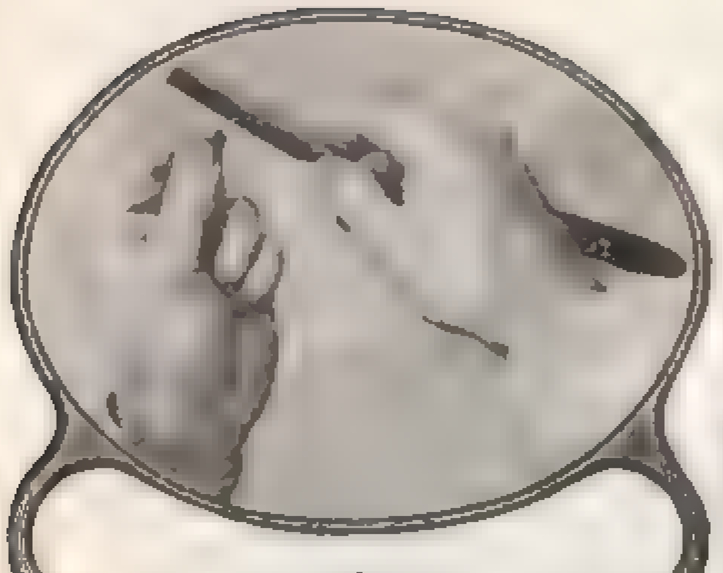

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Wall Street and the Public Money

(Continued from Page 11)

length of time and has had a general patronage can show you from his own books why it wins—the reason being that the great mass of the people who go into speculation invariably lose their money before they quit. The real public almost always speculates on the bull side, and in this country the bull side is the winning side. After every depression wealth increases and values advance to levels untouched before. But the speculator doesn't "live" to see it. With few and unimportant exceptions, the more he wins the more he stakes, so he cannot survive the reaction that is sure to come somewhere along the line.

Burning Paper Fortunes

It used to be an aphorism on the Board of Trade that, if a greenhorn started to bull wheat at the beginning of a twenty-cent advance, he would still lose his money. Thousands of paper fortunes were blown to pieces on May 9, 1901, and I believe that in the long reaction of 1903 about all the profits that the speculative public had made buying stocks in the five boom years preceding were wiped out—not that the decline was by any means as great as the previous advance had been, but because about all the winnings from the advance were staked in the game when the reaction came.

Naturally, when there are, twice or thrice in twenty years, periods of long, unbroken advances in stocks, the losses of the bucket-shops mount into the millions, and some of them are unable to live it out. I happened to know of a Western bucket-shop whose proprietor had for years manifested all the outward and visible evidences of an overflowing bank account. One summer night in 1902 he sent for his lawyer and said: "I'm cleaned out. I want you to fix up an assignment for me." The lawyer was surprised. They went over the situation roughly. The bucket-shop had suffered an enormous drain, and the hundreds of accounts on its books—practically all of them "purchases" of stocks—would drain it further with every point advance in the market. Still the lawyer was loth to see his client give up. A mutual friend was called in; then two or three more, who, among them, agreed to raise a cash fund of $75,000 and take a half interest in the stranded concern. The market turned within ten days, and a year from that time the bucket-shop divided $1,600,000 of profits—all of which the speculating public had lost.

Early in 1901 a broker who enjoyed a high reputation for sagacity in his community made up his mind that the wild advance in stocks which had then continued for months must be close to the culminating point. So he took to "bucket-shopping" his customers' buying orders—that is, instead of transmitting them to the Exchange to be executed, he would simply enter them on his books and take the risk himself, just as a bucket-shop would do. Thus he expected to come into much easy money when the break occurred. But the break was tardy, and in the first days of May the broker went into bankruptcy. If he could have held on until the ninth he would have made a snug fortune. His idea that the public was going to lose was sound; but he couldn't hold out until it was realized.

Leading the Simple Bucket-Shop Life

The bucket-shop, as a medium for public speculation in stocks, possesses this important advantage over the regular brokerage house: the agony is sooner over. You pay down your two dollars a share margin, and the moment the market shows $1.75 a share against you, you are wiped out and your trouble is over. In a regular house you pay down ten dollars a share and see the stock sink and flutter back a little, and sink and recover again, and are called for additional margins and perspire over the problem of raising them, and have no end of worry and torment until you finally reach the common goal and lose your stake. There is the further technical advantage that in the bucket-shop you get the stock at the price shown by the ticker the exact moment that you give the order, whereas in a regular

Williams' Shaving Soap Philosophy

REFLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER

SHAVINGS—VIII.

"LITTLE things count," as the teacher said, referrin' to the beginners' class in arithmetic.

An ounce ain't much, but it would make some difference in the price of a diamond.

"Shaving soap" is a short phrase, but if you get the wrong kind it brings tons and tons of discomfort.

An extra cent ain't much, but some dealers will try to get it by offering you a cheaper substitute for WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. It doesn't take long to say, "I prefer WILLIAMS'." SAY IT.

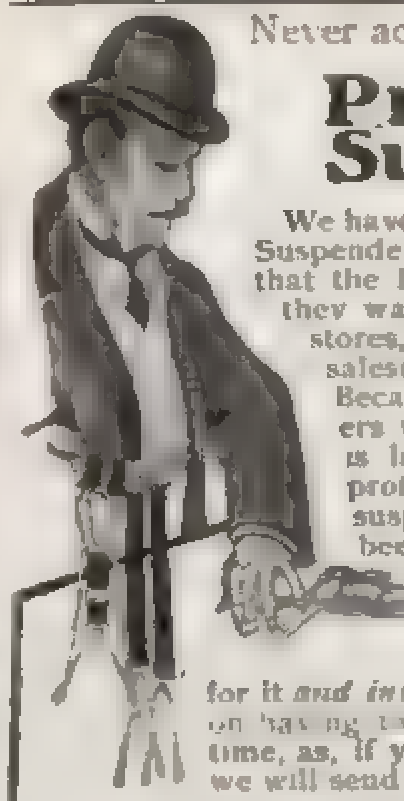
"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, SHAVING TABLETS, TOILET WATERS, TALCUM POWDER, JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP, WILLIAMS' TAR SOAP, ETC., SOLD EVERYWHERE

Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) Sent for 4 cents in Stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress."



Never accept a substitute for

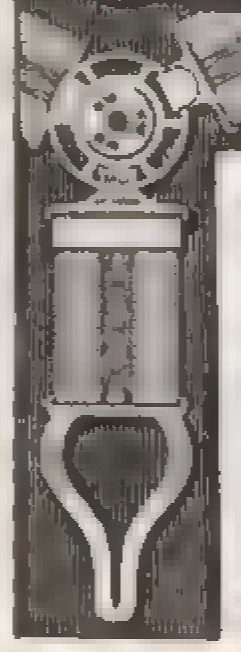
President Suspenders

We have proved the merits of President Suspenders so fully that most men know that the President is just the suspender they want. Some ask for them at the stores, and are discouraged by the salesman from buying them. Why? Because dealers prefer to sell suspenders upon which the margin of profit is larger. But a larger margin of profit for the dealer means an inferior suspender for the wearer. Having been convinced that the President is the suspender you want, ask your dealer for it *and insist* on his supplying you. Insist on having them and you will get them every time, as, if your dealer will not supply you, we will send them to you direct

50c. and $1.00. Every pair guaranteed.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., BOX 357, SHIRLEY, MASS.

Ball Bearing Garters



[illegible]

Examine the movement [illegible] reason why Ball Bearing Garters are easily the most popular garters sold.

Insist on the first pair and you will never [illegible] If your dealer won't supply you, send 25 cents [illegible] them to you direct

Color Photography

Every owner of a camera, or any one with a slight knowledge of Photography, can now faithfully [illegible] actual colors any scene or object photographed, by using

SOLGRAM Sensitized Paper and Chemicals

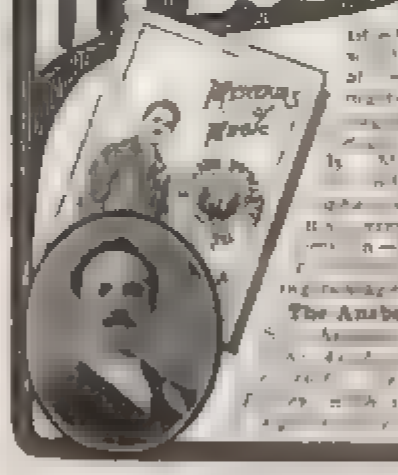
[illegible] "Solgram" [illegible]

Size 4 x 5, 35 cents per dozen sheets
5 x 7, 45 [illegible]

[illegible] Write [illegible]

SOLGRAM COLOR PHOTO CO
104 Joseph's Alley, Downingtown, Pa

MY BOOK IS FREE



[illegible] "Mysteries of Magic" [illegible] Write to-day [illegible]

The Ansbach Company Dept 24
[illegible] Hoboken N J

CALIFORNIA For health, business or pleasure! [illegible]

CALIFORNIA INFORMATION BUREAU San Jose California

WANTED Representatives to take orders [illegible] Write [illegible]

A. W. MOSELY, Mill Agent, 373-375 Broadway, New York City

Pantasote
LEATHER

Pantasote Leather
TRADE MARK

FOR TRIAL PURPOSES
we have for sale [illegible] sizes of chair seats [illegible] give you the [illegible] of [illegible] material [illegible] asking [illegible] seats for chairs you may have that need re-upholstering. We will send, on receipt [illegible] price and name of your uphol[illegible] 18 x 18 inch, 25c [illegible] 25 x 25 [illegible] 50c [illegible]

You Can't Tell the Difference between Pantasote Leather and real leather. Pantasote Leather can be used for every purpose for which real leather is adapted. Pantasote is durable, bright, odorless, easily cleaned, [illegible] not crack, is fireproof, water-[illegible] and wears and looks like leather in every respect.

PANTASOTE
Costs One-Third
as Much as Real Leather

The great demand for Pantasote has led to the substitution of many inferior imitations. To protect you against fraud accept no furniture as [illegible] Pantasote [illegible] "Just as good" [illegible] Pantasote on piece goods [illegible] the word "Pantasote" [illegible] piece goods. Pantasote was awarded the Grand Prize and two Gold Medals at St. Louis.

Upon application, will send our catalogue FREE showing the material in the different colors in which it is made.

THE PANTASOTE CO.
Dept. 8, 11 Broadway, New York

Look for this mark

Streit
TRADE MARK.

Davenport Beds
are easy to operate

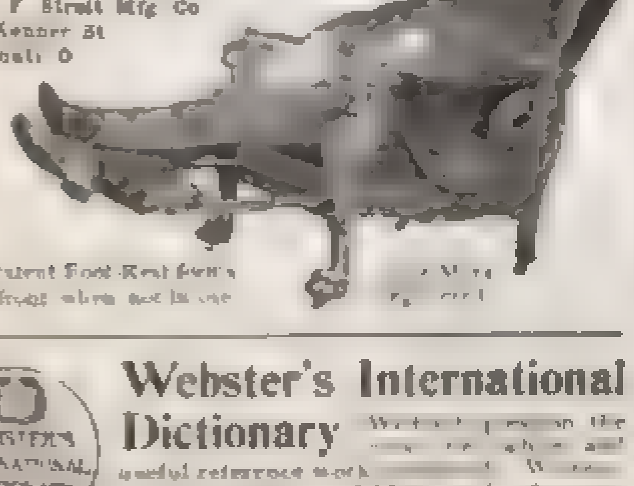
Changed to bed as easily and quickly as opening a [illegible] foot-board, splendid mattress built of finest steel springs covered with moss and curled hair and upholstered in leather or soft goods.

Streit Morris Chairs The most comfortable chair you ever dropped into. Has a head rest that really rests the head. Back special[illegible] To fully relax muscles and nerves, feet must be off the floor. Streit foot-rest is the proper height. Upholstered in [illegible] soft goods.

Buy of Your Dealer if possible, if not order from us

We'll send bed or chair anywhere in United States [illegible] Write for catalogue [illegible] FREE.

The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co.
1051 Kenner St.
Cincinnati, O.



Streit Patent Foot-Rest [illegible] when not in use

Webster's International Dictionary [illegible] useful reference work [illegible] regarding agency. Address with references
G. & C. MERRIAM CO. Springfield, Mass.

office there is a delay of some minutes, due to the formality of transmitting the order by wire to the floor of the Exchange and having it carried out at the post.

Bucket-shops are under the ban of the law in many States, and, on a test case, the Chicago Board of Trade recently got a decision by the United States Supreme Court forbidding one of them to use its quotations. But almost all of them still get the direct official quotations from the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade. In fact, the bright out-of-town ones get the stock quotations a minute or so ahead of the regular broker next door. Stock quotations are sent to brokers by means of the ticker, an ingenious contrivance that prints the abbreviated name of the stock and the price on a narrow ribbon of paper. But ticker circuits are operated only for short distances. As quotations are made on the floor of the Exchange, they are sent to the adjoining telegraph-room. From there they are sent out on the New York tickers by what telegraphers call the "piano machine," which is a kind of big electrical typewriter; and at the same time they are sent over the fast New York wire to other cities, where, as they come off the New York wire, they are repeated to the local tickers by other "piano machines." The bright out-of-town bucket-shop simply gets a loop on the fast New York wire and thus secures the quotations about a minute—sometimes more—ahead of the ticker on which the regular broker relies.

The Heads-I-Win System

The bucket-shop has its ticker, too. In the penetralia of one of these concerns you will observe a blackboard, like that in a regular broker's office, with the names of the New York stocks and spaces for the prices, and a man holding a little instrument attached to a wire up near his ear. As the instrument whispers its clicks he walks back and forth chalking up prices. He is getting the prices direct from the fast New York wire. By comparing them with the ticker over in the corner you will see that he is always a little ahead.

Years ago, when Dr. Norvin Green was president of the Western Union, he estimated that forty-six per cent. of all the telegraphic messages sent in this country referred to speculative business. Probably the proportion is higher now, and it would not be a bad guess that the bucket-shops do about half of it. One Minneapolis "shop" alone paid the Western Union a thousand dollars a day for its leased wires. Of course, the telegraph wire is the life of the bucket-shop, as of its neighbor and chum the pool-room, where bets are made on horse races. It is the life of the regular broker, too, for that matter, but his business does not give rise for such liberties with it. Schemes for wire-tapping and diverting messages by bribing operators have been directed against bucket-shops almost as often as against pool-rooms. Still, taking it by and large, the bucket-shop has been able to take care of itself pretty well—being founded on the sound proposition that the gambling public is sure to lose. Indeed, it has so good and tempting a game that if all the bucket-shops of the country were suddenly haled into court with their books and papers, many very shocking and scandalous affiliations with most "regular" and respectable concerns and persons would be disclosed. To the conservatively-minded gambler the chief trouble with the bucket-shop as an institution is that, being illegal anyway, it often attracts unscrupulous persons with little capital who will "lie down," declare themselves bankrupt and refuse to pay when their customers win. As the customers so seldom do win, this is all the more annoying to them.

Out-and-Out Bunco Games

It is a great mistake to suppose that large and permanent fortunes are made in stock speculation. The elder Gould is said to have lost more money on the Stock Exchange than he ever made there. The fortunes are made through having control of great properties. The big Wall Street is less actively interested in the stock market than many persons would have you believe. William H. Vanderbilt was not really on the floor of the Exchange making a trade, as the wily guide alleged. He was home thinking how he could get control of the Nickel Plate road without having to pay too much for it. The real leaders of the Street are, in a sense, the makers of the

Keith's Konquerors 3.50 4.00 Men's Shoes

Keith's Konquerors

are the result of over a quarter century of shoe development. They embody all the newest principles of fine constructive shoe quality, and all the latest touches of style. If you want absolutely correct shoe fashion, the highest quality, best fit, most foot comfort and longest wear, buy Keith's Konqueror shoes. A style for every man; a fit for every foot.

If you do not find them at your dealers', write us and we will see that you are supplied.

PRESTON B. KEITH SHOE CO., Department "P," Brockton, Mass.

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FREE

We offer you this beautiful Art Portfolio, containing 16 superb copies of masterpieces by world-famous artists; reproduced by the duogravure process and printed on heavy plate paper ready for framing.

The pictures are exact copies of the originals, and they depict well-known scenes from famous books fully explained by an appropriate text.

They are 11 x 14½ inches in size and can be framed at a moderate expense, or they will make excellent decorations for den or cozy corner just as they are. The portfolio sells for $8.00 in art stores; but we present it to you as a premium in order to interest you in

The Booklovers' Shakespeare

This is our fourth year with the BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE—years of [illegible] success and ever increasing popularity.

The publishers feel so confident that the set is now sufficiently well known to sell at the regular price ($42.00), that they did not want to let us have another edition. We have been successful, however, in getting 500 sets, which we are able to offer at the same low popular price as before, payable in little easy monthly instalments.

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40 Volumes 7 x 5

Why it is Best

The BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE has always been the choice of discriminating people who desire a thoroughly satisfactory edition at a moderate price. It is bound in 40 dainty volumes—a play to a volume—and contains 7,000 pages, including 40 beautiful plates in colors, besides 400 other illustrations. The volumes are 7 x 5 inches in [illegible] No other edition contains the following important features, which [illegible] essential to a perfect understanding of Shakespeare's plays.

TOPICAL INDEX. By means of which the reader can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.

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GLOSSARIES FOLLOWING EACH PLAY, so that you don't have to turn to a separate volume to find the meaning of every obscure word.

TWO SETS OF NOTES: Explanatory notes for the general reader as well as critical notes for the advanced student or scholar.

ARGUMENTS, giving a full story of each play in interesting, [illegible] prose.

STUDY METHODS, consisting of study questions and suggestions, the idea being [illegible] course of Shakespeare.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE by Dr. [illegible]

FREE—For Five Days This is your last [illegible] SPEARE [illegible] order price. Hereafter it will be sold exclusively by agents at [illegible] complete set now for $2[illegible], payable $2.00 a month, and if your order is one of the first 250 received, we will present you with the $8.00 Art Portfolio, free of all charge. Mail the accompanying coupon to-day and we will send you a complete set for examination, charges prepaid, allowing you ample time to examine it, so that if it does not prove satisfactory, you may return it at our expense. During the past four years we have shipped thousands of sets on these conditions, of which less than [illegible] were returned. Nothing can show more clearly the immense popularity of the BOOKLOVERS' SHAKESPEARE. We employ no agents. Our Book Club transacts all its business by correspondence.

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COUPON

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[illegible] "The Booklovers' Shakespeare" [illegible]

Name [illegible]

Address [illegible]

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

1st [illegible]

For Shakespeare's Seven Ages

That Horlick's Malted Milk is the best milk-food for the baby is proved by thousands of healthy infants everywhere. It is pure, rich milk, so modified and enriched with the extract of selected malted grains as to be easily digested by the weakest stomach. Ready at a moment's notice by simply stirring in water. No additional milk or cooking is required.

Very sustaining for nursing mothers. A healthful, invigorating food-drink for everybody, from infancy to old age. A glassful taken hot before retiring induces restful sleep.

A sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free if mentioned. At all druggists.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S, others are imitations

Horlick's Food Co.,
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
London, England. Montreal, Canada.

50 CARDS $1.00

The Criterion of Form

The 50 Visiting Cards now being offered together with plate engraved in script for $1.00, as an introd[illegible] department, are fully [illegible] ers at $1.50 to $2[illegible]. The [illegible] is of the finest and the cardboard the best that money can buy—Crane's Gray White. The name

HOSKINS

has become a synonym for correctness in everything appertaining to social engraving or social forms, whether for Wedding Invitations, Reception, Tea or Calling Cards. For information and samples write us—stating the occasion in mind.

HOSKINS,
904-906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EAT SQUABS and when you buy them [illegible] for Plymouth Rock squabs [illegible] are the largest and [illegible] they mature in four weeks, [illegible] our famous Plymouth Rock straight big Homers and our breeding methods revolution[illegible] Send for Free Book, [illegible] new printed matter

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 423 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

market, but they are not personally engaged in running it. Mr. Rockefeller gets the oil, but he does not drive the wagon that peddles it.

As for the big speculative operators who do frequently run the market personally, they are admittedly engaged in a "skin" game, the genial object being to load up with stocks at a low price, induce the public to come and buy, and then unload on it at a high price. The means employed to this charitable end are essentially the same as in less pretentious get-rich-quick schemes—which never really flourish until they have begun paying dividends to the first batches of investors. The market manipulators distribute tips and bull "dope," but the medicine never really "takes" until they have actually put up the price of stocks. It is when the man in front of the blackboard begins saying to himself, "If I had bought a hundred shares of Pennsylvania last week I would now have a profit of a thousand dollars," that the tips get into his blood. Usually the higher the market goes the wider the infection spreads, until, about once in a decade, there is actually a public—a great heterogeneous mass of people—in the game. In 1901 doctors and college professors, street-car drivers and hotel waiters, chambermaids and ministers were buying stocks.

The big operators themselves mostly die by their own swords—or, at least, lose a leg or two before they are done. Their calling implies a rather carnivorous nature, and if there is no public to feed upon they are very apt to turn cannibal and eat one another. A common knowledge of this melancholy fact tends to keep them nervous, mistrustful and wary.

Some time ago a very friendly Pittsburg group was engaged in a joint effort to bull the stock of an industrial in which they were interested. The stock didn't bull very well, however. One morning Mr. A. came down to breakfast at his New York hotel in a thoughtful and gloomy state of mind. Presently his dear friend and companion-in-arms, Mr. B., cheerily entered the dining-room, beamed genially at the courteous head waiter, flipped a jest at his own waiter, took his seat debonairly and began softly whistling the bars of a merry air to himself as he opened his morning's paper to the financial page. The dejected Mr. A., in his lonely corner, observed these symptoms of a contented mind, and he reasoned with himself—as he subsequently explained—after this manner:

"B. is happy. I am sad. Therefore, B. has been doing something that is the opposite to what I have been doing. I haven't been doing a thing but buying Consolidated Tacks. B. must have been selling."

So he went down and sold several reams of Tacks: not only all he had but some more. Afterward, with the greatest good nature in the world, A. and B. compared notes of the profits they had made on the short side of Tacks.

It is a hard game for anybody to beat—excepting, possibly, the persons who control the properties and create the stocks. Fortunately, as a matter of fact, the public has precious little to do with it except at rare intervals. The rest of the time the "public" that you hear of as being in the market really consists of ever-changing crowds who loaf around brokers' offices or hang over the tape in their own offices, absorb the "dope," talk the slang and linger for a while in the sweet delusion that they are on the inside. When they lose their money no one else need bother to weep over it.

Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Men

WHAT duties, what proper duties, can be put upon the head of a life insurance society that call for a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year?

The head of such an institution, run purely as a life insurance society and not run as a gambling-house or a private bank for gamblers, need only be honest. The law should tell him what kinds of investments he must make or permit to be made; the rest of his business is simply taking in premiums and paying out death-claims. And the way for him to get new business is by avoiding high finance, by avoiding great intellectual feats in Wall Street, by reducing the cost of insurance as low as possible and by making payments on death-claims as big as they would be but for high salaries, high finance and high-rolling generally.

1780 The Leader for 125 Years 1905

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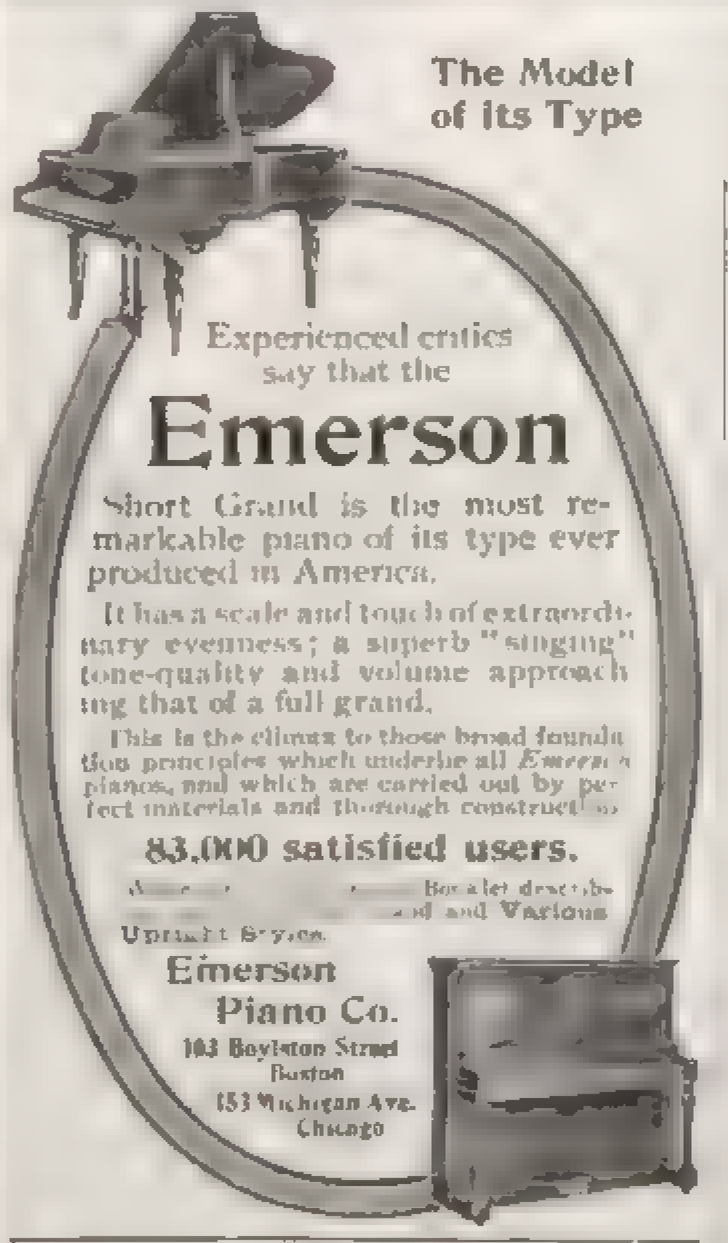
CHOCOLATE and COCOA

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life. A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

45 Highest Awards in Europe and America

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
Dorchester, Mass.



The Model of its Type

Experienced critics say that the

Emerson

Short Grand is the most remarkable piano of its type ever produced in America.

It has a scale and touch of extraordinary evenness; a superb "singing" tone-quality and volume approaching that of a full grand.

This is the climax to those broad foundation principles which underlie all Emerson pianos, and which are carried out by perfect materials and thorough construction.

83,000 satisfied users.

[illegible] Booklet describ[illegible] and Various Upright Styles.

Emerson Piano Co.
103 Boylston Street, Boston
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Huyler's DELICIOUS Pepsin Gum

The Gum with the Lasting Peppermint Flavor.

10 CENTS Per Package.

The only Gum Package that will prevent fuzz and other accumulations of the pocket from adhering to the gum.

Box when empty a useful holder for Subway and Elevated Tickets.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

If not handled by yours, we will mail same to you free upon receipt of 10c.

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Scientific Farming

Industrious men can make far more money to-day by up-to-date farming than by city employment. Recent discoveries by the Agricultural Department have revolutionized farm life. Free mail delivery, telephones, trolley c[illegible] bring city pleasures to the country home. Only [illegible] investment required. Write for our free book, "Digging Nuggets of Gold," and learn how twelve of the finest experts in the [illegible] Agricultural Department can teach you scientific [illegible]

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE Washington, D. C.

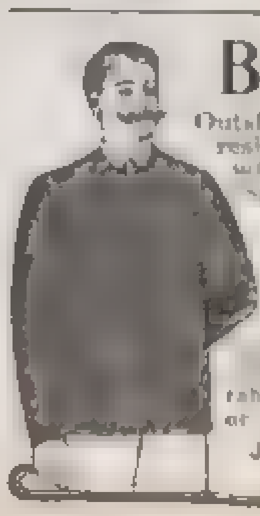
Get a 400 Day Clock

[illegible] home, an[illegible] to bother [illegible] it every day. Think of a clock that will run over a year (400 days) with only [illegible]

[illegible]

From $[illegible] [illegible] where in the U. S. Our [illegible]

Anderton & Son, Dept. O, Dayton, Ohio



Blizzard Proof

Outside texture so closely woven [illegible] resists wind and wear alike. [illegible]

PARKER'S ARCTIC JACKET

[illegible] an overcoat [illegible] k together. [illegible] table, comfortable. Ask your [illegible] or sent postpaid on receipt [illegible]

JOHN H. PARKER, Dept. 87
25 James St., Malden, Mass.

OLD STYLE
PHILADELPHIA

When you build you should know that the cost of "Taylor Old Style" roofing tin is only about half a cent a square foot more than cheap tins. This slight extra cost is all you ever have to pay to get long-lasting satisfaction. If you use cheap or ready-made roofings you are sure to have trouble before long

There are many [illegible] Taylor Old Style [illegible] time is identified [illegible] (target and [illegible] stamped o[illegible] Our "Guide to Good Roofs" tells a few of the facts about this durable [illegible] Write for it

N. & G. TAYLOR COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1810
PHILADELPHIA

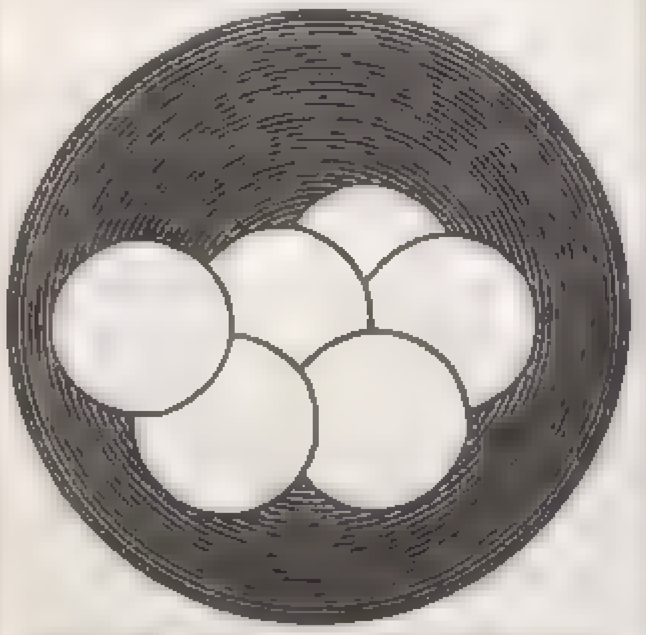
THE SUPERIORITY OF THE

Colt Revolver

[illegible] shots met, the Colt Revolver [illegible]

GOLD MEDAL
GOLD BADGE
WHITEHEAD CHALLENGE CUP

EVERY HIGHEST SCORE



Colt's Patent Firearms Manuf'g Co.
HARTFORD, CONN.
15a Pall Mall, LONDON, ENG.

An Education Without Cash

[illegible] the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Baby Bullet: The Bubble of Destiny

(Continued from Page 18)

and paralyzing as the British Sunday. The grocer, the dairyman and the baker, who might have done so much for our wayfarers in their respective stations, had all fled the scenes of their useful labors, and joined in the universal merrymaking. Again a costly breakfast became imperative, and four shillings and sixpence disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. This, with the extravagant purchase of a morning paper which brought to Sutphen the ironical intelligence of his being eighteen thousand dollars ahead of the New York market on Steel Preferred, reduced their cash in hand to eight shillings and ninepence! The mockery of contrast could not have been carried further. On one side what was to Sutphen a trumpery little speculation in which a rise of five points had put him nearly twenty thousand dollars to the good; on the other actual and tangible coin of the realm representing a trifle over two dollars!

Toward noon they began to raise the spires and buildings of a large town. The map showed it to be Malton, and placed it within a thumb's nail of the Scottish border. On closer approach Malton was found to be in a lively bustle. Horse soldiers were dashing about the streets, bands were playing, and there was a general air of animation and excitement that our travelers were far from sharing. Every now and then, on cabs and omnibuses, their eyes were arrested by vivid printed notices in red ink

JUBILEE PARK!
MOTOR-CAR RACES!
THERE AND BACK FOR 2s. 6d!
ENTRANCE, ONE SHILLING!

On hoardings, fences, the doors of inns, and in the windows of tea-houses were larger and more staring sheets giving details of the races. The first two or three were disregarded. But the reiteration of another row reacted, in a marked manner, on the throttle of Gee Whiz. Certain facts clamorously forced themselves on Sutphen's attention: "Open to all comers"—"Prize of twenty guineas"—"Cars to the value of one thousand pounds and upward" "One mile"—"For cars to the value of five hundred pounds or less"—"Prize of ten guineas ——." The same thought flashed through all their minds. Baby was tooting loudly to halt, as Sutphen obeyed his own impulse, and pulled up beside a wall plastered forty feet wide with rows on rows of the same insistent notices

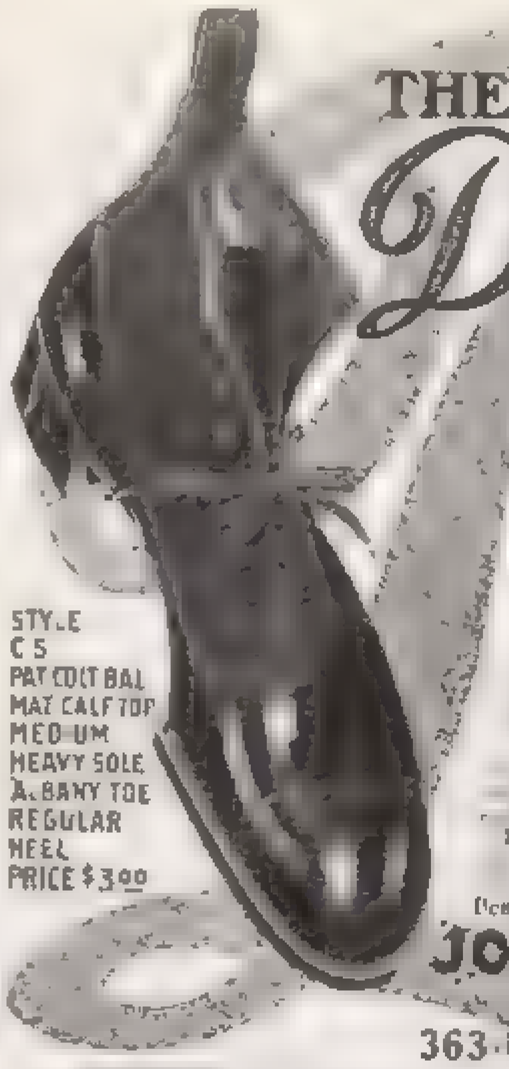
"Let's see what it's all about," said Sutphen, running his eye down to "entrance fee, two guineas," "to take place on Monday afternoon at two o'clock sharp," "the band of the Mounted Border Rifles, by kind permission of Colonel Lord Fluffby, will play during the intermissions"—and then up to the staring headlines: "Grand fête. Motor-car races. Jubilee Park track. Under the auspices of the Malton Motor-Cycle Club"

"Do you think we could afford it?" asked Essy wistfully "It's only a shilling!"

"By the Lord Harry, why not?" exclaimed her companion, in the shiver of a great resolution. A few yards farther on he had seen the open doorway of a garage, and this had given him a sudden inspiration. He descended hurriedly, leaving Essy without a word as he strode into the place and disappeared. The Baby Bullets descended also, and wanted to know what was the matter. Essy was unable to tell them. They all waited with solemnity, feeling that something tremendous was under way, while the crowd jostled and eddied about them. In a few minutes Sutphen reappeared at the side of a large, friendly, whiskered person, with dirty cuffs, and a black silk hat well tilted to the back of his head. Behind them both was a sneaky-looking mechanic in overalls, carrying a green watering-can. The little party drew near. Sutphen was anxiously jocular. The large, friendly, whiskered person grew even friendlier at the sight of Gee Whiz

"Look at them for yourself," said Sutphen.

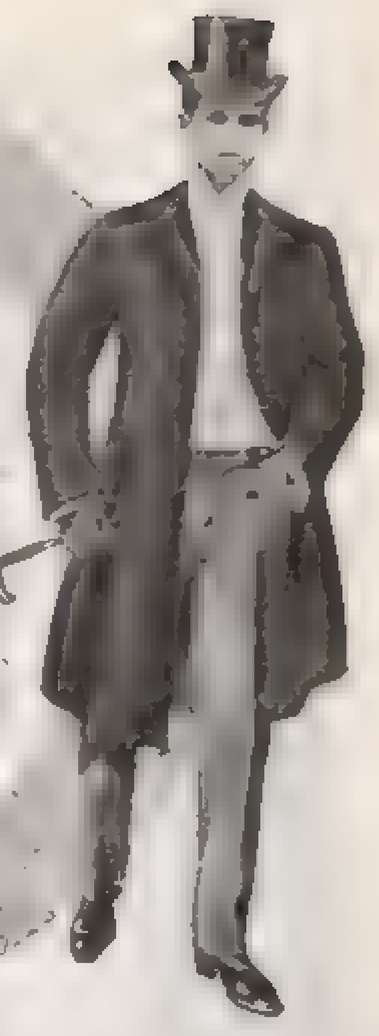
There was a cursory examination of the acetylene gas-lamps. At a nod the mechanic came up, detached the rubber tubes,



THE Dictator TRADE MARK SHOE
$3.00 and $3.50
Correct Styles
For Afternoon Wear

NOTE

Dealers—Write for our agency proposition
JOHN W. RUSS CO.
ESTABLISHED 1856
363 RIVER ST., HAVERHILL, MASS.



The new heat-imparting Thermalite Bag
"Successor to the Hot-Water Bag"
[illegible] an even, long-continued, comforting heat at the right

John Wanamaker [illegible] $2
Heat is Life"
Write for free descriptive book
THE THERMALITE COMPANY 162 Elm St., New York City

Straight Legs

[illegible] baby learns to walk with
Glascock's Baby-Walker
Endorsed by physicians as the best physical developer [illegible]

Glascock Bros. Mfg. Co. 604 West St. [illegible]

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed Write for Inventor's Guide
FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

HAS EARNED MORE
HAS PAID MORE
HOLDS MORE
MAKE
The Mutual Life
YOUR
SAVINGS
BANK

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The Mespa

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WE SELL Straight to the Smoker, cutting out the inbetweens. All wholesalers', jobbers' and retailers' profits are saved. We give them to our customers in extra quality. Furthermore, we sell for cash and have no bad debts. That explains the absolute superiority of our Segars.

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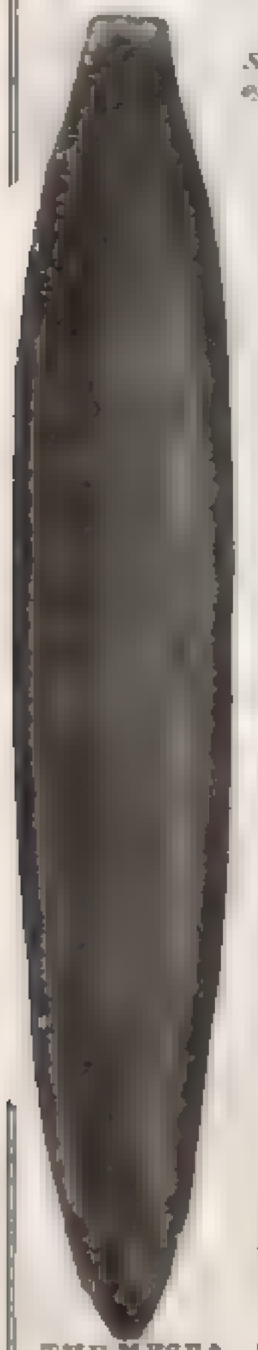
You have the privilege of smoking any ten of any box of our Segars. If you are not suited, return the remainder at our expense. Your money will be refunded in full without charge for the ten smoked in trial. Our signed guarantee of satisfaction in every box. In ordering tell whether you like a strong, medium or mild Segar.

The Mespa is a fine, pure all Havana, long filled Segar with choice Sumatra wrapper; Reina Perfecto shape, 4½ inches long. Thousands of smokers prefer it to any Segar made. A trial order will convince you of its superiority.



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[illegible] — "Punching Bag [illegible] back yesterday afternoon. Opened [illegible] at 9 o'clock and [illegible]

[illegible] I have taken $9 [illegible] out one of your Mills [illegible] Machines in the past 11 [illegible] That means he doubled his [illegible]

[illegible] several such machines would do for you [illegible]

[illegible] work — just count the profits. If you ha[illegible]

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THE BEST LIGHT COMPANY
[illegible] Ohio

and unscrewed them from their places. Sutphen smiled significantly to Essy, and begged her to move to one side, in order to take up a floor-board and get at the gasoline tank. Then the watering-pot came into operation: gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, and the acrid penetrating smell of that diabolical fluid. Another watering-pot, and more smell. Ditto, ditto. All this in a churchlike silence as far as Essy, Miss Schell and Alphonse were concerned, who looked on breathlessly, in dim and uncertain comprehension. The cap was screwed on; the floor-board replaced; Sutphen warmly wrung the hand of the large, friendly, whiskered person, and said that he couldn't thank him sufficiently.

"That's all right," said the latter jovially, moving off. "Glad to help you out, I'm sure. Hope you'll win, sir."

Our little party crowded together on the curb, eager, almost feverish, for an explanation. Sutphen opened his palm, and gleefully disclosed three golden sovereigns and three silver shillings.

"Raised it on the lamps," he explained gloatingly. "I'm going to enter Gee Whiz for the big race, and win that twenty guineas or bust!" Essy clapped her hands.

Miss Schell audibly translated twenty guineas into one hundred and five dollars.

Alphonse, smiling from ear to ear, outlined the menu for that night's dinner.

"We'll just walk all over them," cried Sutphen, "redeem our lamps, and sleep to-night in real beds! What's that about grouse and asparagus?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Mechanical Marvels

THE Patent Office at Washington does not refuse to consider perpetual motion inventions, but in every such case it demands, as a preliminary, a working model. It might be supposed that this requirement would be a "poser." Not so. The inventor, if he has no model ready, goes to a model maker, and, after putting the latter on oath not to divulge the precious secret, has his world-revolutionizing thought reduced to concrete shape.

When he brings the model back to the patent examiner, a few days or weeks later, it invariably fails somehow to work. But he always goes away perfectly confident that, with slight alterations, the machine will meet all requirements.

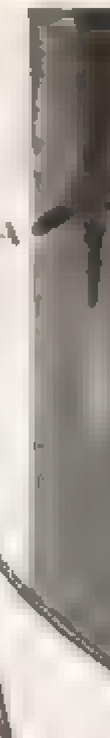
A favorite type of perpetual motion apparatus involves the use of a pair of springs, one of which, while running down, winds up the other. If this could operate satisfactorily, a clock might be constructed that would go forever without winding.

Another utilizes water, which, pouring by gravity out of a tank, causes a wheel to turn, thus actuating a pump, which in turn forces the water back into the tank. As soon as one or two little defects have been remedied, this machine will solve the problem of everlasting power.

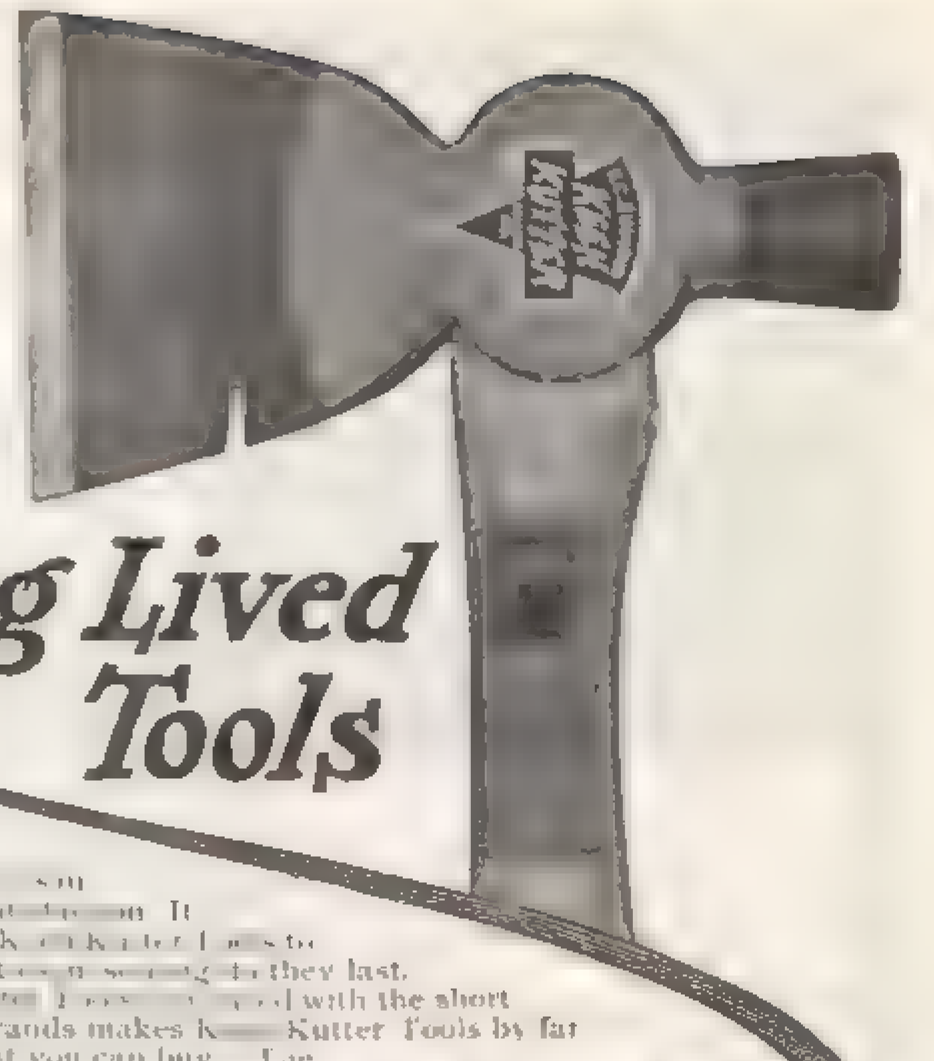
Not less promising is a wheel with hollow spokes, each of which contains a small quantity of mercury. As the wheel revolves, the quicksilver in each ascending spoke drops to the hub end, thus making it easier for that spoke to rise, while the mercury in the descending spokes falls to the rim end, assisting gravity. Accordingly, the wheel goes round forever; or, at all events, it ought to, but it doesn't.

There was one applicant, a while ago, whose machine was composed of a couple of hundred small sticks, with rubber bands attached to them in such a fashion that when one of them was started to spinning—they were all mounted on pivots—all the rest were set going, thus, as the inventor explained, multiplying the power to such an extent that he had been obliged to refrain from introducing a greater number of sticks, for fear the whole affair, by reason of the tremendous force developed, should fly to pieces and cause a frightful catastrophe.

An examiner at the Patent Office, not long ago, laid himself open to much good-humored ridicule by approving a perpetual motion railway, the true character of which he failed to recognize, mistaking it for a harmless summer resort amusement contrivance. The railway, for which the inventor secured government-guaranteed rights in due form, was a kind of trolley, the cars moving by a series of jumps, alternately running on a track and hanging from an overhead cable. But the really important thing about it was that it was supposed to go on in that way forever.



X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH showing the Greliner Patent Wedge in a hatchet handle. The projection "A" positively prevents the head ever flying off. Used only on Keen Kutter Tools



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An example of the Keen Kutter excellence is found in Keen Kutter Hatchets and Handled Axes. These are made of the highest grade of steel, on the most approved lines, and by the best workmen. Every Keen Kutter Hatchet and Axe is sharpened ready for use and has the handle wedged with the Greliner Patent Everlasting Wedge, which positively prevents the head ever flying off. These are exclusive Keen Kutter features.

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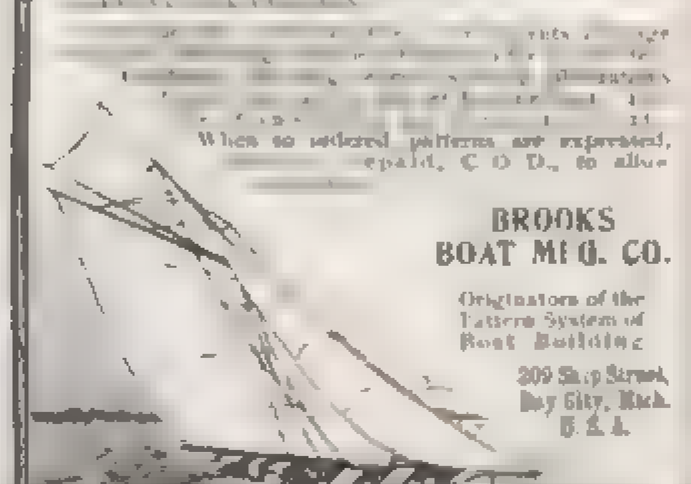

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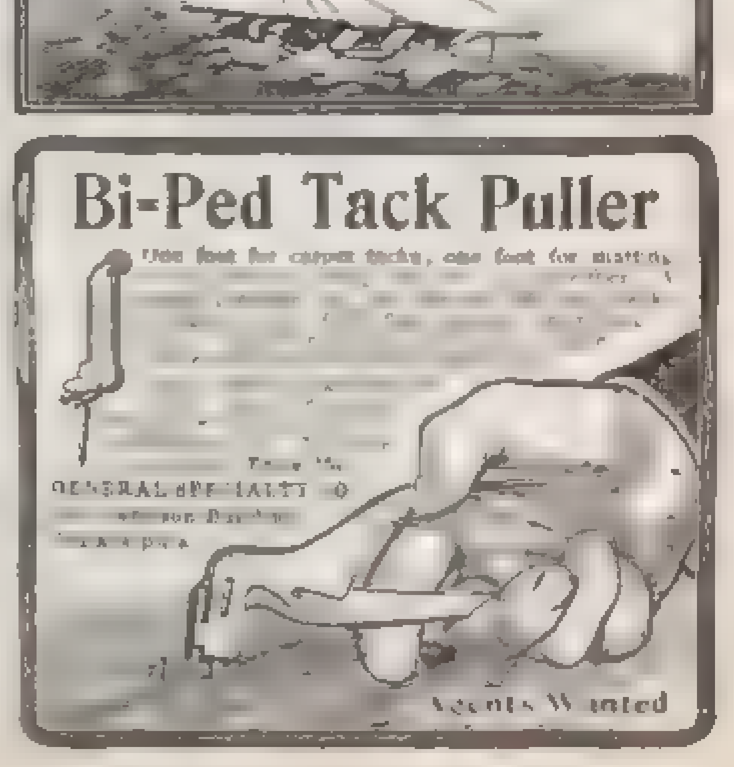


[illegible]
GENERAL SPECIALTY CO
[illegible]

Agents Wanted

The Ex-City Editors' Club

(Continued from Page 9)

Stiff and straight I held myself while I edged along the broad cornice, turned the corner and got to the west side. All the windows in the court looked down on this side, but all of them, too, had shades pulled far down, for the sun was blazing down upon the white stone walls of the new building, sending out a blinding, reflected light that protected me like a dazzling screen from other eyes.

Dizzy? No, I wasn't dizzy. It isn't so very far up, and I was too busy thinking to be physically afraid, but the heat scorched through me. Contact with the stones burned my hands and the sun blistered my cheeks and lips.

But I forgot it all when I caught sight of the last window on the west—*the* window, the Grand Jury's window. And open! At least half-way open! They'd had to shut all those that looked on the corridor because of the crowd of reporters hanging about, and they'd even remembered the one giving on to the bridge. But they'd have stifled without a single open window, and on the west side—on the west side, who in the world would guess that a light, little body could slip along the cornice and find room below the ledge?

No one but Rhoda Massey, evidently. And she wasn't giving it away, I can tell you. With a sigh of perfect content, I let myself down softly and, on my knees now, peered into the place.

His back to me—so near I could have touched him with my finger—sat vain old Farwell, who never would use an ear-trumpet, his hand curled about his ear, his suspicious eyes questioning everything (and with reason, for U. P. had its men there all right), his dominating soul insisting upon a repetition of every phrase that escaped him—and me!

Newberry himself, Senator Newberry, was on the grill there, confronted with Supervisor Gregory, who had been bought by Boss Bassett, but who hadn't stayed bought and had confessed the fact. And now ——

"Do you mean to say, Senator," Farwell was shouting, "that Supervisor Gregory is lying?"

"A man who'd accept a bribe would lie," said Newberry deliberately. "But since he says he accepted a bribe I don't doubt it; he's quite capable of it, only I'm sure neither Mr. Bassett nor myself would offer him one—he's not worth it."

"But suppose," snarled Farwell, leaning forward still farther to catch Newberry's low words—"suppose that another man—quite another man, supposed to be absolutely loyal to United Power—had confessed also?"

"Now, look here, Farwell ——"

Suddenly Newberry's voice grew indistinct. Things began to sound queerly far off. Surely Farwell couldn't hear if I couldn't. Quickly my eyes switched from the Senator's handsome, grim face to the foreman's and ——

And then I saw what was up—or rather down. Slowly, slowly but relentlessly, the window was being closed! And there, facing me, on the other side of the slowly descending window, his broad bulk almost obscuring the whole space, was one of the Grand Jury's policemen. There was a grin of enjoyment on his face as he looked at me, but his eyes—his eyes ——

In a second I knew it. His eyes were alert, eager, curious, greedy. Yes, greedy, the eyes of the grafter, the bribee, the silence-seller.

Instantly I put a finger to my lips.

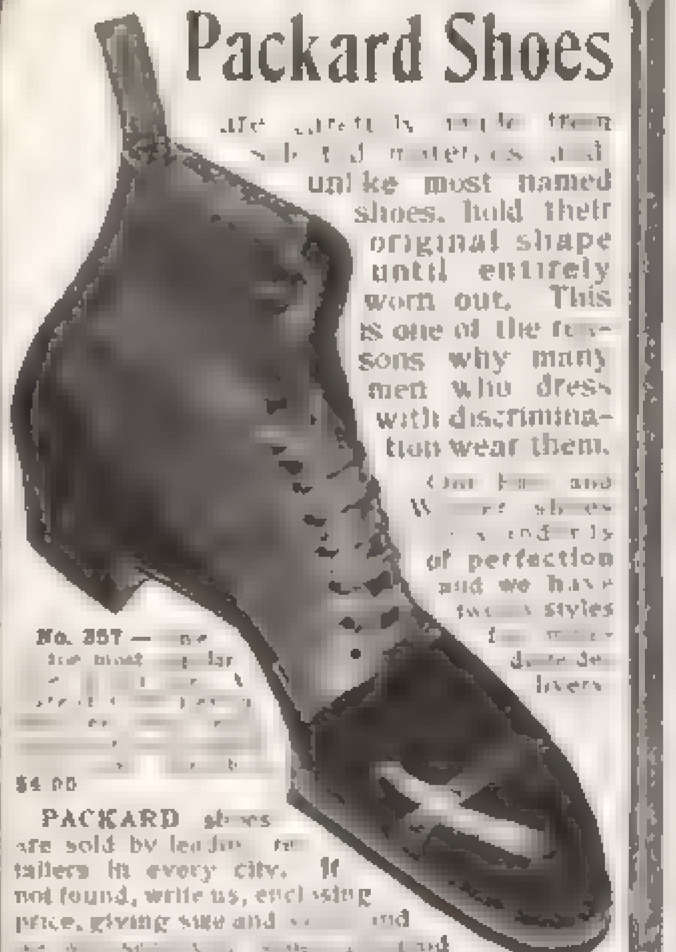
He grinned knowingly and winked.

I pointed to the window questioningly and lifted one hand slowly as though raising a weight. The other I put in my pocket.

He gave a swift, comprehending nod, turned his back upon me, and slipped his hand, open palm upward, out through the crack that still remained between the window and the sill.

Oh, that broad, red palm—that coarse, thick-fingered, greedy hand! How I hated it! How I longed to beat it, to hurt it, to crush it for its cupidity, its baseness!

But I didn't. I giggled instead, the situation was so funny. On one side of the window the Grand Jury in the very act of investigating the bribery of a public servant, while at the very moment, on the



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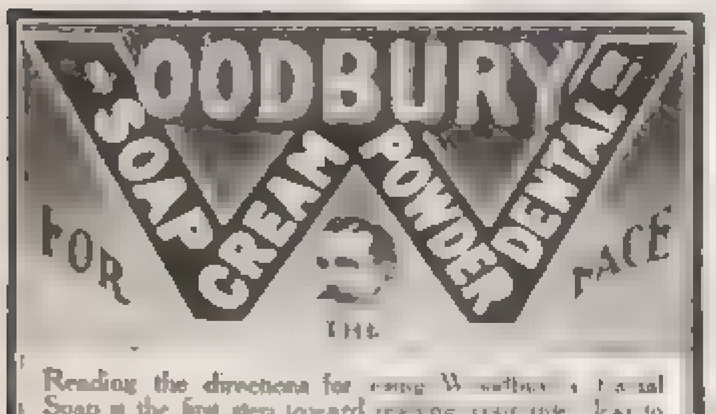

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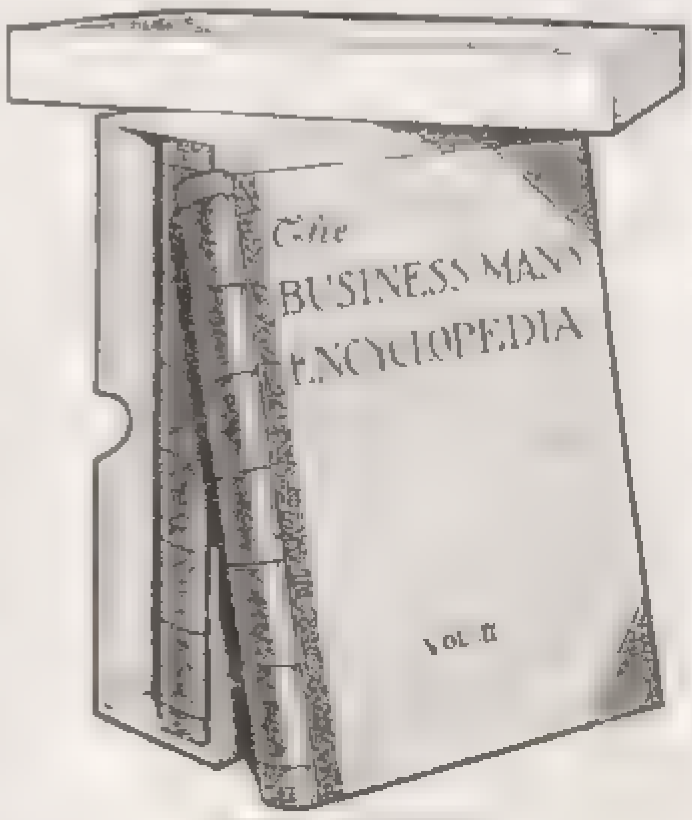

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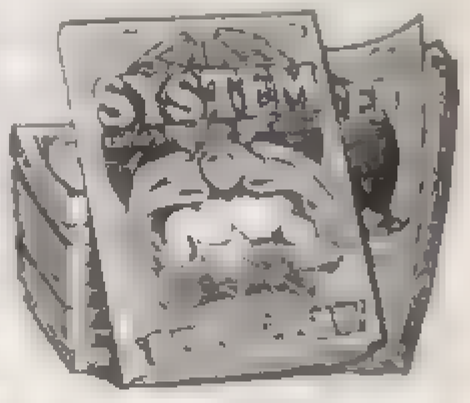

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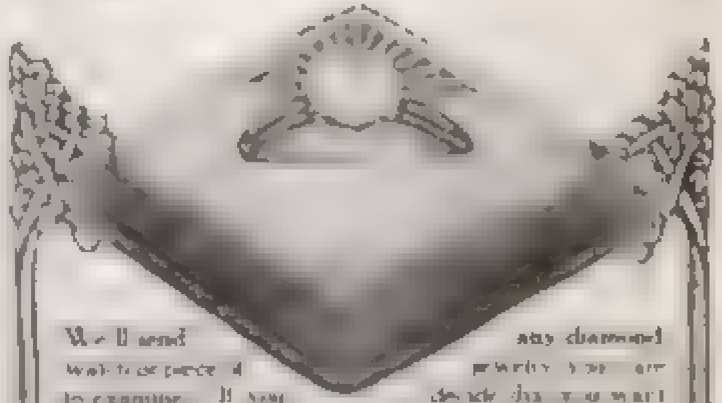

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other side, Rhoda Massey was feeling for her purse and—oh, pity!—not finding it

The giggle died a swift, horrible death I hadn't a nickel with me My purse was in my jacket pocket, and Forbes had that, and this fellow's impatient hand—it twitched suddenly, angrily, and in a moment that cop's face, furious now, was turned upon me

In dumb show, I apologized for my temporary—oh, very temporary and accidental and amazing!—impecuniosity. Without a word, I explained to him that the wealth of Ind was nothing to what the News stood ready to lay at his feet later—oh, the least bit of time later! I offered him a bit of paper—scribbled there in utmost haste, with the window-sill for a desk and the gutter for a chair—a blank I. O. U. to be presented at the News business-office, signed Rhoda Massey. With a melting eye (it's a wonder the whole of me wasn't melted!) I tried to appeal to his great and noble heart, his pity for beauty in distress and all the rest of it, but *squeak—squeak—squeak* the remorseless window frame came down, and at the last I scooted away quick as I could, knowing that, in his disappointment, he'd call some one to the window to see what he'd withstood

I cakewalked back across the bridge and down the back way. It was a sorrowful cakewalk done to an appropriate melody "If you ain't got no money " I always hated that song

. . . . .

"They've actually adjourned to the old building!" cried Forbes when I joined him. "But you did get something, didn't you?"

"Something? You better believe I did! Just enough to make me thirst for more. Come! We'll adjourn to the old building too."

We walked leisurely about to let them get settled and then strolled around the corner to the entrance of the old building A moss-backed relic of Forty-nine, dear to pioneers and professional reminiscencers, is the old Chamber of Commerce. No wonder Farwell is fond of it. Here, before the town grew big, and younger, more pretentious fellows hustled him out of the way, was the scene of Farwell's departed civic glory. Here he was nominated for the mayoralty he was destined never to attain. Here he made his famous speech against the Vigilantes, and when half the Chamber rose and made for him, he escaped—he escaped through . . .

"Forbes," I breathed, clutching him by the arm, "there's a chance! Oh—oh, be ready to take it! I'm going to try to get it for you. The doors—the old-fashioned swinging doors—watch 'em—and me!"

"But look at the man they've got on guard; it's hopeless," he remonstrated under his breath, yet helping me all the time up the broad stairs. "There isn't money enough in Offield's new bank to tempt Wilson."

"Wilson!"

I looked up at the officer on guard. A handsome, white-bearded old fellow, with the sergeant's stripes on his arm, stood, his back to those fascinating swinging doors, his alert, clear, honest eyes amusedly watching us as we approached He looked like old Forty-nine himself, yet hale and strong as the pioneer spirit, and as unflinching. He looked ——

"Why—why, Forbes," I cried, "it looks for all the world like Sheriff Wilson, of Grafton!"

"Not Sheriff Wilson, of Grafton, any more, Miss Massey," the officer cried as I put out my hand, "but Sergeant Wilson, of the Police Department of the City *an'* County of San Francisco. It was my heart give out up there," he explained, "and the doctors sent me down to sea-level."

"Good for the doctors!" I exclaimed as we shook hands cordially.

He beamed upon me. "But 'tain't no use in this particular business, so far as you're concerned, Miss Massey," he added quickly. "They's been three attempts to-day to get a leak on the jury-room. That's why they got me out at last. In the ten minutes the jury's been here every reporter in town has taken a squint up here, it seems to me, but they give it up when they see who was on deck. Lord knows I wish you could git it—this or anything else you want, but not through me, little gal. Or if you could git it in spite of me, I'd be as glad as yourself—'tain't my funeral. Only don't expect me not to do my duty, for you'll git left if you do. If ever anything else comes up that you want that I can give ye and not disobey orders

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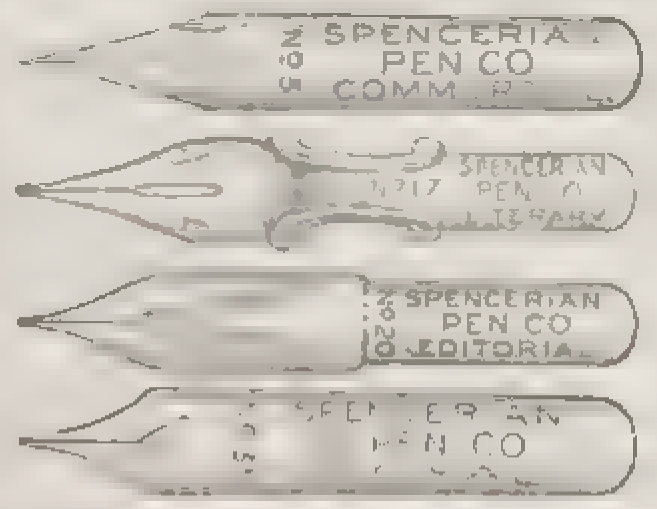

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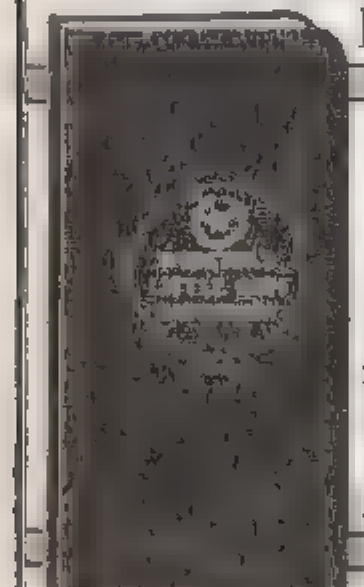

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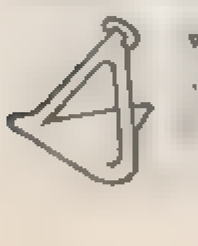

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why, it's yours. I never see a girl that's got your grit, and the way you handled that Deming case just made me your friend for life. You bet I'd like awfully well to oblige you, Miss Massey, but"—his big, sincere voice was full of appeal—"don't ask me. 'Pon honor, now, I might give in to ye, but I'd blow my brains out afterward, by gum, I would!"

"Wait—wait!" I cried gayly. "Don't blow them out till you have to, Sheriff Wilson. 'Nobody's asked you, sir, she said'—to betray the lofty trust imposed in you, and all the rest of it. I haven't the least intention of coaxing you—surely, Sheriff."

He looked at me suspiciously, shrewdly. But he was convinced just the same. And so—so was poor Forbes. Oh, the black melancholy that settled upon him! And his face had been radiant since Wilson and I had so unexpectedly fraternized!

"Mr. Forbes and I," I went on with a quick, reminding glance at him, "are out reconnoitering. . . . This is Grant Forbes, Sheriff, the sharpest green reporter in town."

The two shook hands. Forbes shot a look at me.

"Of course, Sheriff," I went on, stepping a bit to the side, where the upper porch threw a welcome spot of shade, "I would get the thing if I could. It's as useless to deny that as to insist that the day's not swelteringly hot—so—so hot that—if I were you, Mr. Forbes, I'd step farther in out of the sun."

He did, bewildered a bit, and stood, his back to the door, facing me.

"We might as well wait here for the adjournment," I gabbled on—trying to be oh, so very natural and indifferent! "Mr. Farwell may be a bit communicative just as he comes out. You don't mind, do you, Sheriff?"

"Mind?" His fine old blue eyes beamed welcome at me. "I've often promised myself that some day when I had time and you had, too, we'd sit down and have a chin together over that old Deming case. What gets me is how you could make a cross-grained old maid like Ellen Ely leave her dinner, and, without hat or coat or gloves, go off on the train with you, when them fellows . . . ; but you can't stand there. Say, Bub," he turned to Forbes, "go over yonder behind the first pillar and git a folding stool that's there."

"Yes, do please, Bub!" I said with a laugh. "The sheriff and I are in for a good long confab, and all you can do is to bear it and"—I stopped and looked squarely at him—"and listen."

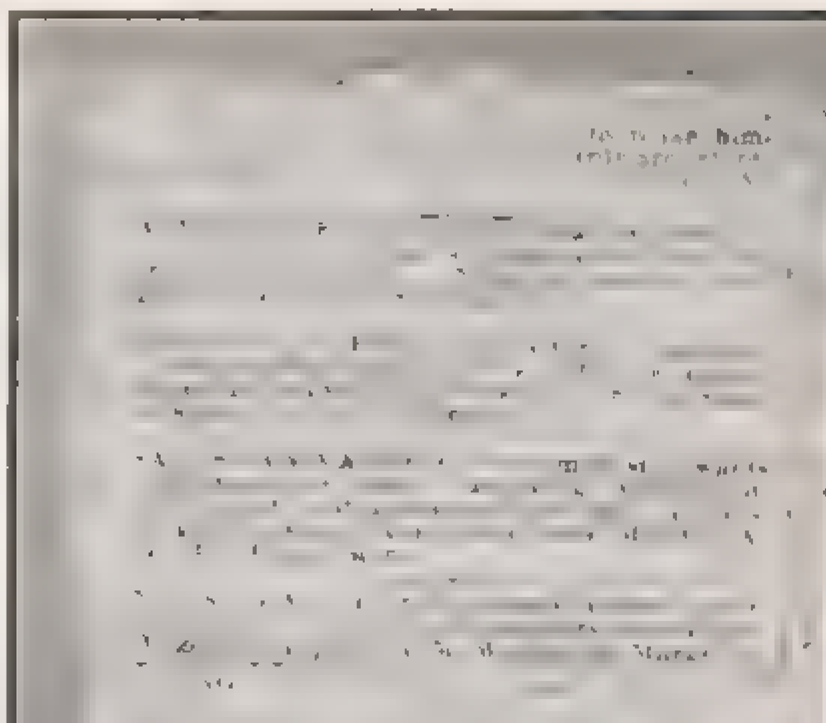
Did he understand that? Not a bit of it. And yet his eyes were steady, unwinking question marks. But he did go over and get the stool and set it up awkwardly for me, his face a study of bewilderment and eagerness, while I objected fussily to this spot or that, complained of the sun, the reflected light from the building across the way, and finally, with an exclamation of impatience seized the chair myself and set it down where I wanted it with a thump.

"Boys are such clumsy things," I said to the sheriff, who had watched us with an enjoying eye. "It's the hardest thing in the world to get them to understand what you want them to do." And, seating myself, I threw out my arms with an exaggerated gesture of irritability and—with my elbow knocked ajar the swinging door.

Did Forbes get that? Well, I wonder! In that second, before the door swung gently back again, we both heard old Farwell's bellow. The boy's face went white. Perhaps mine did, too, for I thought, in his sudden enlightenment, he'd give the whole thing away, and I tell you I talked fast for a minute.

But I needn't have worried. The sheriff, his elbow against a pillar, was looking down at me, his shrewd, smiling face full of interest as I plunged into the tale of the gulling of Miss Ely; and from that went on and on, as I do, you know, when I get to telling newspaper yarns. My back was turned to Forbes when I really got down to playing Scheherazade to the dear old sheriff's Caliph, but in a second's glimpse I had caught the tense attitude of the boy behind me, his shoulder pressed slightly against that pressed swinging door and holding it just a scant inch from its mate; his head inclined as though he were listening with half-closed eyes to the tales I was spinning and yet all he heard was—well, was in the News the next morning.

And to this day nobody knows how it got there.



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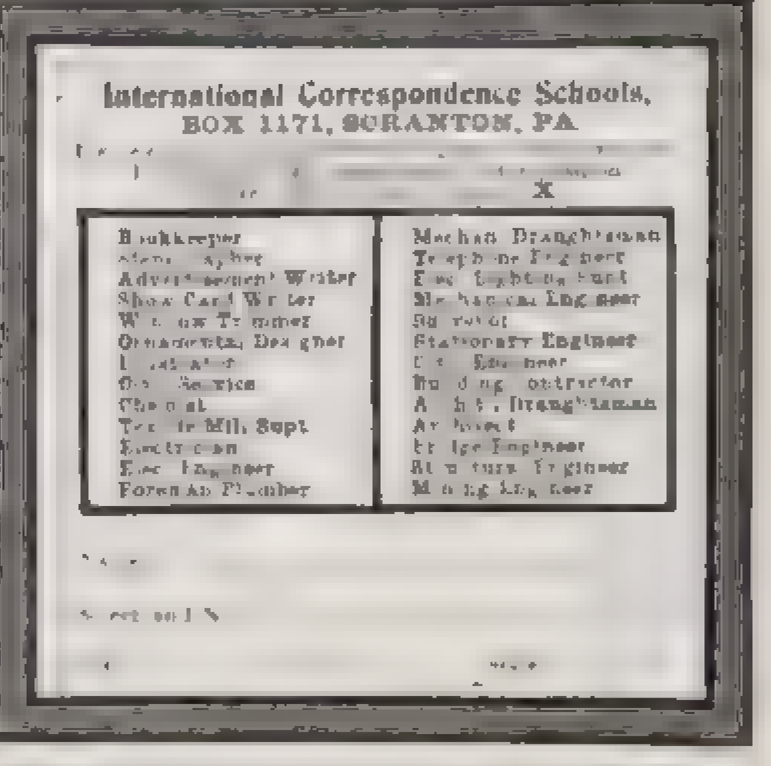

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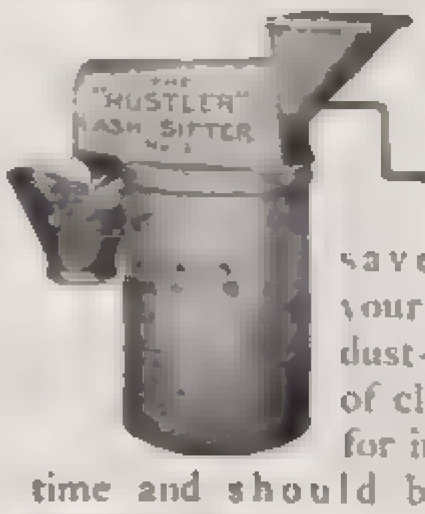
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Kidnaped by Bettina

(Continued from Page 5)

The little woman's one idea of present help in time of trouble was her big, cheerful husband. If somebody was going to die in their house she wanted Tom there to help her bear it—but then, of course, Tom wouldn't let the man die. Doctor Remington might be a provisional aid, but in her heart she was sure that Tom could fix things if he would only come.

"Was he nice, Bettina?"

The question sounded trivial, but Bettina was used to her sister-in-law.

"Yes. I suppose so," she said judicially.

"Did you like him?"

To the girl's own amazement the query brought a hot flush to her cheeks and an odd thrill to her heart; and with the flush and the thrill came the memory of a look she had surprised in certain gray eyes.

"Why, yes—yes, of course I liked him," she said in impressively matter-of-fact tones; and, catching up a scarf from the hall-table, she escaped into the out-of-door world. There was a chill in the air, and, though warmed by the doctor's prescription, she drew the scarf closely about her and walked swiftly up and down the paved terrace the view from which was the pride and glory of Hilldale.

Below in the valley dark shadows were gathering, but the terrace was still flooded with the red glow from the sun, setting in splendor of rose and gold behind the far-off line of crouching purple hills. All the western side of the house, too, was bathed in rose-color, but the girl pacing the terrace did not thrill to the sunset glow, had never a glance for the hills she loved. Under her calm exterior, her nerves were badly shaken; and, in every shadow across her path, she saw a huddled, helpless figure lying with hidden face, and a stream of blood dripping from a fair head and widening into a dark spot on the ground.

Never before, in her twenty-two years, had she come close to tragedy. Life had been kind to her. Death had held aloof from her, had laid his hand on no one near to her, and now that she suddenly faced the grim realities her shuddering recoil brought actual physical distress. Over and over she reminded herself that the man who lay in the south room was a mere stranger, but the assurance brought no relief to the aching tightness in her throat, the shrinking horror in her heart. He had been so big and strong and full of life. It was horrible to think that he might die—that death might come like that in an instant, blotting out the good world, laying a cold hand on a warm heart, stilling a gay voice.

He had had a nice voice, this man who might die to-night. She had liked it the moment he first spoke to her, had noticed the musical, vibrant quality in the tone. It was a voice to remember, a voice in which an impulsive urgency was oddly met with a lazy nonchalance. To be sure, he had not talked much to her, but she had listened while he talked to Edith. It had occurred to her that his voice was like his eyes. The boy and the man of the world were in both.

There had been something singularly boyish about him at first. She had almost thought him embarrassed, but he had seemed exceedingly at his ease with Edith and Charlie. And then the queer, nervous diffidence had come back to him when he was left alone with her just before the accident. He had wanted to tell her something, too; had appeared absurdly in earnest about it. What in the world could he have had to tell her? Nothing important enough to have embarrassed him, surely.

The shadows crept up the hill and drove the afterglow from the terrace, but still the girl walked up and down swiftly, nervously, stopping only when the doctor's form appeared in the low French window of the library.

"Are you out there, Bettina?" he called, peering uncertainly into the gloom.

She came forward, and the light from the window fell upon her white, tense face.

Doctor Dawson gave the little grunt of disapproval which was his concession to femininity. If he had been dealing with a man the grunt would probably have been an oath. There were many folk in the country around Hilldale for whom the doctor's profanity and brusquerie quite obscured his skill and kindliness, who shook their heads dismally when his name was mentioned, and, with uplifted brows, whispered stories of his deplorable rudeness

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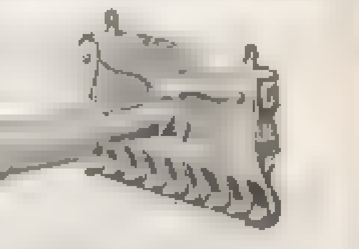

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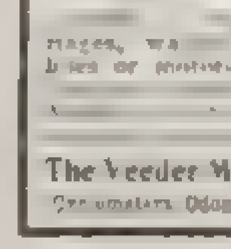

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and godlessness; but none of the Hilldale poor were among the critics. Every child in the country was his friend, every dog along the country roads knew the doctor's old buckboard and pacing sorrel, and wagged a joyous tail when they hove in sight. When the great surgeons came out to the little town they met the doctor as an equal, and even death seemed to have a wholesome respect for the little man who had so often worsted him in hand-to-hand conflict. The doctor's vocabulary was rich and unconventional. Even his best friends couldn't deny that; but, as Jim Bowers, the hotel-keeper, remarked after Doctor Dawson pulled him through a sharp attack of pneumonia:

"Doc can swear rich and racy. I will say that. He cussed that pneumonia right out of me, but he had his coat and collar off and was workin' all right, too. Bless you, the cussing weren't personal! You see, Doc gets up such a head of steam when he settles down to work that he's just naturally got to let it off some way or bust all over the place. Swearing's his safety-valve."

The doctor made a laudable effort not to swear before women folk. Nothing short of acute and dangerous illness led him to overstep the rule, and the women who had been sick enough to hear him swear were seldom the ones who resorted to the gentlemanly homœopath on Valley Road. They thought too much of him, by the time he had dragged them out of the valley of the shadow, to be affected by his peculiarities.

Bettina Morton had known him all her life and she read his emphatic grunt aright.

"Yes?" she said, smiling into the frowning, yet friendly, face.

"I said twenty minutes. Didn't intend you should go in for a century run. Did you eat any dinner?"

"No, I didn't want anything."

The second grunt was eloquent.

"All women are fools—so are most men. It'll help me out wonderfully to have you sick on our hands, won't it? You go in and eat something hot and sensible, and then go up and let Alling get away. I left him in charge, and he hasn't had any dinner."

Bettina's face was flooded with contrition.

"Oh, the poor fellow! I didn't think." She brushed hastily past the doctor, but he caught her arm.

"Poor nothing! It won't hurt the boy to be useful once in a way. You are to eat something before you go up to relieve him. I'll be back before Remington comes. Got a pretty sick boy down on Locust Street and I want to fix him up for the night. Don't ring. I'll go out to the stable for Dolly."

He turned off into the twilight, and Bettina, after succeeding in swallowing a cup of bouillon, went up to the room where the night-lamp burned.

"You must go down and have some dinner, Charlie, and then go home," she said softly. "I can't tell you how grateful we are to you."

The young fellow stood hesitating beside the bed.

"I don't like to leave you here alone before Tom comes."

"Oh, that's all right! The servants are here, and the doctor will be back soon, and I think Tom will come on the eight-thirty. He isn't so restless, is he?" She turned a wide-eyed, fascinated gaze upon the bandaged head upon the pillow.

"No—mutters a little sometimes, that's all. The doctor gave him something to quiet him, I think. The ice-bags have to be kept filled—and if he should get to tossing a bit he's to have a teaspoonful of this stuff in the tumbler. I'll go down and feed, for I'm hollow as a drum—but I won't leave the house."

He left her sitting in the high-backed chair beside the bed—for the first time in her life alone with one who was dangerously ill—and she had scarcely stirred in her place when, twenty minutes later, she heard the roll of wheels on the drive.

"Tom!" she thought, with a sigh of relief and an involuntary relaxing of tense nerves and muscles. Tom's sister did not share his wife's belief in his omnipotence, but she was used to turning to him in emergencies, and she would be so glad to shift the responsibility to his broad shoulders.

Quick steps came up the stairs and down the hall. The girl rose noiselessly, went to the door, opened it, and for a fraction of a second put her hand down on the shoulder of the big man whose genial, boyish face was sobered by alarm and anxiety.

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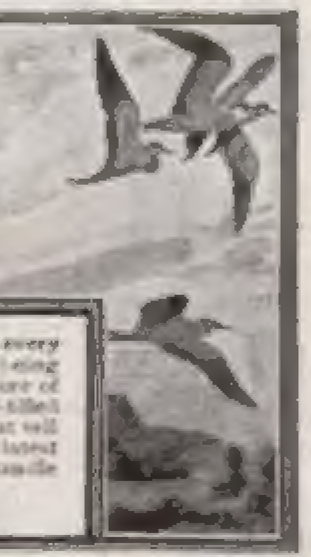

THE boy who wants a genuine good time this fall should go out in the woods every Saturday with a **Hamilton Rifle** and learn the enjoyment that comes from being close to nature, the thrill that follows the toppling over of "bunny," the pleasure of bringing down the bird on the wing and the satisfaction that goes with a well-filled game bag. The **Hamilton Rifle** is a 22 cal. rifle made in three different styles that sell at **$1.50, $2.00** and **$3.00.** A better value for the money you never saw. Our latest Take Down model No. 23 is a revelation in rifle making. All first class dealers handle them. If your's doesn't, send for catalogue and particulars to

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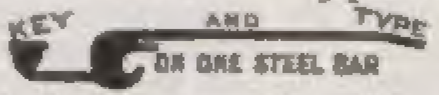

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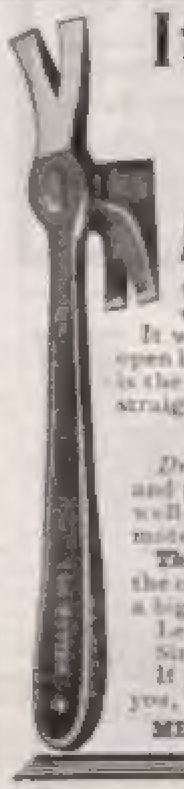

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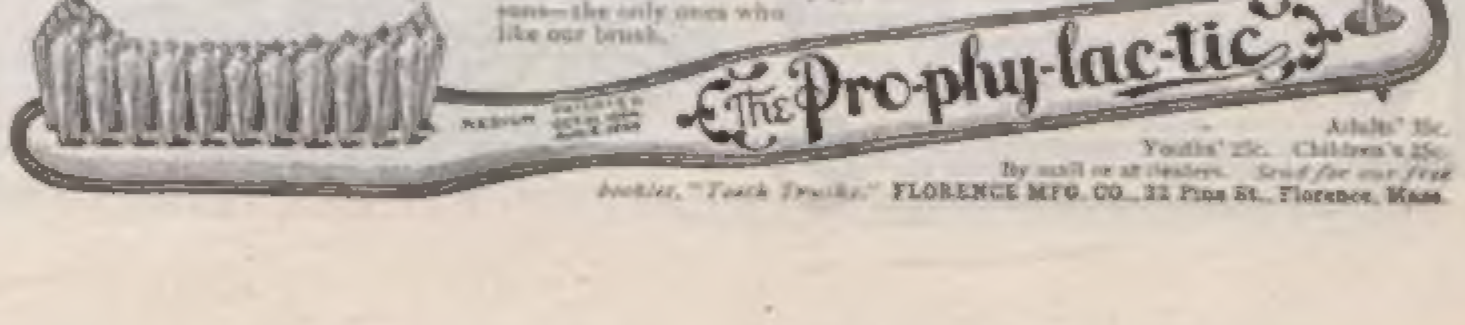

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VITALITY half-hose do not wear to holes at toe, heel, sole or back because reinforced—4-ply—at all these points, giving four times the wear of ordinary hose. The only sock of merit ever sold for less than 25 cents. Black, Tan, Blue, Gray—all fast sanitary colors. Sizes 9 to 12

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1688 Mascher Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

He slipped his arm around her and patted her awkwardly on the back with a big hand.

"Rough on you, Bettina," he whispered, "but brace up. How is he?"

She was standing straight and self-reliant again as they moved toward the bed, and in a low voice she told him how things stood.

"Poor duffer!" murmured Tom, honest grief under the inadequate words. "Poor duffer!"

Bettina took the little night-lamp from the table and held it so it lighted the sick man's face as her brother bent over the bed.

Tom looked down pityingly, started, leaned nearer the pillow and stared with dilating eyes and mouth puckering slowly as though for a long whistle. Then suddenly he straightened up, beckoned to his sister and made hastily for the door, swelling visibly with suppressed excitement. Wondering, puzzled by his behavior, Bettina put down the lamp and followed him to the hall, closing the door behind her.

Tom was standing with his hands in his pockets and bewilderment in every line of his face.

"For Heaven's sake, Betty," he said, in low, excited tones, "who's that man?"

She stared at him blankly. Had he taken leave of his senses?

"Why, Tom ——" she began, but he interrupted her.

"Where's Watson?" he asked. "That's not Watson!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Yankee Vanilla

MR. JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture, thinks that vanilla might be grown to advantage on a large scale in this country under glass. The product is valuable—as may be judged from the fact that the beans from the State of Vera Cruz, in Mexico, are worth from four to five cents apiece to the grower. It was in that region that the plant originated, and history says that the Spanish conquerors found vanilla in use among the aborigines as a flavoring for chocolate.

Although the plant is now cultivated in equatorial regions all around the world, the finest vanilla beans still come from Mexico, where, in the province above mentioned, immense profits have been made by growing them. In starting a plantation the land is first cleared, leaving trees here and there, to serve as supports for the vines, which are "epiphytes," depending mainly upon the air for their support. Slips, fresh cut, are tied to the trees, their lower ends just touching the ground, and they promptly take root, throwing out at the same time numerous tendrils and proceeding to climb. So rapidly do they develop that in the fourth year they are in full bearing; but it is necessary to take most anxious care of them if the best results are to be obtained.

It is said that a vanilla plantation five acres in extent will yield an income sufficient to render its owner independent for the rest of his life. Sometimes trellises are used instead of trees for the vines to climb upon. Usually the pods are dried in the sun. In Mexico the fertilization of the blossoms is accomplished by a particular species of moth not found elsewhere, and, in the absence of this insect, it is necessary in other countries to impregnate the flowers artificially. For a long time past vanilla has been grown on a considerable scale in England and in France.

The vanilla plant boasts the distinction of being almost the only orchid that possesses commercial value. Its name is derived from the Spanish word "*baynilla*," meaning a little pod. The essential flavoring substance of the bean, known to chemists as "vanillin," has been reproduced in the laboratory—the counterfeit representing one of the most notable achievements up to date in the way of synthesis. The imitation, oddly enough, has been obtained from asafetida, but oil of cloves affords a more convenient source, and its manufacture from such material already constitutes a not inconsiderable industry.

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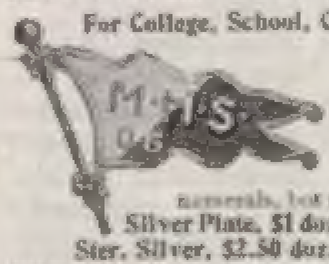

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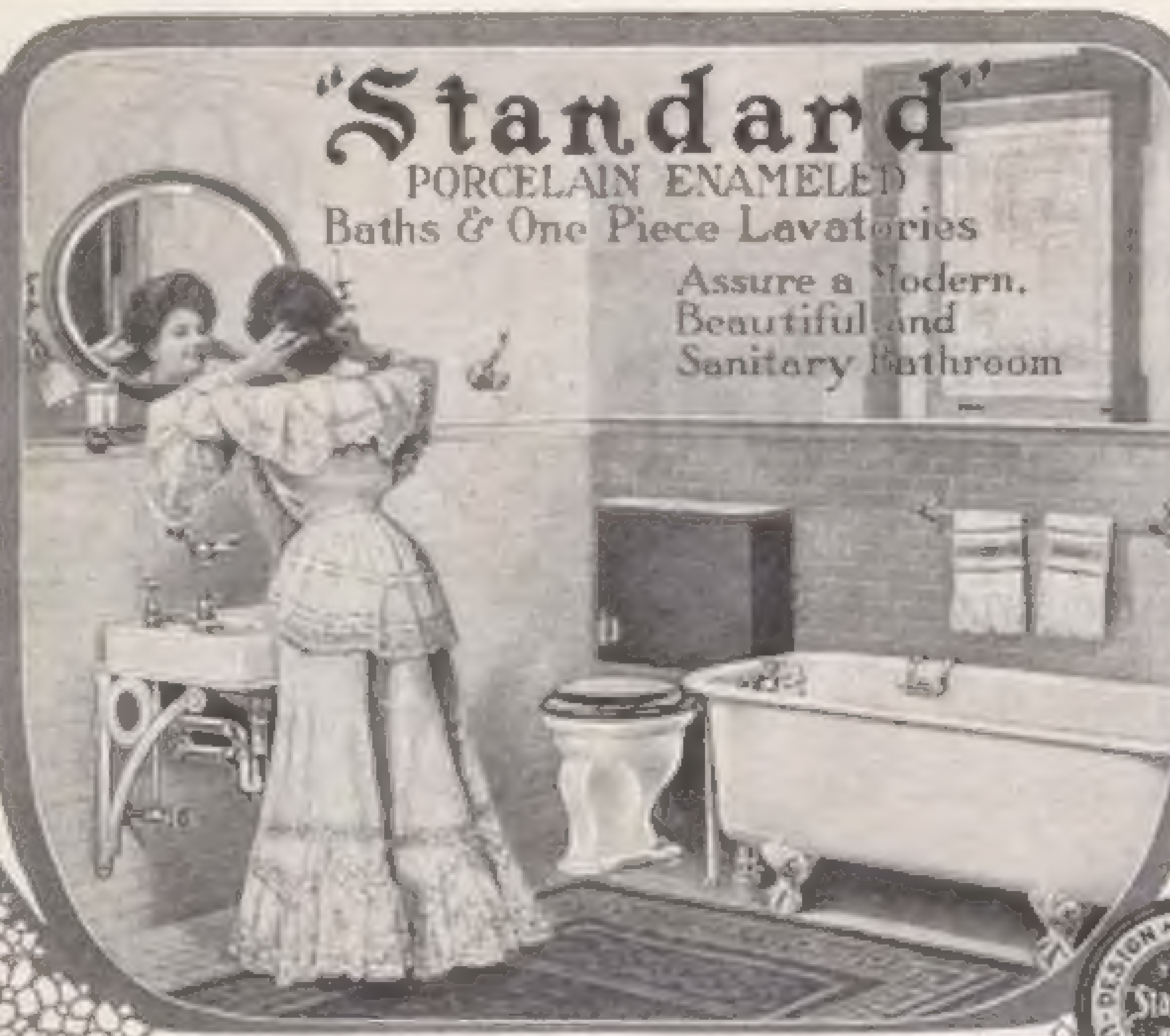

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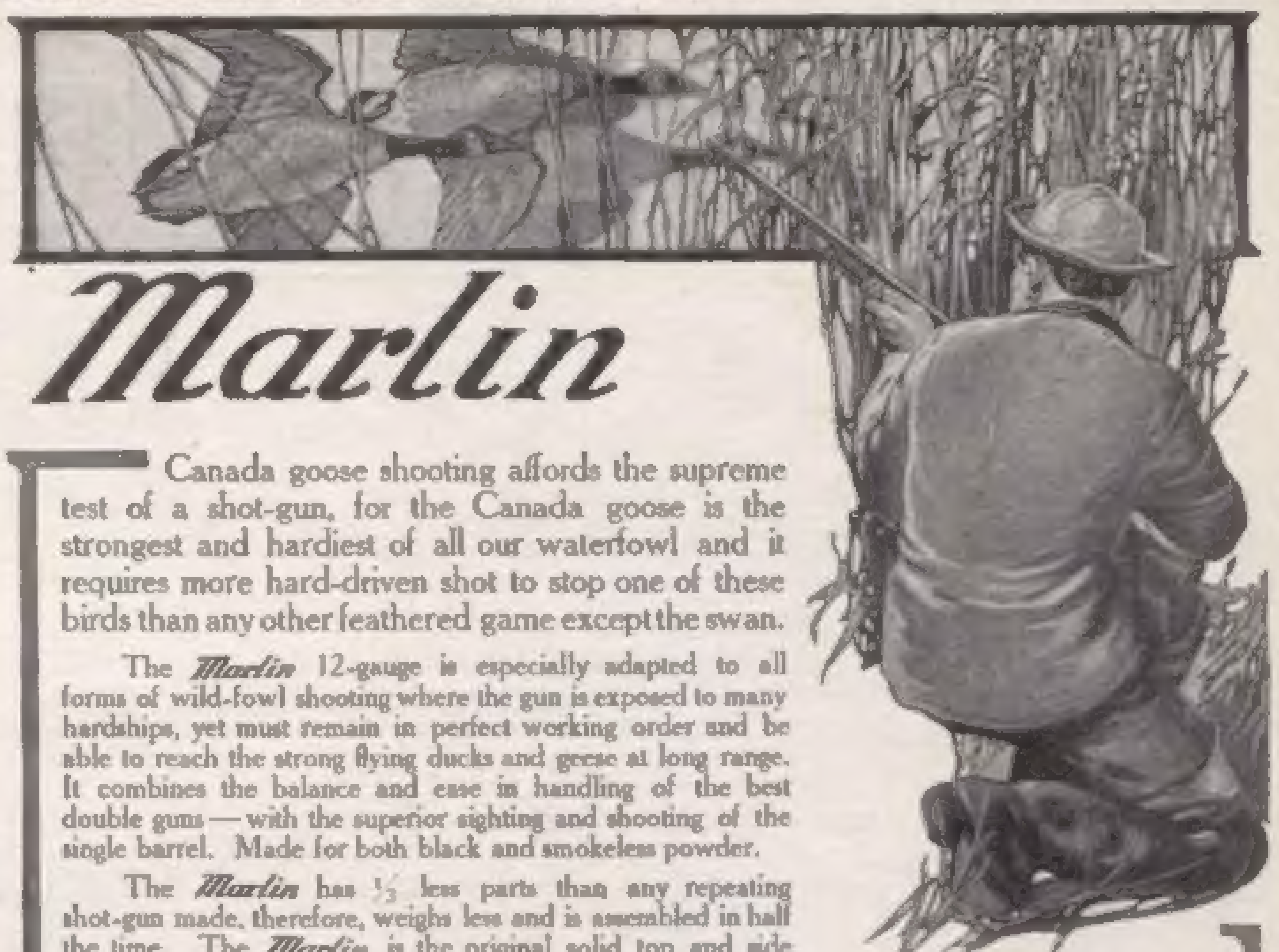
Marlin



Canada goose shooting affords the supreme test of a shot-gun, for the Canada goose is the strongest and hardiest of all our waterfowl and it requires more hard-driven shot to stop one of these birds than any other feathered game except the swan.

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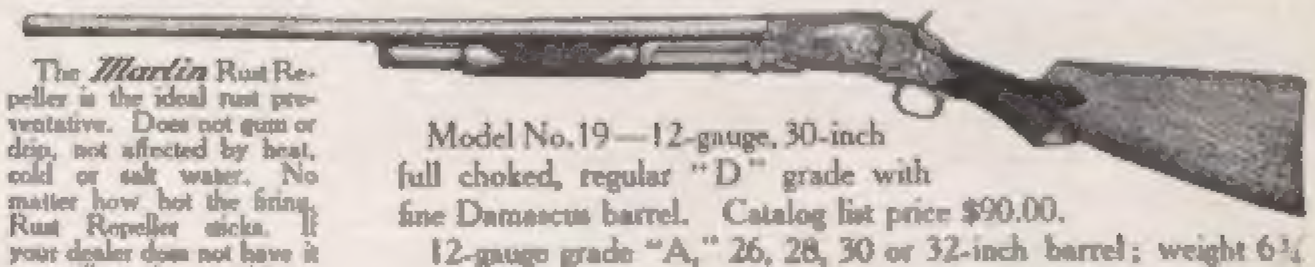

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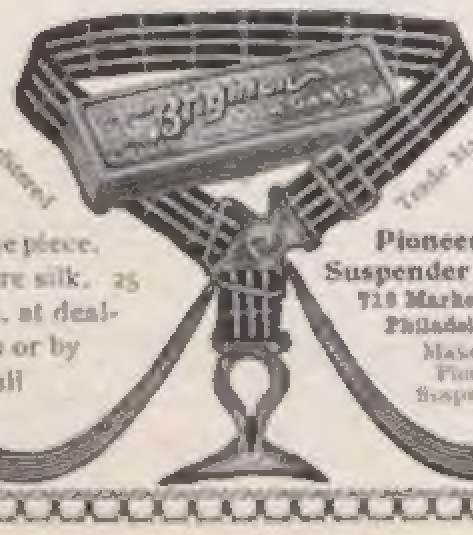

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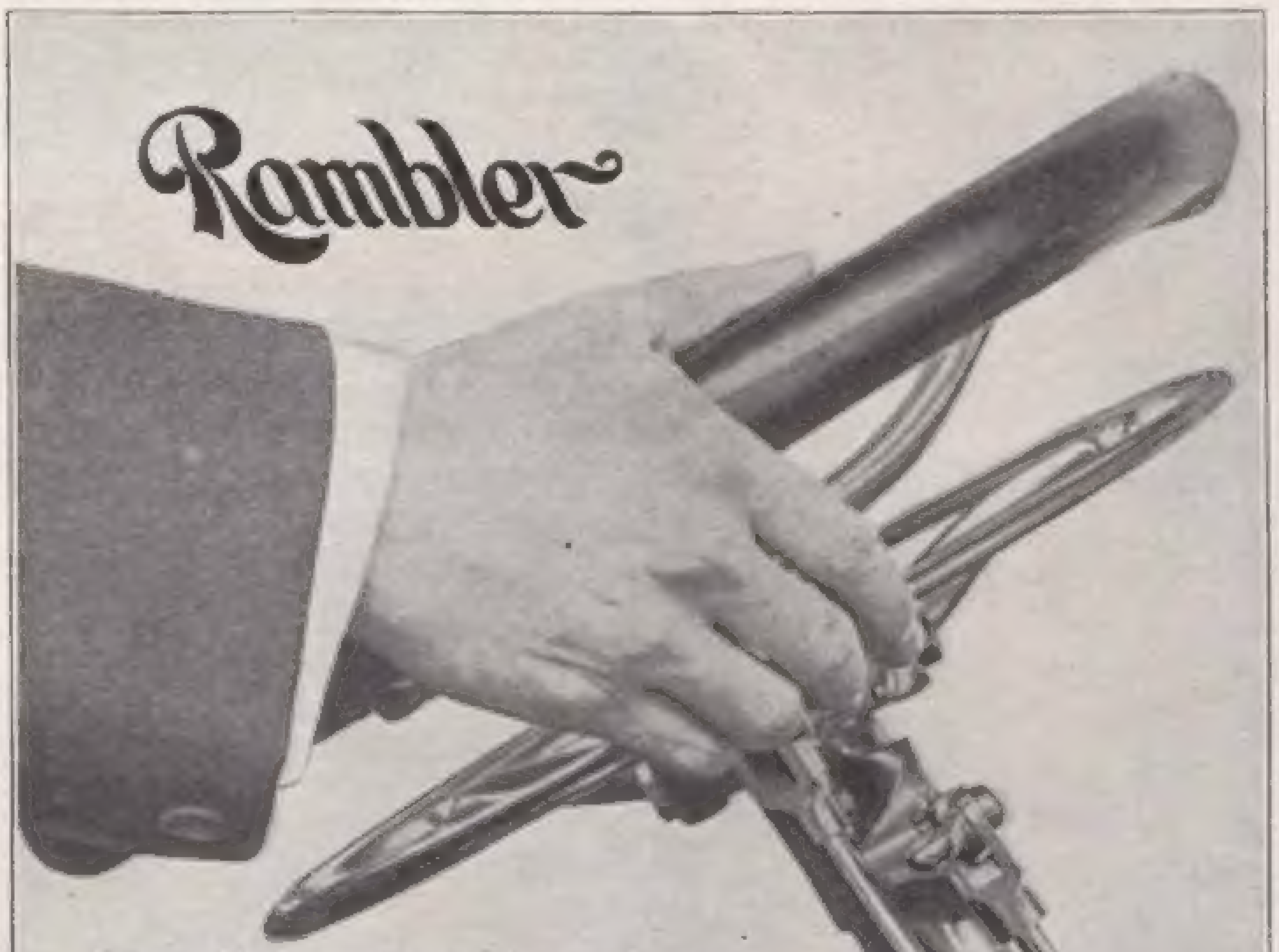

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There is no complicated system of levers on the Rambler. Every part is as simple as the Rambler control, here shown. Below the steering wheel on the Rambler is the throttle, which can be tilted by the fingers to increase or decrease the speed of the car at will.

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The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

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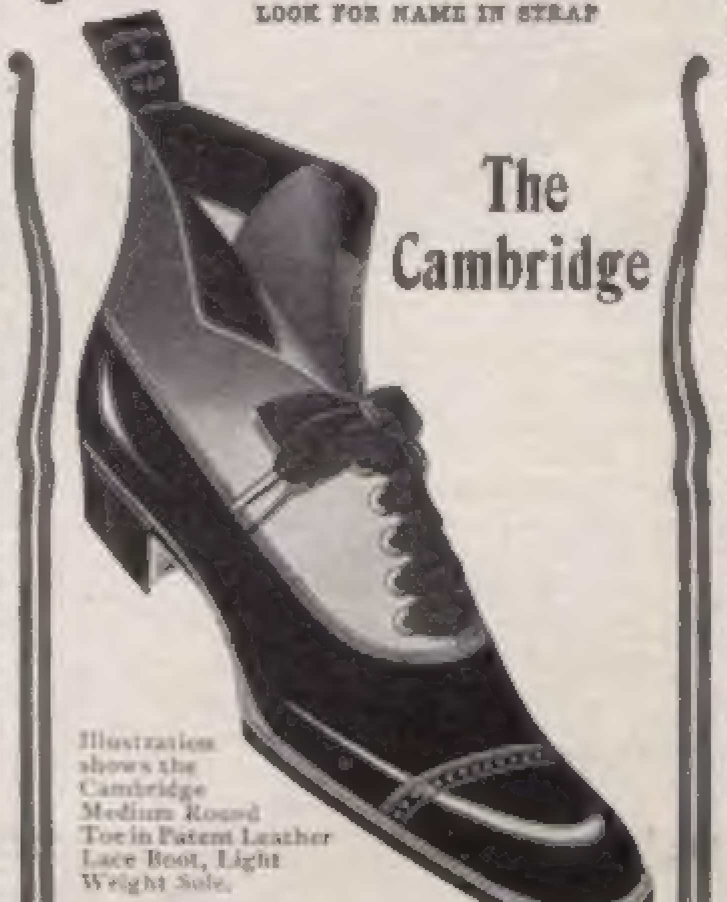

Illustration shows the Cambridge Medium Round Toe in Patent Leather Lace Boot, Light Weight Sole.

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All Kalamazoo Cook Stoves and Ranges are equipped with patent oven thermometer, which enables the operator to control the heat of the oven perfectly, making baking and roasting easy and saving much fuel.

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